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THE OLD CASTLE OF KARS. From a sketch by Major Teesdale.

A NARRATIVE

OF

THE SIEGE OF KARS

AND OF

THE SIX MONTHS' RESISTANCE BY THE TURKISH GARRISON UNDER GENERAL WILLIAMS TO THE RUSSIAN ARMY:

TOGETHER WITH

A NARRATIVE OF TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN ARMENIA AND LAZISTAN; WITH REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF TURKEY.

BY HUMPHRY SANDWITH, M.D.,

CHIEF OF THE MEDICAL STAFF.

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DEDICATION.

My Lord,

I avail myself of your kind permission to dedicate this narrative to your Lordship, in remembrance of many happy hours spent in your society in the East—of many graceful acts of friendship conferred on myself, and as a tribute to one who feels a deep interest in the affairs of a country whose welfare is of vital importance to all British Statesmen.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your most obedient faithful Servant,

HUMPHRY SANDWITH.

To His Excellency

The Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, K.G.,

&c. &c. &c.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

18, Duke Street, St. James's, Jan. 30, 1856.

PREFACE.

In offering to the public this brief narrative of the recent campaign in Armenia, I owe it to myself to state, that in my adventure on the Allah Akbar mountain I lost some valuable papers relative to scientific observations on the atmosphere, the plants, birds, and fauna of that elevated region. This will, I trust, be taken into account by my readers, some of whom may perhaps not regret the loss of so much dry matter, while others will be sorry that the smallest contribution to science should thus have perished.

My connexion with the East is not of recent date. My first visit was in the spring of 1847, my second in the spring of 1849; and since that time I have never left Turkey until the fall of Kars severed my connexion with that country. I mention this that my readers may not think the few remarks I have ventured to make on the institutions of the country are the fruits of a hasty observation or mere hearsay. Still, knowing the extraordinary difficulty which a foreigner has in judging of the manners,

and customs of other nations, I would here state that I am open to correction from those better informed than myself.

On the breaking out of the present war I was a resident in Constantinople, but left that city for the Danube, where I went through a campaign. In the autumn of 1854 I was appointed to General Williams's staff, and joined him at Erzeroom, when he was on the point of departure for the camp at Kars. Since that period I have witnessed events of such historical importance as have tempted me to produce the present volume.

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KARS AND ARMENIA.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Constantinople — Variety of passengers on the steamer — Massacre of Sinope — Arrival at Samsoon — Trebizond.

Once again I find myself on board a steamer, ploughing the deep waters of the Boghas, and entering the dark and mysterious Euxine.* I leave behind me the "City of the Sultan," with its gorgeous exterior, but foul and wretched details. I leave the lovely Bosphorus, rich in Old World stories, and still dearer to me from the recollection of many happy hours spent on its romantic shores. How much of real enjoyment have I found on its vine-clad hills and perfumed groves! How have I revelled in the contemplation of Nature's beauties in each rocky dell and solitary meadow!

I am now about to explore new countries, to plunge into scenes far from civilisation, and to study new phases of life—delightful anticipations, which, however, prevent not a sigh of regret in leaving the happy valley.

A description of the passengers of a steamer is but a

* September, 1854.

hackneyed theme. Are they not the same everywhere, save some slight changes in costume and language? Are they not all sick in bad weather, and dirty and uncomfortable in most weathers?—and in this respect at least the Black Sea steamers form no exception. The decks of the Stadium are crowded beyond what is safe; comfort is out of the question, and of what is this mass of *homo* composed?—chiefly of Turks and good Mussulmans, who, despising the science and *marafet* of the Ghiaour, nevertheless avail themselves of it in time of need. We often hear that the Turks are a nomadic people, part of whom are encamped at Constantinople; nor do I dispute the general truth of this assertion, for here we have proof of the nomad instincts of the race. Whole Turkish families are crowded together on deck, and have made themselves comfortable, independent of anything the steamer affords save the bare boards. Their amount of luggage is considerable; but it is not the smallness of the baggage that marks the nomad, but the fact of every necessary and every comfort being carried about in a convenient form. That old *khanum* or lady, who has, with her family, taken possession of ten feet square of the quarter-deck, is quite at home. She has her bed soft and comfortable as in her own house, where also it is always made on the floor; then she has her cradle, her pots, pans, and brooms, her negress, her babies, and various other little articles which a European lady would never dream of carrying about with her on a journey: and yet this is but the wife of a farmer. All this luggage, moreover, is destined to be carried over some mountain-road on the back of a mule. Two large panniers will contain the wardrobe, the bedding

will be fastened between, on which the negress will ride with one or two babies in her arms, while the broom, pots, and pans will be hung round about in various parts. The *khanum* herself will ride cavalier fashion on a separate horse.

A group of strange-looking fellows, with flat faces, small Chinese-like eyes, and the beards of a boy of eighteen, sit apart in a corner of the vessel. I recognize them, less by their costume than by their physiognomy, as Bochara pilgrims, numbers of whom avail themselves of this route when on the *hadj*. A few years ago a curious tragedy occurred on one of these steamers. A group of three or four *Bocharalis* were engaged in prayer, when some of the bystanders, it is said, laughed and joked at their expense—a possible though not a probable event, since Mussulman orisons are of such constant occurrence as to excite no remark on board a Levantine steamer. However this may be, these fanatics rose from their knees, turned up the palms of their hands, repeated rapidly some religious formula, and then, as if by common consent, drew their swords and "ran a muck" amongst the passengers, striking and slashing at every European in their way. The scene of horror and confusion that ensued may be imagined; each sailor snatched up what he could first lay his hands on, to defend himself. The cook, a brawny Dalmatian, seized a bucket, knocked over his antagonist with this strange weapon, and then with a billet of wood beat out his brains. The captain, at the first glance at the fray, plunged down into the cabin, but returned in a moment armed with a musket and bayonet; and meeting a fanatic with a drawn sword, he fairly pinned him to the

bulwarks. In short, each of these Bocharalis quickly reached the term of his pilgrimage, and the vessel pursued her course to Constantinople. It was fortunate indeed that this religious frenzy was not on this occasion contagious, since there was a crowd of armed Mussulmans, who could soon have made an end of the Christians on board. The captain on his arrival at Constantinople duly reported the grave event to Count Sturmer, the Austrian Internuncio, who lost no time in laying the whole case before the Porte. About three or four Mussulmans had lost their lives, and about two sailors; besides which several Christians had been more or less wounded. Of course the Porte could make no complaint; there was no one to punish since the instigators had been killed; so the Ulema claimed the bodies of the pilgrims. A deputation of white turbans came alongside the ship, took away the corpses, and carried them on shore, where they were buried with imposing ceremony, and with all the honours due to Mussulman martyrdom: they had been slain in holy warfare, fighting for the true faith. Since this event, however, no one is allowed to be armed on board these vessels. As each passenger arrives he delivers up his sword or pistol, and these are not returned until he leaves the ship.

But we have a much greater personage on board than any pilgrim. We are honoured with the company of no less a man than Topji Pasha, who is proceeding to his post as Governor of Kharpoot. It is a curious study, that of a Pasha; and if you have not the *entrée* of his *yāli* on the Bosphorus, a steamer is not a bad place of observation, since he makes himself quite at home on board. In spite

of the crowded state of the deck, he has got a little space railed off near the rudder, and here he is seated on a chair enjoying his *kef*, the *dolce far niente*, the great occupation of his life since he has been a Pasha. About seven of his attendants stand before him with their hands folded. They preserve a grave and serious air, gazing anxiously into that placid face, and they have been standing there for the last two hours. The Pasha varies the monotony of the voyage by smoking, eating raw cucumbers, and fingering his beads. A Turk, even a Pasha, is never absolutely unoccupied; some such employments as the above are always had recourse to, for I believe he never thinks. His numerous servants watch every movement of his eye. What can it mean; and whence the origin of this strange adoration of their master? We have nothing like it in the West; but from time immemorial it seems to have obtained in Eastern manners. It must have been deeply imprinted into the mind of the nation when each Pasha had the power of life and death; and when at a nod the head of an offending servant was rolled into the dust. The Pasha makes a languid remark; a servant answers, touching his forehead in token of profound respect. The Pasha pushes a stool with his foot, and his attendants spring forward to remove it. The Pasha feels for his snuffbox; a quick-fingered slave has found it for him ere his fingers closed on it. At last the Pasha is tired of sitting on deck, so he makes a move, heaving a sigh at the exertion. Two of his men rush forward to support him on each side; two or three go before, pushing the *profanum vulgus* out of the way, and two or three follow, bearing his pipe, pocket-handkerchief, snuffbox,

&c. He is conducted to the cabin, and, a soft cushiony seat being prepared, he settles himself down again, and his attendants take their places as before.

It is a mistake to suppose the above individual is a specimen of a Turk. I would not wrong the Osmanli by quoting the modern Byzantine as a type of his race. To see the real Turk, we must turn to some of those deck-passengers, and there you will see, wrapped up in the striped Anatolian cloak, several stout, short, brawny figures, with large but intelligent and honest features. These are either the aboriginal and nomad Turkomans, or the later emigration of the Osmanli. The Pasha we have described, and his attendants, have nothing in common with these; their bodies are weak and ill-formed, their faces pale and inexpressive. They have, in short, the bodily forms, without the intelligent expression, of those individuals whose lives are spent in crowded cities. From this class of people, slaves of various races, and the lazy scum of the capital, the infancy and youth of whom are passed in crime and debasing servitude, is the race of Pashas in a great measure recruited.

Other passengers there are on board the Stadium not less worthy of mention; and the most remarkable are the Circassians. These are famous, and not undeservedly so, for their personal beauty. Fine, graceful, stalwart forms are theirs, each worthy of a knight of romance, and most becoming are their costumes. A long tunic reaching to the knees, and tightly girt round the waist, with loose sleeves, and breasts, ornamented with rows of cartouch pouches, is worn by all classes; and when you add to this, somewhat loose trowsers, tight at the ankle, you have the

chief habiliments of the Circassian. Each man, when on shore, is armed with a well-made rifle, a curved sabre without a guard, but forked at the hilt to serve as a rest for the rifle, and a pistol worn in the belt behind. The history of their twenty years' war with Russia can attest the good use they make of these weapons. I entered into conversation with a Circassian gentleman, whose tunic of fine broadcloth, trimmed with silver lace, showed him to be a man of rank. He had the polished manners of a Constantinople courtier, and spoke Turkish with the elegance of a Pasha. He was, like all his race, enthusiastic on the subject of the Russian war. He told me he was one of the Abassa race or nation, and that they counted 100,000 well-armed warriors. "With these," I remarked, "you ought to march to Moscow." "Ah, there is the difficulty," he answered; "we can march nowhere. Each individual is a tried warrior, but we have no organisation. Each man is ready to defend his own cottage, each village its own homesteads; but we have no discipline, no commissariat, no supreme chief, and consequently we can never fight a grand battle as the Franks can. On great occasions we may, to a certain extent, combine, as do mountain-streams in a storm. We then descend in an impetuous torrent, and sweep all before us, after which each man collects his plunder and retires to his fastness."

It is a popular error to speak of the Circassians as a gallant but half-civilised nation, ruled by the Prophet and King Schamyl. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the Circassian range contains far more nations and languages than Europe, and that many of these people are pagans.

The only resemblance they bear to each other is in their costume, which varies but little throughout the whole of those regions.

I can scarcely attempt the description of any more of the passengers of the Stadium. There are several Turkish women, who occupy a space railed off from the rest of the deck. Among the males we have Armenian hammals, and sundry other artisans returning to their native homes after having earned a little capital in Constantinople. Their money is in gold, carefully sewed up in some extraordinary part of their clothing. When they land, they will wait for some days at Samsoon or Trebizond for the departure of a caravan, with which they travel for protection; and having arrived at their native village, their money will be buried in some secret place, or perchance lent out at enormous interest. In either case, it will probably be lost to the use of the owner.

At a few hours' sail from the mouth of the Bosphorus we pass the now miserable village of Heraclea, which owes its present celebrity to its coal-mines. Englishmen are scarcely aware that the coast from the mouth of the Bosphorus for several miles eastward presents a coal-field that would rival the beds of Durham. For many years past these coal deposits have been well known, and the natives of the country, or rather the Croats, have worked them in their own rude manner; that is to say, they have dug from the surface through the seam, have taken out the surface layers of coal, which are always the worst, and then abandoned that part for other diggings. I believe about twenty years ago this locality was surveyed by an

Englishman, who at once appreciated its wealth, and, guided by his reports, an English company came forward with a magnificent offer to the Turkish Government. They wished to take the mines entirely into their own hands, on contract; in short, to farm them, paying to the Turks a sum which they could never hope to receive, even from a province. They offered, moreover, shares to the Sultan, and to his principal ministers. At one time these negotiations appeared to be on the point of succeeding, when the Russian minister, hearing of them, posted off to the Grand Vizier and the most influential ministers. "What are you about?" he asked; "have you not the history of India before your eyes? Do you not know what manner of men these English merchants are, and what they did in India? They first of all gained a few yards of territory as humble traders; they then worked with their gold and got more; they then built forts, landed soldiers, quarrelled with the princes of the soil, and thus step by step they have gained a mighty empire. Have they not seized on the throne of the Great Mogul? do they not rule over millions of Mahomedans? and are you prepared blindly to put your own necks into the yoke? Why, these coal-mines are within three days' march of Constantinople! these English workmen would be soldiers in disguise, their overseers colonels and generals, their houses barracks and forts; you would have them threatening you north and south. A fleet would appear at the Dardanelles, while an army would spring out of the mines at three days' march from the Bosphorus. Besides, think on the enormous sum they have offered you! Is it for a few shiploads of coals, or is it not

for something far more valuable? or, if there be such wealth in the earth as would warrant them offering such a sum, why cannot you work the mines yourselves? The whole science of Europe is at your command; you have but to pay, and engineers from Belgium will arrive by scores, from whom you have nothing to fear, and who will work for half the wages that these overfed, insolent English require."

Although the above is placed in inverted commas, I do not profess to be quoting any secret speech of the Russian minister's, but such was the general tenor of his arguments; and if any Turkish Pasha was still unconvinced, it would be quite worth while for Russia to spend a handsome sum upon him rather than entertain for a moment the idea of an English coal-mine on the Black Sea. A power which would close the Sulina mouth of the Danube would not be likely to encourage the rise and growth of a Newcastle opposite Sevastopol; moreover, Turkish jealousy is as proverbial as Turkish covetousness, and here we have both feelings worked upon. The negotiations with the English company came to a close; and it was resolved to engage Belgian engineers and miners, and to commence the works on scientific principles; for it was still thought that the English offer had been elicited no less by the mineral wealth than by the prospect of seizing Constantinople. In due time the Belgian miners began their works, but not a few unlooked-for difficulties presented themselves. The Turkish mode of doing business differs somewhat from that which obtains in any European country. They regarded the Belgians as so many Armenians bent on cheating them; and so they tried to overreach them in

self-defence. A Turk, moreover, dislikes above all things making any outlay for ulterior benefit. These Franks were expected to go and dig up the coal at once, and send it to Constantinople. But they wanted buckets, candles, tools, rope, wood, and sundry other things necessary to make a beginning. To every demand the Turks opposed a stolid resistance as to an Armenian scheme for cheating them; so most of the engineer's time was spent in passing backwards and forwards to and from the capital, asking, beseeching, arguing, and finally threatening to resign: to all which modes of persuasion the Turks are perfectly well accustomed, as so many of the Oriental modes of driving a hard bargain; no asseveration on the part of the suppliant ever being believed.

Meanwhile time passed on, and the workmen engaged by contract must be paid; at the end of the year, therefore, it was not to be wondered at that the mine did not pay. The Belgians were discharged as unequal to their work, and it was at last determined to try Englishmen, who have of course a very great reputation in the East for everything requiring science and energy. The English miners and engineers were engaged at a high remuneration, and began where the Belgians had left off. For a time the work went on, and then it would come to a dead lock for want of candles, or some other trifling but necessary article, and the Turks would be paying three hundred pounds a week for the wages of workmen, unemployed because they themselves were haggling for a twentieth of that sum.

The English engineer who tried his hand for the first time at a Turkish mine now threw up his appointment in

disgust, and the mines were, I believe, abandoned, or very imperfectly worked, for a short time.

After a while, however, fresh hopes were excited, and the owners determined upon one more trial; so they again instructed their agent in England to engage another engineer. By great good luck they hit upon a first-rate man. Not only was their new *employé* a thoroughly well-educated, skilful, and practised civil engineer, but he possessed in an eminent degree that rare combination—perfect honesty with great diplomatic skill. Although disgusted again and again by the unworthy suspicions and constant trickery he met with, both on the part of his employers and employed, he nevertheless persevered with wonderful patience and energy, until he had extracted considerable quantities of the most valuable coal. In short, his success was undoubted, though very far from what it might have been under a better system. His workmen were of two kinds—Croat labourers working for hire, and soldiers lent by Government. The former were by far the most industrious. He had besides a small number of chosen English workmen. His Croats and Englishmen were the most insubordinate, the former being in the habit of striking work occasionally, and indulging in a faction fight with their guns and pistols; the latter would often get drunk, and become insolent and riotous; but his greatest difficulties were with the Pashas of Constantinople, who frequently re-enacted the scene of stopping the works to save five pounds' worth of oil, although they thereby lost hundreds.

When the allied fleets came to the East the existence of this coal-mine could not be kept a secret; and, natu-

rally enough, the Admirals, wishing to try its produce, made a request through the Ambassador to be furnished with a sample, and a steamer was sent to take it on board.

Mr. Barkley, the engineer and manager, was absent at the time, and, to his surprise and vexation, the Captain of the steamer, who tried the coal, reported it as all but worthless, and quite unfit for the use of the navy. Mr. Barkley, on hearing this, at once went on board the steamer and examined the sample, and found that the vessel had been laden with surface-coal. Not without difficulty he prevailed on the Admiral to agree to another trial; the vessel was again despatched to Heraclea, but the English engineer was on the spot this time, and personally undertook to see the proper coal put on board the steamer. The next report of the Captain was to the effect that the coal of Heraclea was equal to the best Newcastle. It is about two years ago since this trial took place, and I believe the English Government has undertaken the management of these mines, wisely retaining the talented engineer, who first developed their resources, and to whose skill, perseverance, and energy our fleet owes a large supply of good coal at the very seat of war. "*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*"

At six o'clock, on the morning after our departure from Constantinople, we arrived at Sinope, a miserable little sea-port, of fame altogether beyond its outward appearance. How many classical associations does it recall! but for these I will refer my readers to Lemprière instead of copying from that far-famed book. When first I saw

Sinope, the modern tragedy had not been enacted; when next I found myself in the offing, the place had acquired a terrible interest, and the wrecks of burned and sunken vessels were still visible. The Austrian Consular Agent, an old acquaintance, now came on board. To him was addressed that famous letter of the Russian Admiral, detailing the causes which had provoked the attack.

A poor servant-maid of the Consul's met with a fearful fate. As she was running across the gardon she was cut in two by a round-shot. No traces now remained of the Sinope tragedy beyond a few broken spars and timbers. We had various reports as to the behaviour of the Turkish soldiers on that eventful day. Some said they fought like lions, others that they fled like sheep; I believe the truth to lie between these contradictory assertions, and that their great fault on this occasion was an utter want of presence of mind. Very great blame must also lie with the Capitan Pasha and other naval authorities for their extraordinary want of precaution. A small squadron of vessels was lying week after week much nearer to a large and hostile fleet than to their own, and no ordinary precautions were taken to gain intelligence of any movement of the enemy; so, as might have been foreseen, one foggy December morning, while these doomed vessels were lying in apparent security, the masts and hulls of a mighty fleet loomed out from the mist, and the Turks found themselves fairly encompassed and threatened with destruction. Under these circumstances there would have been no disgrace for even an English squadron to have surren-

dered (supposing an English squadron to have been so caught napping); but the Turks seem to have had as little discretion in imminent danger as foresight to avoid it. After the fearful apparition of the Russian vessels there was a pause for some time: the enemy were holding high mass ere they offered to the Almighty the sacrifice of Paynim blood. Meantime the bands of discipline on board the Turkish fleet were unloosed; the sailors fired some irregular broadsides into the Russians, and then swarmed over the sides of the vessels. Then awoke the thunders of the whole Russian fleet, and the concentrated fire of two hundred guns soon crushed every Turkish man-of-war. The poor sailors behaved, as I fear most sailors would on such an occasion; they swam to the shore, and entered the houses from which the families were rushing in dismay, and each seized what plunder he could carry off. They were conscripts, and if they took this opportunity to desert to their homes and carry off what they could, their crime was venial. An unfortunate English vessel was sunk, most of the crew escaped, and as soon as they reached the shore they were almost entirely stripped of their clothes. The master took refuge in a tree, where he spent the night—a long and dismal one, as he assured me. Strange to say, the Russians left untouched a Turkish man-of-war on the stocks in the process of construction.

Leaving Sinope, we sail along close to the shore, which presents a succession of high hills covered with forest and brushwood; a little fishing-village appearing from time to time in a lovely and secluded dell, with three or four high-prowed, antique-looking boats drawn up on the

beach, and large-turbaned fishermen lounging about them. On the same evening we reach Samsoon, a rising commercial place, the outlet of a vast tract of fertile country, and the seaport of Kharpoot, Diarbekir, and a great part of Asia Minor; but this town is cursed by a most deadly climate, which must always deter capitalists from venturing to reside there.

A few hours more of steam, and I find myself rocking on the heavy land-swell which rolls from the shore of Trebizond. As soon as our steamer casts anchor, a crowd of large boats, rowed by big-turbaned brawny Turks, race towards our vessel, and these fellows board us with such furious shouting and gesticulations, that they bring vividly to my mind the picture of the Battle of Lepanto. I am presently taken captive and rowed to the shore, where my baggage is thrown on the beach, but quickly seized by some stout Turkish porters, and we forthwith proceed to the ever hospitable house of our worthy Consul.

Trebizond has possessed no artificial harbour since that built by the emperor Hadrian (washed away long since), nor is it probable that the Turks will follow his example, since they are guiltless of any such interference with nature in any part of their empire. There is, however, a fine natural roadstead, and, I believe, a safe one, for I never heard of a vessel dragging her anchors there during the heaviest gale. Nevertheless, there is a strong land-swell even during the calmest weather.

Viewed from the deck of the vessel, Trebizond is picturesque in the extreme. The houses of wood are clustered together on the side of a high hill, and on the east

of the town a promontory juts out, terminating in a steep and rugged cliff. The country all around is rich in vegetation, and the climate healthy. It is difficult to tell the amount of population, but it is probably upwards of 20,000; and still more difficult is it to determine the proportion of Armenians, Greeks, and Mussulmans, though it is certain that the latter are considerably the most numerous.

I strolled about the environs of this picturesque old Levantine town, rich with the remains of the Greek, the Genoese, and the conquering Ottomans. An ancient bridge, whose deep arches spanned a chasm through which roared a mountain-torrent, was thickly clothed with creeping plants, festooned like drapery, and dipping into the stream below. Nearly every tree was covered by the wild vine, on which hung clusters of ripe fruit. I entered a ruined church, and the figures of saints painted on the walls were still to be seen, in colours fresh and bright, as if the Byzantine artist had just departed. This was, perhaps, the most interesting relic of the last possessors of Trebizond, and seemed to survive as a mark of the expiring struggle of the Roman Empire, where the last feeble remnant of life was ingloriously trampled out by the heel of the Turkish conqueror. "In the progress of his Anatolian conquests, Mahomed invested with a fleet and army the capital of David, who presumed to style himself emperor of Trebizond, and the negotiation was comprised in a short and peremptory question, 'Will you secure your life and treasures by resigning your kingdom, or had you rather forfeit your kingdom, your treasures, and your life?' The capitulation of Trebizond was

faithfully performed, and the emperor, with his family, was transported to a castle in Romania, but on a slight suspicion of corresponding with the Persian king, David, and the whole Comnenian race, were sacrificed to the jealousy or avarice of the conqueror." *

* Gibbon, "Decline and Fall."

CHAPTER II.

Commerce of Trebizond — First English vessel — Turkish navigation — Field sports in the neighbourhood — Post travelling — Arrival at Gumush Khané.

However much Europeans, who dread to see the encroachments of Russia, might deplore the result of the Russian war which terminated in 1829, it cannot be denied that it brought about some very beneficial changes to Turkey. It opened the trade of the Black Sea, and so produced quite a new epoch in the annals of European commerce. The rapid extension of this trade, the vast resources thereby developed, and the employment of British shipping which followed, is a theme worthy of a less desultory pen than mine. Before the treaty of Adrianople, the Turks preserved a most Chinese-like policy in their possessions in the Black Sea. No consul or consular agent was allowed to show his face at any of these ports: and, without some such official protection, timid capital was not likely to find its way to regions where pashas reigned supreme, free from the inconvenient supervision of Europeans. A clause in the above-named treaty made the Turk sociable in spite of himself; it seized him, and adopted him by force as a member of the great human family of traffickers. Trebizond, in consequence, became quite a flourishing seaport, having within

the last four hundred years fallen from the capital of an empire to a small fishing-town.

At the time alluded to (about 1829), the capabilities of Trebizond were sagaciously seen by Mr. Brant, then an enterprising young merchant of Smyrna, now the very efficient and honoured consul of Erzeroom. He represented to the British government what this port might become, if the trade were but protected from the short-sighted rapacity of semi-independent governors: in return he was named vice-consul there in 1830. In that year the Persian transit-trade was opened; about 6000 bales of goods passing through, on their road to Erzeroom and Tebreez. Up to this time, the Persians were in the habit of conveying their goods by the long and tedious route of Smyrna, Aleppo, and Bagdad. From this road the traffic has been gradually diverted, until we find that the import trade of Trebizond represents the sum of a million and a half yearly. Nearly all the goods are English, part destined for Turkey and Persia; but by far the greatest proportion reaches Georgia and other parts of Russia, being smuggled over the long and wild line of frontier in Azerbajan.

Before the treaty of Adrianople, the trade of all this part of the Black Sea coast was carried on by means of those picturesque, antique-looking vessels, which may still be seen in the harbour of Constantinople, with high curved prows, hung with glass beads, of the same form and size, probably, as the ships which conveyed Jason and his band to the coast of Colchis. These vessels traded from town to town, and from village to village, the larger ones going to the capital with slaves from Circassia; but these anti-

quated mariners never ventured out of their harbours during winter, nor were they ever induced willingly to lose sight of land. In short, their navigation was as ancient as the form of their barks.

In the year 1831, an English sailing vessel called the Seyd Khan, commanded by a first-rate master, began to ply between Constantinople and Trebizond during both summer and winter. This bold innovation on all the ancient rules of navigation, together with her regular appearance and departure, in all weathers and at all seasons, roused the Turkish mariners, and after much pious ejaculation and pithy remark, the shipmasters determined to call together a *mijlis*, or council, to consider the possibility of their doing likewise. After sundry pipes had been smoked and various opinions given, most of which betrayed the conviction that *sheitanlik*, or devilry, was at the bottom of it, and that good Mussulmans had better continue in the safe and beaten path of their forefathers, an ancient mariner, a white-bearded *baba*, lifted up his voice and said, "*Il hamd-lillah!* (praise be to God!), I have got at the truth, and I know the secret of the Franks' success: it is *rum*—they drink rum, and then can do everything. Mashallah, you don't know what rum is; these Ghiaours gave me a glass the other day, and I ran home like a boy of twenty—my legs were like wings; let us drink rum and we shall beat these infidels."

"*Ustafer ullah!* (God forbid!)," answered a sanctified Mollah; "wine is forbidden by the Prophet of God (may God grant him peace and salvation!), and by drinking it we should become eaters of swine, even as the Franks, —may God curse them!"

"But rum is not wine," exclaimed the majority of voices; "it is sherbet, and not the juice of the grape; send for Costaki, and let us hear how it is made." So Costaki, a Greek shopkeeper who sold the magic liquor, was called, and he informed them that rum had no affinity to wine; that whereas the latter was the juice of the grape, the former was made from the sugar-cane, and therefore was but a kind of sherbet; and so the conclave of Mussulman mariners agreed that it was a lawful beverage. A vessel was forthwith freighted for a winter voyage, and a large cask of rum put on board, with a crew of picked men, all part owners in the ship and cargo. They set sail in mid-winter for Constantinople. As far as the mouth of the Bosphorus their task was easy enough, as the weather was not bad; but hitting the *boghas* (the *throat* of the strait) was no easy task during a foggy north-wind. They now found themselves in difficulties, and they applied to their new friend, the rum-cask, which soon gave them light heads and bold hearts in the face of the dangers that surrounded them. They set all sail, and ran for a part of the coast which one of them had declared to be the *boghas*. While cutting merrily through the water they were hailed by a rough and familiar voice, and a vessel hove in sight. It was that of Adam capitan, a well-known Greek skipper. "Where are you bound to?" he cried, in a voice heard above the roar of the wind and waves. "Oh! Adam capitan, *hosh gelden, hosh gelden!* (welcome, welcome!)," shouted half-a-dozen voices in various stages of drunken intonation. Each vessel brought up; a conversation ensued, and with much difficulty Adam prevailed on these

jolly Turks to put about, and not run straight on to a line of rugged rocks at no great distance from their bows. It is satisfactory to know that they sailed triumphantly into the harbour of Constantinople, according, as in duty bound, all due praise to *rum*.

The first European merchants who settled in Trebizond tried to open a trade with the Circassian coast, the chief productions of which are Indian corn, hides, butter, honey, &c.; but this was all carried on by barter; no accounts, no invoices, bills of lading, or any other regular commercial usages could be established. Besides which there was no gold-dust, elephants' teeth, or any other production of small bulk and great value to render this barter system worth pursuing, so it was abandoned as a failure. One article of barter there certainly was, of considerable value, namely, slaves; but as this was, in England at least, not considered legitimate commerce, it was left in the hands of the Mussulmans, and within a few months still flourished.

The rising importance of Trebizond has long been viewed with jealousy by Russia, and being desirous to turn the tide of commerce to her own shores, she had recourse to a legitimate mode of rivalry (as there were no Sulina channels to block up): she began by making a road from Sukoum Kale to Erivan, presuming that the Persian traders would naturally prefer the much cheaper and more expeditious means afforded by a good carriage-road, to the expensive and toilsome mode of transport by packhorses, toiling over mountain tracks.

The Sublime Ottoman Porte has, ever since it was known to the world, treated road-making and road-mend-

ing with perfect contempt, so that not only are there no Turkish roads in existence, but magnificent Roman, Greek, and Genoese causeways have either disappeared throughout the empire, or have fallen into utter ruin. I am not aware if the Sheikh-ul-Islam would decide it as contrary to the Koran to interfere with the mud of winter or the dust of summer by human road-making; at all events, the only road in Turkey is that on which the Sultan takes his evening drive, and which is kept in tolerable order. Now certain foreign ambassadors, anxious for the welfare of a country which its own government seemed to care little about, plied the Porte with urgent remonstrances against allowing a most valuable trade to be diverted from its own territory into that of a foreigner. Yielding to these representations, a road was determined on. Tilki Pasha was the lucky man chosen to superintend this important work. He was a well-educated person, having taken an honourable degree in the university of Paris, and was considered in Constantinople the model of a reformed, liberal-minded, civilised Turk, who could well appreciate the importance of the undertaking in question. The Pasha arrived in Trebizond, with a large staff of engineers and labourers, and with a chest full of money; and he began his work in good earnest. I myself some years ago saw a large gang of some hundreds of stout diggers employed in this work of civilisation, and augured well for the trade between Trebizond and Erzeroom.

Ample sums were disbursed from the treasury, large enough to have made a fine carriage-road between these two important cities. I was at that time a sanguine and

confident believer in the reform of Turkey, and I still have great hopes, but they are somewhat modified. This road was quoted as an instance of progress, but a few months passed away and the workmen rested from their labours. They had accomplished *two miles* of road which had been (figuratively speaking) paved with gold. Were the workmen overpaid, or the engineers? What became of the vast sums expended? No one chose to answer these inconvenient questions: the Pasha was removed to fill a high post under Government, and a road of two miles, already in bad repair, remains as a monument of Turkey's indifference and apathy to her own best interests. Since the commencement of the war the whole population of towns and villages on this route have been employed in dragging heavy ordnance over all but impassable tracts of country; the conveyance of military stores has been most tardy and imperfect, while the army of Erzeroom and Kars has thus been placed in most imminent peril.

The neighbourhood of Trebizond is by no means a bad ground for the sportsman, or, to use a much more definite, albeit Yankee, word, the "gunner." In the spring, flocks of quail come from the south, and their pleasant chirp is to be heard in all directions in the long grass of the meadows. These birds stay but ten days or a fortnight, and then, leaving a few to breed, they fly further north; but in the autumn they again return in very good condition, and many become the prey of all kinds of marauding animals, including man. Vast numbers are taken by nets, and exported to Constantinople in large cages formed by two boards kept apart by wooden bars: they thrive well in

captivity. Another favourite mode of taking these birds for home consumption is by means of the sparrowhawk and merlin. Simultaneously with the quails, numbers of these birds make their appearance, and when an urchin manages to entrap one, he sews up his eyelids and harasses him by depriving him for twenty-four hours of food and sleep. When he is sufficiently tamed, his eyes are opened, and he is trained to allow the approach of his master as soon as he strikes down his quarry. In a wonderfully short time, perhaps two or three days, the hawk is taken out, unhooded at quails, and killing a large number during the day, as a matter of course soon becomes quite tame. So long as the quail season continues, he is kept well employed; but when the birds take their departure, the hawk is cast loose to shift for himself.

About the month of November vast numbers of woodcock arrive, and afford first-rate sport. In my humble opinion, woodcock-shooting is second to none; and as, during the greater part of the winter, these birds abound, the sportsman may make a good bag whenever he desires. I remember a Turk amusing himself by shooting them from the window of his room as they walked on a grassplot in the garden. Hares are plentiful enough, but the ground is not suitable for coursing. Partridges are of two kinds—the red-legged and the grey: the former the more numerous. In the more woody parts of the coast, and at no great distance from Trebizond, roebucks may be found, and other large game; but their pursuit requires more trouble and expense than quiet people like to incur; and as I have not explored these parts in pursuit of game, I shall be silent on the subject,

lest I mislead the adventurous sportsman. I intend to give him the results of my personal experience on these matters when I advance further inland. I may add, however, that trout and salmon abound on this coast; and wherever there is a stream or marsh, wild-fowl are not wanting.

There are several methods of travelling through these countries, all more fatiguing, but infinitely more amusing, than any mode of locomotion in highly-civilized Europe. A Turkish pasha, or English *milordo*, who loves ease and luxury, travels with an immense train of followers and pack-horses, carrying about with him tents, tables, chairs, beds, a large culinary establishment, and other supposed necessaries. He sends his cook and tents three or four hours in advance, so that when he arrives at the end of his day's journey, hot and tired, he finds in some lovely valley, with a shady grove, murmuring brook, and the like, his tents all standing, his tubs of warm and cold water, his brushes and sponges, his fresh suit of clothes; and in the next tent a table spread in the wilderness, with a clean white tablecloth, and all the appetizing accompaniments of high civilization. You may imagine how he can appreciate all this after a ride of twelve hours in a hot climate; with what keen relish he discusses his dinner, and with what divine calm he afterwards smokes his narguileh, lounging on a carpet on the banks of the stream, while nightingales pouring forth their gurgling melody from the broad chestnut-trees, and the munching of the line of mules and pack-horses picketed close by, are the only sounds which break the stillness of the night. This mode of travelling is the most enjoyable in the world, as I can testify, though I have never tried it at my own expense.

I will now describe a humbler style, which, to one who is fond of adventure, and careless of personal comfort, is perhaps as pleasant as the last. You ride your own horse, and a servant with a pair of saddle-bags, and some rough and ready bedding, rides a strong pack-horse; and thus you may travel the wide East, from Constantinople to the wall of China. There are dangers to be encountered, and difficulties to be subdued, which to some minds form the great charm of travel. You must also have at least a smattering of Turkish or Arabic, or, better still, of both: if you can add a little Persian to your accomplishments, you are perfect. If you wish to visit the northern regions of the East, Turkish is a necessity; if the south, Arabic. If you travel from north to south, or *vice versâ*, you should know a little of both. You soon pick up the manners and customs of the country, and then your expenses are almost nothing. A native dress will carry you cheaper through the country than a European garb; but the latter is most feared by lawless natives, because the European consuls, those tormentors of pashas, are apt to give some trouble should any untoward accident befal a European. I have heard it recommended that travellers should not carry firearms; advice as absurd as it is dangerous. I once followed it, and neglected to purchase a pair of pistols, and never ceased to feel the want of them. I was then quite fresh from England. Never be without a good fowling-piece, which is a terrible weapon in conflict; and, if possible, a small-bored rifle and a Colt's pistol, which latter is less likely to get out of order than other patent revolvers during a long journey. In short, take as many arms as you can afford to carry, with as much ammunition

as you can find room for. If you are obliged to be very economical, at least carry a double-barrelled gun, or, failing that, a rifle of the same calibre as your Colt's revolver. How often has a fine fat boar run across my path, or a wolf or hyæna, when I had no arms! Never have your arms for one moment out of the way: then you are ready for any emergency, and the needs-be far oftener arises with wild animals than wild men. It is unnecessary to urge on an Englishman the importance of being careful how he fires on a human being. If he should unhappily get into a scrape of that kind, he had better quit the country as soon as possible, to avoid the *kissass*, or *lex talionis*, which is maintained in full force amongst half-civilized people, and operates as a very salutary check on their wild passions.

This mode of travelling with only two horses is the humblest but one, and of course requires some degree of hardihood; for you may have to sleep on the hill-side during a rainy night, and dry yourself in the sun the next day. Your diet will consist of very black coarse bread, certain preparations of milk and stringy fowls, or the game you kill on the road. I know very few tracts of country where you will not be able to kill game for dinner every day. In most large towns in Turkey you may buy shot at about five times the price you would give in England. The humblest mode of travelling, except going on foot, is to ride your own horse, with a pair of saddle-bags to contain your luggage, and a stout cloak for your bed. If you adopt this mode, you must necessarily dress in the native costume, so that you can replace your clothes in any town; but this Bashi-Bozook mode of wandering is

neither safe nor pleasant. Throughout these countries you will find a free-and-easy sort of hospitality. At the close of your day's journey you enter a house, salute the master, tie up your horse in his stable, and find a quiet corner for yourself. The host brings you in your evening meal and feeds your horse: you make him a present in the morning, when he wishes you his *ooghr ullah* (God speed you); and thus you may wander through the length and breadth of the land.

The last time I started from Trebizond to join the army at Kars in September, 1854, I travelled fast. In the first place I was furnished with a *Booyorolti*, an order from the Civil Governor of Trebizond to the authorities at the post-stations to furnish me with horses; so with my baggage in convenient saddle-bags, firmly tied on the backs of the post-horses, and accompanied by two *surigis* or postmen, I rattled out of the old town of Trebizond at a sharp trot. This mode of travelling is chosen by all men of business, couriers, and others who wish to get quickly over the ground; and as you change horses about every twenty miles, and may, if you choose, travel night and day, a journey may be performed in a very short space of time by a vigorous man. A friend of mine, Colonel Townley, rode from Belgrade to Constantinople, a distance of 800 miles, in five days and ten hours. Of course you do not see so much of the country as when travelling leisurely; moreover you cannot carry with you tents and other comforts: but it is very fine nevertheless to gallop over miles and miles of a wild country, plunging into a forest one day, scouring over a plain the next; now clambering up the sides of a rugged mountain, or fording

a mountain stream. All this time you are mounted on an active, wiry little horse, in good wind, accustomed to pick his way among rocks and stones, and seldom if ever making a false step.

But to resume: the first part of my journey was a long ascent over a hilly country with green dells and rich pastures, enlivened by numerous herds of cattle feeding on the slopes; while here and there villages, or rather clusters of huts, built of pine-wood, were seen dotting the hill sides. Forests of pine were scattered over the mountain tops, the deep valleys were for the most part flooded in a sea of mist, from the depths of which came up the shouting of the peasants and the lowing of the cattle, producing a most singular effect. Before me was a vast scene of mountain ranges, like a sea heaving its mighty waves, while one mountain higher than the rest (Hoshapoonar) was covered with eternal snow. From time to time we passed straggling villages of wood with two or three shops, whose sole effects consisted of bowls of rotten pears, lumps of coarse sour cheese, and loaves of black bread.

The people were all *karabashis* (blackheads), that is Christians, wearing black turbans, and speaking a very corrupt sort of Greek. The Mussulmans were for the most part Lazi, a peculiar people of whom I shall have more to say when I travel into Lazistan proper. I observed that each peasant wore the *kama*, a large broad two-edged dagger, universally carried throughout the Caucasian countries. I passed the first night in the village of Jevizlik, the Walnut village, where I slept in one of the little wooden sheds so characteristic of this part

of the country. A murmuring mountain stream, crossed by a handsome and very ancient stone bridge, flowed through the deep valley. Mountains rising on every side, and sparsely covered with pines, limited the view, while from the hill sides the call of the red-legged partridge would pleasantly break in upon the silence of the evening, and complete as it were the rural scene. A Turkish officer from the army of Kars arrives, and tells me by way of encouragement that the road is infested with robbers, that the army of Kars is ruined, the soldiers deserting, and the Bashi-Bozooks plundering the country.

Early in the morning I am again in the saddle, at first galloping smoothly along, now pulling up at a steep hill, now struggling through tenacious mud, and lastly working my way through a magnificent pine forest, each tree of which would seem worthy to be the mainmast of a ship of the line. The ground throughout this forest was covered with luxuriant grass and brilliant wild flowers. This second day of my journey, owing to the very bad roads, we got over but little ground, and so when at last we reached a Menzil Khan the shades of evening were already closing in. I was most anxious to reach Gumush Khané, the next station, about five hours' distance, and so determined to push on that night. To this proposition the postmen made a stout resistance. As I was armed with authority, and could "slang" them in their own language, I was determined to have my own way, and so ordered out fresh horses. "*Janum*" (my soul), exclaimed a bowlegged old roadster, "you rush on destruction; the roads are bad, and there is no moon. I am your sacrifice, and will obey; but I tell you that we

may both be dashed to pieces over the rocks, or shot down by robbers: my soul, my lamb! stay here for the night." Being pretty well inured to Turkish lying, I turned a deaf ear to this sage advice, and assuming the dry lordly air of a Turkish Pasha, I answered, "I have a Booyorolti, I am *meeri* (employed by Government); if I stay here you are *kefil* (responsible). *Haide bakalum*, come, come, out with the horses!" So with little more remonstrance I was again bowling over a very fair road, and complacently enjoying my brief authority. Presently the sun sank down behind a mountain and left us in total darkness: we were then obliged somewhat to slacken our pace, although the road was perfectly good. For an hour or two we jogged on, and at last, after crossing a mountain stream and winding up a hill, I began to find myself in a very uncomfortable predicament. My horse was floundering amongst huge boulder stones, and I was conscious of travelling along a very slanting and unsafe road, with a high hill on my left, and a deep shelving descent on my right. But this was not the worst. As I rode on I found myself at last in a perfectly frightful position. I was crawling along the edge of a yawning precipice, and I heard through the darkness the hoarse roar of a torrent below. My guide in front was mounted on a white horse, which flitted before my eyes like an uncertain phantom. A huge mass of rock, jutting out on the path, would from time to time suddenly appear before me, while I had barely time to dodge it. I clung nervously to my horse, and gave him up the reins entirely. He knew the path, which I did not, and I felt he was for the moment my superior. Had the old bowlegs in front but known my

feelings, how he would have enjoyed his triumph! for I felt myself very small all the while. However, more by good luck than by any effort of skill or courage, I got over my difficulties. The twinkle of lights appeared in the distance; my guide set up one of those long-drawn yells peculiar to postmen, and I trotted up to the Menzil Khan of Gumush Khané or the Silver Khan, and here I determined to repose my weary limbs.

CHAPTER III.

Turkish mines — Arrival at Baiburt — At Massat — Murder and robbery — Aspect of the country — Arrival at Erzeroom — A day's shooting.

GUMUSH KHANÉ is one of the most important mining-stations in Anatolia, which is really a country most richly endowed by nature. We have already passed through a cattle and corn country, we have seen forests of valuable timber, forests so vast as to stretch down on the coast nearly to the mouth of the Bosphorus on one side, and quite to the Russian frontier on the other, and abounding in every variety of timber. We have now entered on a tract of land rocky and somewhat barren, but rich in mineral wealth: here I intend to halt a moment, that I may give my readers the result of some inquiries concerning these mines.

In the neighbourhood of Gumush Khané (a small town of stone huts with flat roofs) there are thirty-six mines, of which from ten to fourteen are of copper, the rest of argentiferous lead. These mines are worked in a very rough and ready way, the miners having borrowed little or no assistance from European science or modern inventions. The lead found here is a soft yellow oxide, and the lode is followed by the miners until exhausted. No cutting down upon certain parts, the result of scientific calculation, is ever had recourse to; in short, the miners

work according to the fashion of their forefathers. I was told that 660 lbs. of lead yield 300 drachms of silver, and 100 drachms of silver give 4 drachms of gold. The Government takes the silver at about 2*l.* 10*s.* the oke (2¾ lbs.), according to stipulation with the farmer of the mines. Each furnace will produce about 500 lbs. of lead every ten days. The ore remains five days in the oven during the process of smelting. All the miners are Greeks from the district of Krom, not far from Gumush Khané, and these people are sent to work at all the mines in the empire.

The principal mines in Turkey in Asia are as follows:—

Helva Maden, about four hours from Baiburt, is a rich copper mine.

Kaba Maden, near Kharpoot, contains argentiferous lead.

At Akdagh, near Yüzgat and Tokat, are mines of argentiferous lead.

The Triboli copper mines, between Trebizond and Samsoon, are very rich and extensive.

At Sivan Maden, between Kharpoot and Diarbekir, are iron mines producing a highly carbonized iron, superior perhaps to any in the world.

At Marsat Déré, near Erzeroom, are the Elva Maden copper mines.

Orpiment mines are to be found near Hakkiari, in Kurdistan.

At Argona, near Diarbekir, are extensive copper mines.

The metal produced here is called Tokat copper, as

the ore is conveyed on camels to that place to be smelted. The forests in the vicinity of the mines have been long since burned, and those of Tokat are rapidly disappearing, while no steps are taken to plant young trees, or to economise the old ones. The peasant Kurds living around Argona have to convey the ore to Tokat in lieu of paying taxes, which duty they find a more grievous burden than any which their neighbours are saddled with. Instead of a money-tax, the peasantry are seized and made to work in the mines at the rate of about a penny a-day; and to render their living upon these wages possible, the villagers in the surrounding country are forced to sell corn much below its value to the workmen and employés. The wood and charcoal necessary either at Argona or Tokat are furnished also on the same economical principle. The *maden emini* (master of the mines) seldom fails to make a fortune. He is obliged to furnish to Government the copper at a certain low rate. The administration at Constantinople does not take into calculation the real price it is paying for its copper: the ruin of the neighbourhood, and the consequent loss of taxes, never enter into its calculations. As may be imagined, the working of the mine is conducted in defiance of all principles of true economy. A friend of mine on a visit to one of these copper mines remarked that about three hundred boys were employed in carrying the ore out of the mine up a long flight of steps, so long that each boy was unable to make more than two or three journeys during the day. The shaft was sunk on the side of a mountain, so that it would have been easy to have cut into the hill-side horizontally, and thus have had an adit on

which a tramway might be laid. On pointing this out to the master, he observed that such an undertaking would prove that the farmer of the mine was making money by it, and Government would come down upon him at once for a higher sum, or perhaps break the contract in favour of a higher bidder, such instances of bad faith being by no means unheard of. He added that he was losing money to a frightful extent, that he was a ruined man, &c., all of which assertions my friend took at their true value, as part of that policy which prevented him making any outlay in improvements. A stream was observed running from part of the mine of a deep blue colour, and my friend showed him how, by passing this water over iron, he could obtain large quantities of pure copper; but the master objected to the experiment, on the score of the expense of the iron: while he would still have been obliged to sell the copper thus obtained to the Government at a rate below the cost of the iron.

When Turkish employés are sent to manage a mine or any part of the works, they soon find numerous modes of making money. A very favourite scheme is to make a tour at some distance from the works, where the people are fully alive to the miseries of their neighbours of the mines, but not so near the sphere of action as to come within the grasp of the dread *corvée*. These travelling gentlemen begin by taking up their quarters, as Government officers, in some well-to-do village; then, producing some mysterious instruments, they proceed to survey a hill-side, at the same time confidentially telling some old greybeard that they are about to establish a mine in the neighbourhood, and that their village will have the honour

and advantage of being the head-quarters of the works. The news quickly spreads among the villagers, whose polite attentions to the strangers are most pressing. All their rustic luxuries are produced—the freshest *yoghoort*, the clearest honey, and the whitest bread—while the fattest sheep is killed in honour of their advent. After a plentiful feast, when most men's hearts are softened, a deputation of some of the most respectable greybeards of the village appear and desire a secret audience. All the servants are sent out of the way, the doors of the cottage are closed, gold is produced, and all the finesse of Oriental cunning is displayed in striking a bargain, the object being to buy off the miners, and induce them to report the *toprak* of the neighbourhood unfit for mining operations. After a good deal of haggling, terms are agreed upon; the employés carry away a sum which satisfies them, while the villagers are only half relieved of the dread of having a Government establishment within reach of their stores.

Gumush Khané is famous for a delicious pear which much resembles the jargonel. I have heard it surmised that this pear is of English importation, and is one of the traces of an English settlement of one or two centuries date; this I apprehend to be an unfounded idea, engendered perhaps by national vanity, which will not allow the poor Turk to have even a good pear of his own. On leaving this town I rode some distance along a valley through which flowed a shallow stream, fringed with the jungle of the sea buckthorn (*Hippophæ rhamnoides*), bearing a plentiful crop of yellow berries. There is no lack of trout in this stream; I saw a very fine one which a peasant had just killed with a stone.

High and uncultivated hills shut out the view for many hours, and the road was unusually dull. From time to time, however, we met a solitary horseman bristling with arms, or watched a shepherd leading his flock of heavy-tailed sheep and silken-haired goats, with three or four tawny dogs of monstrous size. As we turned a rocky corner a covey of red-legged partridges would run from the river to the mountain, seldom deigning to rise from the ground.

Magpies were here the commonest of the feathered tribe, a bird whose omnivorous faculties enable him to live anywhere; and a beautiful bird, nearly allied to him in kindred, the roller, often attracted my notice as his brilliant blue plumage would gleam from a neighbouring tree. A peculiar melodious chirp was heard over-head occasionally, which issued from flocks of that bird of golden hue, the apiaster; but to which of the two species found in Asia Minor it belonged, I was unable to determine, as shooting is incompatible with post-travelling. Most, if not all, of the birds I saw during my journey were old English acquaintances; the shrike, the bunting, and numerous finches recalled to my mind the green lanes of my native land.

As we were winding round a long mountain-path, I heard the tinkling of bells in front, and presently came up with a large Persian caravan of about two hundred horses, all travelling in single file. The muleteers were quite a study. Each man was very warmly clad, though the weather was rather hot than otherwise; their garments appeared to be of padded cotton, so universally worn throughout the East. The cap was a modification

of the long-peaked Persian one, about half as high, and of sheepskin. Their feet and legs were especially well protected by easy-fitting boots, laced above the ankle, and continued by a sort of leather gaiter. These men never take off their clothes from month to month, except for the rare indulgence of a bath. As they are exposed to all weathers, and are constantly in the air, their features are deeply bronzed, many of them being scarcely lighter of tint than the natives of Abyssinia. Their diet consists of bread, cheese, butter, and yoghoort, and their drink is water; consequently they seldom suffer from disease. More horses than mules are employed on this road, and their pace averages about two miles and a-half an hour. The strongest and most sagacious horse takes the lead, and he is always hung with loud-toned bells, as are the last two or three of the line. During summer they start on their journey at a very early hour in the morning, and at noon unload their horses and allow them to feed for a few hours before they resume their march. When they halt at a town or village for the evening, they assemble together in some open space on the outskirts, where they picket their horses, and, collecting their bales, build with them a sort of hut, covering it with a piece of canvas, and here all but the sentinels sleep. The huge pack-saddle is taken from the horse's back for about half-an-hour each day, while he is groomed, after which it is replaced; so that this bulky contrivance forms as it were a part of the animal, and thus sore backs are avoided. The horses have a good feed of barley every night and morning, and during certain months of the year they graze during a few hours each day; the rest of their food

consists of chopped straw. Each horse or mule carries on an average about 300 pounds. I have never observed the muleteers beat their animals; but if one of the foremost strays from the path, he soon has a well-directed stone rebounding from his flank, which calls him to order.

Towards the middle of the day on which I quitted Gumush Khané I arrived at a post-station at Kalé, so called from the ruins of a small castle on a craggy rock, just above the village. While waiting for a remount I am told that wild goats are often seen browsing about the ruins, which are within 200 yards of the post-house. Of course any antiquarian inquiries as to the origin of the castle are met by the invariable rustic answer of "*Allah bilir*" (God knows). After a gallop on fresh horses we emerge from the valley, and ride over bare brown plains. We pass a flock of those magnificent birds, the large bustards, over whose extirpation in England the sportsman and naturalist combine to lament. These, however, are not quite of the English species, though the difference is scarcely perceptible. They very much resemble a flock of turkeys, and I cannot resist the temptation of taking a family shot into the thick of them, with my Colt's pistol, —without effect, however. Just as the sun is setting I wind round a hill, and suddenly the town of Baiburt, with its large castle, perched on the summit of a craggy hill, opens out before the wayworn travellers. Baiburt, to my eyes, is the model of an Asiatic town. Here are small grey houses, whose colour blends with the rocks around, from which they are built—flat roofs rising one above the other on the slope of the hills, narrow winding lanes, and curious straggling bazaar, in which the large tur-

baned Moslem, wedded to his pipe, sits motionless, like a wooden image, with his miserable wares around him, in an open stall. Then those ghost-like apparitions of female forms, gliding silently about, enveloped in white garments like grave-clothes, and the general stillness of the place, give you the idea of an Old World town, sleeping the sleep of ages, unawakened by contact with the noisy West, and far out of the reach of the turmoil of the real modern world. As we enter, we are pushed to the wall by a train of large Turkoman camels, whose silent step and uncouth forms are all in keeping with the scene. A short ride through the streets brings us to the door of the Menzil Khan of Baiburt, and I enter a comfortable warm stable, where I intend to pass the night. The climate of these regions, and in this month, September, is most trying to the traveller. During the day he is parched with the dry heat of a powerful sun, and in the evening the cold is quite intense. I could now appreciate Jacob's remonstrance with Laban: "Thus I was; in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night."—Gen. xxxi. 40. I know of nothing more restorative to the jaded body under these circumstances than the moist warm heat of a Turkish post-stable. I ascend a ladder to a sort of platform, furnished with a chamber open to the rest of the building, and here a cheerful fire was burning. The interior of the whole building was excessively warm, and so, after devouring a grilled fowl, and drinking a cup of tea, I soon fell into a sort of uneasy doze, which was all I could achieve, no matter what the amount of fatigue, while that infernal insect, the bug, was gorging his odious body at my expense, assisted by an army of fleas. However, the

warm moist heat restored my jaded muscles not a little, and so, long before daylight, I was once more in the saddle. The postmaster vastly admires my revolver, and hints that I may find occasion to use it ere I reach Erzeroom. By the light of a waning moon we gallop along an excellent natural road. These post-horses are wonderful animals; wretched to look at when first, with stiff and shivering limbs, brought out from their cozy stable: but once let them warm to the work, under the gentle persuasion of the spur, and they become all bone and clear wind, and seem to take a positive pleasure in a sharp gallop on a cold morning. I would not undertake to count the splints on the legs, nor the scars on the knees of the animal, but he is none the worse for these trifles.

After a seven hours' sharp ride through a miserably desolate country, we reach a lone post-house at the foot of a hill, a few straggling huts forming a wretched village at a little distance. The master receives us in a shy and sulky manner, which however I affect not to notice, but with the independent air of a traveller who pays his way, I stride into the post-house and take my seat on a sack of barley. I ask if a fowl can be found, as I am hungry: "*Taouk yok*" (there are no fowls), is the laconic answer. Presently two or three grim-looking men enter the stable, and begin to whisper together like bravoes in a tragedy. Had I been ignorant of the language, all this might have passed unnoticed, but certain words of ominous import fell on my ears, "*Ghiaour katl olmish,*" or "*olajak*" (the Ghiaour has been, or will be killed), was muttered by one of these ruffians; meantime no preparations whatever seemed to be going forward to

furnish me either with the food I asked for, or with fresh horses. Moreover, as with awakened attention I scanned the faces of the four or five men gathered together in a group, I was convinced that they were discussing something of absorbing interest and dangerous import. I at once arose from my seat, and walking up to them, asked "What it was all about; what had been killed, or had to be killed?" The postmaster then told me, that just before my arrival, that very morning, early as it was, a man had been murdered by robbers at the door of the stable in which I then found myself. "Where is the body? let me see!" I exclaimed.

"He was quite dead, and these men have just buried him."

"Where have you buried him?"

"*Ichté*—there," said the master, pointing to a bare spot of earth within gunshot.

"Of what *milet* (nationality) was he?" I asked.

"He was a Ghiaour; but who or what, I cannot tell."

Thus had it happened. A man had come galloping at full speed to the door of the khan, and staggered off his horse. He was bleeding at the mouth, and his clothes were soaked in gore. He grasped in his hand a pistol. He was dressed like a modern Turk, with a fez and European coat and trousers. No sooner had he alighted, than four or five men of the hills, well known in these parts, who had been closely following him, rushed up to the door of the khan into which the wounded man was staggering. They simultaneously attacked him: he fired off his remaining pistol, and then yielded to his fate. He fell by numerous wounds, the chief of the brigands beating

out his brains with the butt end of his rifle. After this, the robbers took what they found on the body, and disappeared over the hills. I do not profess to be a fighting man, but I nevertheless wished I had arrived a couple of hours earlier to have tried my new revolver on these ruffians; nor was my desire abated when I heard the sequel, that the Ghiaour in question was a gallant French officer, who had distinguished himself for his rare courage in the Turkish army at Kars. Shortly after this tragedy, his native servant arrived with empty saddle-bags, and with white lips told his part of the story. At a very short distance from where we now stood, the French officer and his servant were riding quietly along, when they were met by half-a-dozen ill-looking fellows armed to the teeth. The servant whispered to his master that he feared they were robbers; unluckily he was carrying his master's sword, nor had he time to give it him without making a hostile demonstration when the two parties met. The men drew up on the road; they were Lazi, and armed with rifles, pistols, and kamas. "Where is your teskére (passport)?" they asked; "we are *zapties*" (policemen). "*Zaptie deil*" (they are not police), whispered the servant. The Frenchman was a man of deeds, and knew the value of the first blow in a mêlée, so he drew his pistols and shot two men, charging through the rest; but he received a ball through the body. Mortally wounded, he galloped to the post-house, reloading one of his pistols on the way. He was but a few hundred yards from where he fell, and he died game, wounding another man ere he was despatched. Poor fellow! I felt a strong sympathy for him, and admiration for his gallant bearing;

although he had succumbed to numbers, he had yet sold his life dearly, and taught these "Paynim hounds" that a Ghiaour of the West is not the spiritless, cringing Christian of the East, degenerate from ages of oppression. This noble fellow was an ally, murdered by those for whom he had been fighting; but such brigands belong to no nation, they are outcasts from society, and I longed to reach Erzeroom and witness the zeal of the authorities put forth to seize and exterminate these assassins.

Nothing now was to be done but to continue my journey, so I ordered out fresh horses and galloped onwards, nursing my wrath against the murderous crew through whose country I was riding; for I heard that many villages were implicated in numerous robberies, and that sundry petty authorities were supposed to share in the spoil.

I am now in Armenia, and have been for some time, though the exact demarcation of this ancient kingdom is not very clear. As the traveller wends his way across interminable plains, he sees nothing on which the eye can rest with pleasure. True the scenery is often, nay, always grand; but it is a desolate grandeur, palling upon the senses; it is like a world without life,—like a Mussulman landscape-painting, in which no visible thing is depicted. You wander on from hour to hour, from day to day, and still the same huge mountains bound the horizon; and the same broad plain, without a tree, a city, or a village, lies before you. You may imagine yourself the Last Man wandering over the blank of an unpeopled world.

At the close of the day you arrive at length at your resting-place. About a mile off you see a low mound,

pierced with holes like large fox-earths, and crowned with several small stacks of dung.* This you are told is the village, and such it is proved to be by the appearance of human beings as you approach it. A little spot of ground, too, is invariably set apart for the cultivation of flax, whose tall green stalks stand out in relief from the sombre tint of objects around, and afford a shelter for a numerous colony of village sparrows. This plant supplies the material from which the men and women weave their coarse garments during the long winter nights.

When first I entered an Armenian cottage, I was much struck with the exact resemblance of the modern to the ancient habitation, as described in the pages of Herodotus. I hesitated for a moment at the doorway, scarcely deeming it possible that the hole before me was to be my sleeping-place for the night. When my eyes had become familiar with the smoky gloom of the interior, I looked around me to examine this curious habitation. A few thick trunks of trees supported several rafters scarcely less bulky, which lay across the roof, the latter being formed of earth heaped upon brushwood. The walls of the dwelling were formed by the earth of the hill-side in which it was excavated. In the centre of the roof was a hole, serving for both window and chimney, and immediately under this a circular excavation in the floor, where a woman was busily employed in baking flat cakes of bread on hot stones. Four or five buffaloes, with a few sheep, occupied the greater part of the building, but a small portion was raised and railed off for the use of the family. This was now swept clean for my bed, while the

* This tezek, or dried dung, forms their only fuel.

family in question were induced to seek a night's lodging elsewhere. In most of those villages which define a day's journey, along a frequented road, there is a *musafir odassi*, or guest-house, kept clean and comfortable by some old man; in short, a sort of inn, though it differs in no wise from the rest of the village houses in comfort and convenience. That hospitality is a sacred duty in the East has become a proverb, nor am I inclined to call it in question. Almost invariably, I have found a very kind reception in Mussulman villages; less so in Christian; though in both, the host has looked for a remuneration as a matter of course. This may appear to many to be a poor sort of hospitality; but the custom of making presents is universal in the East, and the remuneration is received as a voluntary offering rather than in the light of payment. A poor man, moreover, may wander from village to village, and be always sure of a meal and a night's lodging without any kind of payment, nor will he be considered a mendicant; and a native farmer may travel with wondrous economy from village to village, always welcome, as bringing some news in a country where the communications are so infrequent. If he alight at a poor man's door, he pays for the value of what has been consumed, or little more; if at the house of his equal, he may possibly make a trifling present to his host's servant or child. Repose after a day's journey, even should it be in a miserable Armenian hovel, is always welcome; for fatigue and fresh air render the most stringy fowl delicious; and no less agreeable is the warm shelter, though the atmosphere be none of the purest.

On a fine autumn morning I found myself on the ridge

of mountain that overlooks the broad plain of Erzeroom. The air was clear and intensely cold; the landscape seemed to be of cold cast-iron; not a tree, shrub, lake, or anything soft or pleasant was visible. The scene was composed of a cold outline of mountain ranges, surrounding a smooth level plain, which lay like a lake under my feet. Around me was a solitude broken only by the scream of the eagle overhead, or the soft twitter of that curious little lark (*alauda pencillata*), whose home is only on these barren mountains, and whose nest is under a loose stone on a bare hill-side. Far off, at the foot of a distant range of snow-capped hills, we could faintly distinguish the spires and minarets of Erzeroom, the capital of the province. Our jaded horses had now to descend the mountain by a long, rugged path of broken stones; and after a dull and toilsome march, we rested for the night at the village of Putchuk.

On the following morning we traversed the plain, which presented a considerable amount of cultivation, and was dotted with numerous villages. I observed, however, much land lying fallow, as the agriculturists of this country have not yet arrived at the knowledge or practice of rotation of crops. A vast marsh lay on my left, and I observed as I sped along the plain no lack of game; to wit, large and small bustards, cranes, numerous wild geese, ducks, and plover. Erzeroom, meantime, became larger and larger, and the details more distinct. It was not an exception to Eastern cities; grand and magnificent in the distance, mean and filthy on closer acquaintance. As our cavalcade entered, we were saluted by packs of hungry dogs, devouring dead horses on the outskirts of

the town. These dogs, I observed, were of a larger and rougher kind than those which breed in the cities of warmer localities. They were mostly twice the size of the Constantinople cur, and were, moreover, covered with rough hair, and resembled much the large sheep-dog of the country which we had seen on the road. Travellers in these regions can alone appreciate the blessing of having a Consul to go to, and it is rare indeed that an Englishman does not find a hearty welcome. I was soon seated before a fine English breakfast with a wolf's appetite, a position which might well be termed enviable. What a contrast did the snowy-white table-cloth, spread with clean and wholesome dainties, and presided over by a gentle and refined lady, present to the tough fowl, devoured in a strong-smelling Armenian stable! Our conversation soon led to the sport of the neighbourhood, and the anticipations I had formed from my ride over the plain were more than equalled by the account I heard of the *chasse*. "If you had not been tired," observed a gentleman on my left, "I could have shown you famous snipe-shooting." "By all means let us go," I answered; "I am tired of riding, but quite ready for a walk." So with little more preparation I found myself cantering down to the plain with a very agreeable companion, both of us provided with fowling-pieces and game-bags. We presently came to a village near an enormous marsh, about ten miles in length and five in breadth, fed by several streams, which again united into a branch of the mighty and historic Euphrates. Leaving our horses here, we at once plunged ankle-deep into the marsh; nor had we to wait long for a shot, for the numbers of snipe on all sides of us

could only be compared to flies in a grocer's shop on a summer's day. Indeed, they were too numerous for comfortable shooting. I delight in a marsh, and although I cannot lay claim exactly to the title of naturalist, I am nevertheless an adorer of nature, and am able perhaps to recognise and name rather more of the fauna of a country than the generality of my fellow-citizens. I was, besides, fresh from Constantinople, which affords but few opportunities of studying any of the *ologies*, excepting ethnology. The sight before me now was exhilarating in the extreme, and I enjoyed much more the contemplation of the variety of waterfowl—waders, swimmers, and the like—than the mere snipe-shooting, the greater part of which I left to my friend, who was a much better shot than myself.

After having missed a great many, and killed a few whose deaths might in truth have been termed accidental, I wandered away to watch, and to take a shot occasionally at the curious denizens of the marsh. Birds which in collections I had gloated over as rare and beautiful specimens, I now saw from time to time within a few yards of me. A flock of birds, of strange form and snowy white plumage, flew past. I fired into them, and found I had killed four spoonbills, whose strange configuration of bill gives it the significant name. Another heron-like but smaller bird was rolled over; and I picked up an egret, whose delicate white plumes are still worn in the steel casque of the Kurdish chief as in the days of Saladin. The noises around me were strange and various. The loud cackling of flocks of wild geese, disturbed from their sedgy resting-places, mingled with the loud whistle of the curlew and a thousand discordant cries. A flock of black

long-billed birds flew over my head, and I recognised the ibis. Ever and anon, as I approached a clump of reeds, a large brown bird would rise with heavy flight. One of these I stopped in his career, and found I had slain a fine bittern. Herons of various kinds I observed, from the large blue English bird of knightly renown to the rarer night heron, black heron, and the beautiful cream-coloured squacco. I fired at a large black stork, a bird I had never before seen, but failed to reach him. Coots innumerable, and beautiful grebes, crowded the surface of the shallow waters, amongst which I observed the crested, the red-necked, and the eared grebe, besides the active and vigilant little dabchick, so familiar to our English millponds. The crowds of grallæ, or waders, were indescribable; and their varied cries, added to the noisy birds of larger size, combined to produce an ornithological Babel. Godwits, tringas, sandpipers, dunlins, reeves, redshanks, greenshanks, water-rails, were all to be seen in any part of the shallows. A flock of curious swallow-like birds would fly over my head, as if to puzzle me. I shot one, and found it to be the Austrian pratincole. The movements of the terns, of which I observed a considerable variety, were most interesting. Their flight would be suddenly arrested over a pool of water, and, after hovering for a moment like a kestrel, they would suddenly plunge to the bottom with the momentum of a stone, and reappear with a small fish in their beak. For the first time in my life I shot a double snipe, the *scolopax major*, which Bewick, in darker times than our own, supposed might be an aged adult, grown large and fat in solitude. This species, I was told, visits these marshes in vast numbers in the middle of May, but

soon departs. He rises generally under the feet of the sportsman, and his flight is not unlike that of the woodcock, so he is by no means difficult to hit. Few are found here in the autumn. High over all the multitude, in the clear blue sky, soared magnificent eagles of more than one variety; while the humbler raptores—falcons, kites, buzzards, and hen-harriers—glided over the surface of the teeming morass. The marsh buzzard, with a white crown of feathers, was the most remarkable amongst these last. My friend and myself combined made a good bag, though his part was of a more sportsmanlike description than mine, composed as this was of spoonbills, bitterns, pratincoles, and sundry curious specimens. As we were riding over the plain I heard a strange wild cry, and asked what manner of bird was that, whose voice so harmonised with the wildness of the scenery. "That is the silver crane," was the answer; "a large and beautiful bird, but it is impossible to get within shot of him." We had not ridden much farther when four or five were observed about half a mile off. I became most anxious to try my luck in spite of my friend's discouragements, so I dismounted, and giving him my horse, I took a deerstalker's survey of the ground, and saw that these wary birds were not very far from an embankment. Carefully did I traverse a roundabout path until I got the bank between me and my victims, who were jealously watching the movements of the horseman. At last I was near enough to raise my eyes slowly above the edge of the bank, and discovered that I could not approach under cover nearer than a hundred yards from the birds. Having reached within that distance, I cocked my piece, showed myself, and ran at them at full speed. I had

cleared nearly twenty yards before they had opened their wings, and had perhaps got over ten more before they rose heavily, when I poured in two charges of swan-shot, and to my intense satisfaction down came one fine fellow with a broken wing. In a very unsportsmanlike way I rushed in upon him, and seized his long neck ere he had time to dart his beak at my eyes—a not uncommon mode of defence. This fine bird weighed fifteen pounds. There is on this plain a smaller and much more beautiful species—the Numidian crane; excessively rare however, but of exquisite flavour and delicacy. The large and common species is also much esteemed for the table, but cannot bear comparison with the smaller one, a specimen of which I was once lucky enough to shoot. A sharp gallop brought me to the dirty streets of Erzeroom just as the sun set.

CHAPTER IV.

Fever: its prevention and cure — Description of Erzeroom — The plague — Contagionists and non-contagionists — Quarantines — Armenian houses — The Consul and the Pasha — Proceedings against the murderers of Captain Belliot — The result.

After having shot for some hours up to my knees in a marsh, with a glaring Asiatic sun overhead, I asked with some anxiety if there was any fever to be apprehended; and was a good deal relieved to find that endemic or marsh fever was all but unknown in Erzeroom. I was reminded that we were 7000 feet above the level of the sea; and I believe that at such an altitude miasmatic fever is scarcely known, or, if it exists, it is in a very mild form. The different intensities of fever at different heights have been curiously illustrated in the West Indies, where soldiers stationed in a valley have been decimated by yellow fever, others higher up have suffered from severe intermittents, while those on the top of a mountain have escaped altogether, or have only suffered from tertian ague. A wet marsh, too, is much safer than one recently dried; the latter emits a deadly poison, by the action of a hot sun, though this poison is much more intense when the sun is absent. Probably the rarefaction of the air during the heat of the day disperses and dilutes the subtle gases, and the same state of atmosphere at a great altitude may have an effect equally salutary.

Undoubtedly many very dangerous localities may be traversed safely in the middle of the day, the risk of catching fever being in inverse proportion to the power of the solar rays. Having touched on a professional subject, I cannot forbear some digression. Asia Minor is rife in fever, often of a most deadly kind, especially on the shores of the Black Sea. Fortunately quinine is ever a sovereign remedy; and I have seen men, apparently moribund, recalled to life and health by good doses of this golden medicine, combined, of course, with ancillary treatment. When a patient has recovered from an attack of periodic fever, his troubles have not ceased; he may feel perfectly well in a few days, and congratulate himself on his escape, when, to his dismay, in less than a month, and without apparent cause, his disease returns; and as time runs on, he finds he has an attack about every twenty-two days, and if the disease be not checked, the long periods become shorter, and the short periods less than before; that is to say, he may have a return of the fever every fortnight or ten days. Further, from tertian it may become quotidian, and then the intervals during the attack may disappear, and the disease assume the type of continued fever, combined always with congestion of the abdominal organs. Each interval is to be guarded against,—the short period of so many hours, and the long periods of so many days. A fever may thus continue for one or two years, or even longer, and render life a burden to the patient, if indeed it does not degenerate into continued fever, and cut him off. I have heard of a poor Englishman in Constantinople who went by the name of "Fever Brown." Nosologists have classified and named these fevers quotidian, tertian, quartan, re-

mittent, intermittent, bilious remittent, and so on: yet, if the physician can but determine the cause to be miasma, it is unimportant what name he gives the disease, since a great many types are but varieties of one and the same disease, requiring, certainly, variety of treatment; yet we have, thank God, an unmistakeable remedy, which, if properly used, seldom fails of success.

The natives of the country well know the value of quinine, which is called by them *sulfato;* but it is beyond the reach of poor people, and many have given fabulous prices for carbonate of magnesia, or other white powder sold under the name of *sulfato.* The Kurds use a strong decoction of sumach leaves, which produces violent vomiting and purging, and often cuts short the fever. Many other substances, producing a great shock on the system, will produce a like effect. I am not aware that chemists have succeeded in isolating the poison of endemic fever. Some have supposed it to be produced by moist and decaying vegetation, fermenting under a burning sun—a state of things doubtless existing in marshes; but during my travels I have met with the worst and most intense form of this fever upon a dry sandy soil, destitute of any vegetation beyond a few sparse camel-thorns. The land had been flooded in the spring, and had dried up rapidly under a tropical sun, and a tribe of Arabs encamping there were decimated. A thoroughly wet marsh I believe to be harmless; but there is always a dry border exhaling disease. It may be asked if there be any preventive agent to be employed by those who go into dangerous places. It is most difficult, indeed logically impossible, to prove anything to be a preventive; but I have strong faith in

this power of quinine: I believe it to be useful in warding off as well as in curing fever. Anything which depresses the system and reduces the vital energy, renders a man most liable to attacks of fever; therefore the avoidance of over-fatigue is a preventive, so also is good diet. In travelling through fever countries our native servants have always suffered more than ourselves, because they had more fatigue, and lived on lower diet. I would strongly recommend all travellers to be provided with good English quinine. Other medicines may be found in most large towns in Turkey, but if the tourist asks for sulphate of quinine, he will probably be offered some factitious drug, and be charged an enormous price for it besides. I could go into much greater detail as to the variety and treatment of this disease, but as it is by no means my intention to write a purely medical treatise, I forbear.

Much has been lately written about Erzeroom, and the subject has been well nigh exhausted in Mr. Curzon's entertaining book on Armenia. I must, however, say a few words on a city which I have visited four different times, and in which I have spent several months of *ennui* and impatience, snowed up, and thrown on my own resources, compelled to amuse myself within the four walls of a house, with rather too select society and a somewhat meagre library. Those days are gone by; and although I like Turkey much, for many reasons, I trust it may never be my fate to pass another winter in this region, Siberia in all except champagne and Polish society.

Erzeroom is one of the most important of the cities of Asiatic Turkey. Its Governor is a Vizier, and rules over

the Sanjaks or Provinces of Erzeroom, Childir, Kars, Bayazid, Van, and Moosh. The population of these districts has been roughly estimated at 800,000. The province of Erzeroom itself is divided into fourteen *cazas* or districts—namely, Erzeroom, Upper and Lower Passin, Kighee, Kozleejan, Melazgheerd, Khinis, Terjan, Erzingian, Sheyran, Kelkit, Baiburt, Tortoom, and Ispeer, containing about 1500 villages, in most of which a European has never trod. With regard to the population, it is most difficult to form anything like a correct estimate, but according to Mr. Calvert's calculation it may be reckoned as follows:—

Mussulmans	30,000
Orthodox Armenians	5,000
Catholic Armenians	2,000
Greeks	200
Russian subjects, consisting principally of Armenians and a few Georgians and Jews	1,000
Persians	900
Garrison force	6,000
Total population	45,100

A correct census, I believe, is not desired by the Turks, who are conscious of a very sensible decrease in the Mussulman population in many provinces, and naturally would not like to publish the fact. In the spring of this year (1855) only 1000 men were raised throughout the whole province of Erzeroom for the army, and this too in time of war, when several thousands were required. This city contains twenty-eight khans, thirteen public baths, and seventy mosques, which fact proves it to be one of the strongholds of Mahometanism. The Christians have a Roman Catholic, a Greek, and an Armenian church;

the two last have, it is said, received handsome sums from the Emperor of Russia.

It has been already stated that Erzeroom is no exception to Oriental towns; beautiful and imposing in perspective, as they form part of a grand distant landscape, but squalid and filthy on closer acquaintance. Nevertheless the streets of this city are wider than those of most Turkish towns. In most places two or even more horsemen can pass each other. The streets of the whole town might be as clean as those of Valetta; for it is at the foot of a mountain, covered during the greater part of the year with snow; and its streets are swept by numerous small but rapid streams of pure water, affording admirable facilities for draining and cleansing. As it is, however, the only attempt at a drain is an open one in some of the main streets, and that generally choked with filth. All the bye-streets, excessively narrow and deprived of the sun's rays, are unpaved, and during wet weather are one vast puddle of refuse and ordure from the houses. Obscene and hungry dogs lying about in groups devour much of what is thrown out, but all the rest ferments and breeds disease. The houses are all lower than the level of the streets, and those of the poorer classes (that is to say, nine-tenths of the inhabitants) are constructed of mud, with a mud floor, the roof only being composed of wooden rafters. Here, during a long winter, a poor family will be huddled together, crouched over a charcoal brazier, or a hole filled with burning *tezek*, or dried cow's dung. In lieu of windows are holes covered with greased paper; every crevice is carefully closed to prevent the entrance of the cold, so that

the amount of foul air may be imagined. During the winter the cold is so intense that the evils inseparable from this state of things are checked. The foul mass of fetid puddle in the streets becomes adamant; everything thrown out of the house, if fluid, is at once converted into ice, while the appetite of the dogs becomes so sharpened that they devour almost anything. In the spring of the year, when the vast masses of snow melt, all the filth that is not carried off is left to ferment under a warm sun, and you are almost poisoned by the noxious exhalations as you ride through the streets, and, as might be expected, a large amount of sickness prevails. The great and prevailing disease is typhus, and the mortality is very large, especially among the women, who live entirely in this atmosphere, and have not the advantage of the pure air of the fields, as have the men, who leave their dwellings for their daily work in the field or open shop. These poor people are on the whole well clad; wool is abundant, and the women and children weave coarse stockings, gloves, and cloths during the long winter months; so that you never see a peasant inadequately clad either winter or summer.

When the warm weather commences, the soil quickly dries; and these filthy streets, although not open to the sun's rays, are nevertheless subject to its highly desiccating power, and this is another salutary influence contending with the wilfully filthy habits of the people. In hotter climates the dryness of the air doubtless prevents much disease by dispelling noxious vapours. In a climate like that of Erzeroom there is a long spring, and during this comparatively warm and moist season typhus is most rife.

While mentioning the diseases of Erzeroom I must not omit to mention the plague, which has done something towards diminishing the amount of population. It is now about thirteen years since this disease has appeared in Turkey, and it so happens that this date just tallies with the establishment of quarantine. Contagionists cite this fact as a triumphant proof of their doctrines and of the utility of quarantine, while non-contagionists declare that similar interregna have happened before, only to be followed by a more dreadful re-appearance of the destroying angel. In my humble opinion, people argue more on words than things, and so uselessly divide themselves into contagionists and non-contagionists, as if they were antagonist politicians. Each of these parties have strong facts to quote in support of their respective position. As every Englishman loves to express his own opinion, I shall now give mine, which, though not having the merit of originality, may yet have that of common sense. I believe plague, typhus, small-pox, and sundry other diseases, including cholera, to be epidemic and communicable at the same time, but in very different degrees. If a plague or a small-pox patient were put into an open space, as a field, for instance, with a fresh breeze blowing round him, I believe he might be touched by any healthy person with impunity. Under such circumstances, the disease might be declared non-contagious. If a healthy person were to sleep in his bed or wear his garments, he would probably take the disease, and thus it would be declared contagious. If a healthy individual were to go into the room of a plague patient and sit with him for some time, his chances of escape would be in

inverse proportion to the length of time he sat with him, and to the closeness of the room. If he sat with an open window or door between him and the patient, so as to have a current of air blowing upon him and carrying off the emanations of the diseased person, he would probably escape. If a person in good health were introduced to the bed-side of a plague patient, and suddenly told it was that disease, and was in consequence seized with a panic, the resisting power of health would be disarmed, a weakness would overpower the man, he would be thrown into a cold perspiration, and probably take the disease, especially if epidemic at the time. I believe there would be no danger whatever for a healthy and courageous man to feel the pulse of a plague patient, provided he sat with a current of air blowing from him over the patient, and if his visit were a short one. The epidermis of the finger-ends is not remarkable for its absorbing power. I believe nearly all diseases acquired by infection are communicated by inhalation. I confess I am apt to lose patience when I hear a man declaring it to be his firm belief that plague is not infectious, because he and several other people have visited with impunity a plague patient. The same proofs may be brought by thousands against the infection of small-pox, scarlet-fever, and typhus, and yet no man in his senses would deny their communicability. Pulmonary consumption is, throughout the Levant, considered an infectious disease. I believe the Levantines are correct, and that it is to a certain extent infectious, and that a devoted sister or nurse, who lives habitually in the atmosphere of a consumptive patient, often takes the disease.

The quarantines of Turkey are conducted in the most

careless manner. I remember entering the town of Trebizond some years ago, on my way from Erzeroom, and traversing several streets under the surveillance of a guardiano; and, lastly, being shut up for ten days in the quarantine-station. During that time friends came to see me daily: the only precaution observed was the avoidance of shaking hands. I was looked at by a doctor both on my arrival and departure. Now I have often heard this loose kind of quarantine quoted as an evidence of its utter absurdity as a preventive to plague; because it is evident that, in passing through the crowded streets, you would probably rub against and touch several people, and if you had the plague on you at the time, of course it would be thus communicated. Those who would reason thus, suppose that the contagiousness of plague is something so subtle and deadly, that the mere touch of an infected passer-by would give it. This, however, is not the case; the plague for the first few hours is probably only slightly infectious, and even at its intensity I do not believe the mere touch of a patient would give it to any one. Now, supposing a patient were to be brought into the quarantine really ill, the health-officers would at once mark him as a subject for rigid seclusion; or if a quarantine prisoner were to fall ill while there, he would doubtless be placed under strict supervision, and his symptoms carefully watched, and if he was found to have the plague, every possible precautionary measure would then be taken. Is it not possible, then, that during the last thirteen years the plague has from time to time been arrested and prevented from spreading by infection even by these loosely-conducted quarantines? We cannot logically prove in-

fection or non-infection, but we should not on that account throw away the fruits of observation and experience. It may be that the extraordinary cessation of plague, throughout the length and breadth of the land, may be due to other and inexplicable causes. Meantime the injury to commerce from the quarantines is a sad offset to the possible utility of them. Would it not be well to revise the whole system, and in its place to establish a modified surveillance of travellers, arresting and placing under observation the really sick, increasing somewhat the medical staff of the quarantine during the existence of epidemics? I am convinced that much might be done in this respect, to the great benefit of commerce.

The quarantine establishment is altogether anti-Turkish, inasmuch as it appears to the good Mussulman a profane interference with the decrees of Providence. Men of this mould, whenever they hear a European abusing the institution, exclaim, "What do you want next? We have adopted the *Karantina* which you forced upon us, and now you want us to cast it aside." To the modern Stamboul Turk, however, the quarantine offers a good field for place-hunting, and therefore with that class it is popular.

The house-architecture of Asia Minor is peculiar, and, as I am writing at this moment in a large Armenian house in Erzeroom, I cannot do better than describe it. The house externally has a most gloomy aspect, built as it is of dark-coloured stone, and having very small windows. You enter by a low door and find yourself in a stone passage. On your right is a door which opens into a stable; on your left are sundry odd-looking rooms,

such as kitchens, pantries, &c., all excessively cold and damp. A stair on your left leads you into the upper rooms. Now all these apartments are built side by side, like so many small independent houses, and each has a roof of its own, so that when you step outside you find a separate roof for each room, the lower ones leading to the upper by stone steps. In the spring of the year the whole population of the city, chiefly women and children, bring out their cushions and mattresses and sun themselves on these roofs; and a most gay and beautiful sight it is, from the brilliant costumes and bright colours in which the women delight. You can walk along the terraces from house to house over nearly the whole town, and if you are stopped by a street it would not require a very long leap to clear the chasm. The interior of the rooms is often very gaily decorated with painted roofs, which, though curious, are utterly wanting in artistic taste; they resemble very bad Persian painting. A native room possesses but little furniture—a carpet and a sofa are, strictly speaking, the whole of it; but the wealthier Christians and some of the Turks have latterly adopted much of European luxury, and it is not infrequent now to find chairs and tables. Moreover, the very recent introduction of glass windows has much increased the comfort and healthiness of the houses. Every Eastern city is famous for some gift of Providence. If you ask a wandering Dervish what Mossul possesses, he will tell you "good bread;" and if you ask what is good in Erzeroom, he will answer "the water;" and in truth this city is blessed with an abundance of clear good water

—no trifling gift; it runs in torrents through the principal streets, and you see fountains at every corner.

The city is elevated above the plain about two hundred feet, and has a range of mountains behind it at no great distance, the different peaks bearing the names of Palan Duken, Domloo, and Akbaba. From the terrace of the British Consul's house you may see occasionally with the telescope the wild sheep grazing on the slopes of these hills.

A few hours after my arrival in Erzeroom the little European colony there, consisting perhaps of a dozen people, was thrown into a state of ferment, in consequence of the murder of Captain Belliot, the news of which I had brought with me. On the Consul of his nation devolved the duty of claiming justice at the hands of the civil authorities, and demanding that the murderers of the gallant Captain should be seized and brought to punishment. I took some pains to learn the whole proceedings with regard to this affair, and, as they are highly illustrative of the state of the country, I make no apology for giving them in detail.

The first step taken by the Consul was to wait on the *Wali*, or Civil Governor, Ismail Pasha, and give him an official report of what he had heard, demanding at the same time an escort of twenty *zapties* (armed police) to accompany him to the spot to verify the fact of the murder, and also to identify the body. His Excellency the Governor was a very old man, and a very fair specimen of a Turkish Pasha, with all the virtues and peculiarities of that class of men. He had been in his youth one of Ali

Pasha's train, the famous old tyrant of Janina. As soon as a European Consul is announced to a Turkish Pasha, the latter sets up his back like an old tabby at the sight of a dog, and puts himself on the defensive; preparing, not for a rude squabble, but for a diplomatic sparring-match, during which the Pasha, while apparently granting everything and assenting to each proposition, is all the while studying the best means of evading his promises.

The Consul has to go through certain formulas of Turkish etiquette—for it would be quite a barbarous solecism in manners to press the point at once—so, after pipes and coffee are produced, and numerous bland smiles and honeyed compliments have passed between the two powers, the Consul fires his great gun by announcing the murder of a French captain in the Pashalic of Erzeroom.

"Vai, vai," exclaims the Pasha; "these sons of dogs are heaping dirt on my beard; but, Inshallah! I will burn their fathers and mothers—I will crush them and bring them to confusion. Leave it to me, Consolos Bey, I will do all you want, and make these scoundrels and chapkuns eat dirt. I am *kefil*—I am guarantee for their punishment."

"But," rejoins the Consul, "the murdered man is supposed to be a French officer; if so, he was in my jurisdiction, and I am therefore bound to go myself to the spot where he was murdered, and verify the fact for the satisfaction of my Government. I therefore request your Excellency to furnish me with twenty *zapties* as a protection, since I hear that the country is a very unsafe one."

"Twenty *zapties!* my soul, if you wish it, you shall have a thousand; but God forbid that you should go

amongst these wild people to risk your life! You are a Consul, *mashallah*—a Consul is somebody; we must employ lower men to hunt thieves. Stay at home, I beseech you, and let me send my *cavassbashy* to bring in the murderers while you are enjoying your ease."

And thus this polite struggle goes on, until the Consul is a little rough, on which the Pasha yields a point, which being gained, the Consul asks for more, hinting at reporting certain peccadilloes to Constantinople, where he knows Chapkun Pasha is intriguing for his place; and so by degrees the Consul gets everything he wants.

The Consul at last sets out from Erzerdom with a little army; for having learned that the whole district where the murder was committed is a sort of Tipperary, and that every village intends to make common cause against authority, he deems it advisable to go in force, and so bullies the Pasha into allowing him a hundred Bashi-Bozooks besides his zapties. At Putchuk, a day's journey from Erzeroom, the whole force was united, and they then set forward for Hoshapoonar. On the road they meet a mollah, who is recognised by the servant of the murdered man as an eyewitness of the assassination, so he is seized and forced to accompany the cavalcade. After a few hours they arrive at Hoshapoonar, and at once arrest the chief of the Menzil Khan. This man had told the French captain that if he would give him a good *baksheesh*, he would show him a safe road; if not, he would run great risk of being robbed. The Menzil Khan keepers are precisely of the character of the old innkeepers of the Black Forest, such as we read of in 'The Mysteries of Udolpho:' they are almost invariably in league with the

robbers of the country, and are of course able to give due notice to them of the approach of any rich travellers, with the view of sharing in the spoil. At Hoshapoonar the French Consul remained with a guard and his prisoners, while Omer Effendi, the captain of the Bashi-Bozooks, rode forward with his force towards Massat to reconnoitre the passes. On the following morning the Consul received a letter from Omer Effendi, telling him that he was waiting for him, but that at the entrance of the valley of Massat he was to put his men to the gallop, as several shots had been fired from the hills on the troops. This Omer Effendi was a Polish renegade, whose original name was Hoshaffski. Many such are to be found in the Turkish army, and they are almost invariably brave and intelligent officers. On the receipt of the news the Consul set forward and passed the entrance of the dangerous valley without accident. He meets Omer Effendi with his troops at Zazalar Khan, and he receives a letter from the Pasha of Erzeroom, telling him to arrest the chief of the Menzil Khan of the former place as a person more than suspected. Here the party was joined by the Mudir of Baiburt, with 350 Bashi-Bozooks, two-thirds of whom were cavalry. They had now a considerable force of irregular soldiers, and so being able to set at defiance any hasty levy of village insurgents, they determined to go at once to Massat, where the body was buried. Arrived here, the Consul had the body disinterred, and an examination made by a medical man who accompanied him. All this was done according to the rules of French forensic medicine, and a report drawn up for the home government.

While the Consul was thus employing himself, the expedition of irregular soldiers, after leaving him a guard, pushed on to the valley of Ossor to search for the murderers. All the villages in this district may be said to have been governed by the chief bandit in this affair, by name Kara Mahmood. The inhabitants were Lazi, a race of men differing altogether from the Turks except in religion, speaking an entirely different language, and wearing a peculiar costume. They have always been notorious for a barbarous ferocity of character. This Kara Mahmood was a sort of Robin Hood without his virtues; he was in league with most of the petty authorities and with all the Menzil Khan chiefs, and ruled with absolute sway the villages around: it was therefore to be expected that the people in the vale of Ossor would not quietly submit to have their houses searched for the outlaw. All this country is a continuation of craggy mountains and deep valleys, and the villages (never before visited by Europeans) resemble eagles' nests rather than human habitations. The horsemen posted themselves in the different passes to prevent the escape of the robbers, while the irregular infantry, mountaineers themselves, and stimulated by the hope of plunder, assaulted each village in turn. Ossor was taken after five hours' sharp skirmishing, and here two of the actual murderers were secured. In the house of the principal inhabitant many of the poor captain's effects were found; the master of the house was said to be the future father-in-law of Kara Mahmood, and one of his accomplices. This man was at once arrested and underwent an examination, during which he denied that he was any accomplice of the out-

law, but that he was one of his subjects, that he ruled all the district, and no one dared gainsay him. With regard to the plundered property, it was brought to his house by Kara Mahmood, who ordered him to take charge of it, but he knew not from whence it had been obtained. As to his daughter, he was greatly averse to giving her in marriage to the robber; but he had demanded her, and he was forced to promise him the girl, though she was only twelve years old. A number of prisoners were taken from this village, together with their sheep and cattle.

Just after this affair, the Mudir of Isspir arrives with 250 Bashi-Bozooks, and they proceed to attack another village, larger than the last. They carry it by assault in like manner. Meantime the Consul receives sundry kinds of information, of more or less value. He learns that Ali Pasha and Ali Bey, great men at Baiburt, and members of the Council, are aiders and abettors of Kara Mahmood, who, with his lieutenant, Memoghlou, had passed the night with them after the murder of Captain Belliot. After this information the Consul marches straight to Baiburt, where he arrives in the night, and takes up his residence at the *konag* of the Mudir. The Cadi of the place is roused from his bed to meet the Consul, who nearly frightens the poor man to death by his appearance with a large armed force;—and all this fuss is about the slaughter of a Ghiaour, an act rather creditable than otherwise in the eyes of a good Mussulman! Early in the morning a full *midjlis* (council) is called, of all the notables of the place. Ali Pasha and Ali Bey are there of course, and the Consul takes them to task as aiders

and abettors of a robber and murderer. With white lips and stammering tongues they endeavour to justify themselves, but cannot deny that Kara Mahmood passed the night in their houses occasionally, during which time they declared that they were busily engaged in endeavouring to turn him from his evil courses. When the Consul had patiently heard their attempts at justification, he called in his *cavasses* and took them prisoners. The same evening he hears that the inhabitants of Baiburt meditate an insurrection against this novel act of Frank authority, so he immediately seizes on the ringleaders of this patriotic insubordinate movement, and thereby reduces the town to submission.

On the following morning Omer Effendi, learning that the outlaws had taken refuge in a village called Mimfkaria, another eagle's nest, surrounds and attacks it. After considerable resistance the soldiers rush in, but to their astonishment find nothing but women, the men having apparently made their escape in some unaccountable manner. While searching in all the holes and corners for stolen property, or any representative of the male sex, one of the soldiers began to pay attentions to a fine tall woman, and the lady resisting lost her veil, when, instead of the smooth face of a rustic beauty, behold, a pair of full-grown moustachios ornamented the upper lip! An alarm was raised, veils torn off in all directions, and the soldiers found under women's habiliments the full proportion of the male sex. They learn here that Kara Mahmood had received timely information of the advance of the soldiers from the Mudir of Isspir (who had brought a troop of Bashi-Bozooks to aid the Consul), and so

had escaped into the Pashalik of Trebizond. They found however in this village, three of Captain Belliot's horses.

The Consul now sends off a courier to the Pasha of Trebizond, asking him to assist him in his pursuit of the criminal. Meantime, many of the quiet inhabitants of the neighbourhood, both Christians and Mussulmans, wait on the Consul with presents of different kinds, and express their gratitude in being delivered from a man who had been the terror of the country. Many a poor Christian merchant had barely ransomed his life by the delivery of all his caravan to the rapacious Kara Mahmood, and many a man had fallen by his hand, who had in any way come under his displeasure. Under the quiet government of Turkish pashas, this man had run an undisturbed career of crime, growing bolder daily, and overspreading the country with his accomplices. What interest or profit could any pasha derive from arresting him? The pasha had come to make his fortune in the shortest possible time, and could not afford to waste the golden moments in hunting outlaws. Besides, Kara Mahmood was supported by such men as Ali Pasha and Ali Bey, and who knows but that they might, by their influence, get up a *masbata*—terrible word—against an intermeddler? The Grand Vizier, wishing for such a vacancy as his removal would occasion, in order to be able to serve a friend, would be only too glad to listen to the masbata,—which is, I must explain, a sort of round-robin, or petition, to the Government, signed by the principal inhabitants. Numerous other objections might be found of sufficient weight to deter a timid and greedy pasha from seizing a brigand.

Have we not seen the famous Yani Katurgi hold all the neighbourhood of Smyrna in terror for years, carrying off rich merchants, and exacting heavy ransoms almost every month! and this in the second port of the kingdom, and under the eyes of observant Europe! It was scarcely then to be expected that a more vigorous prosecution of justice would be found in such a region as this.

While the Consul is awaiting the arrival of an answer from the Pasha of Trebizond, an emissary from Ismail Pasha of Erzeroom arrives—a certain Kurd, Ahmet Agha, a sort of pasha's buffoon—a clever diplomatist however; —for, being charged with the mission of persuading the Consul to set at liberty Ali Pasha and Ali Bey, and to restore the cattle he had taken, he completely succeeds, and so the above-mentioned worthies return to their homes. Meantime, a polite refusal of all aid arrives from the Pasha of Trebizond, and so the Consul, having nothing more to do in the neighbourhood, returns to Erzeroom. Arrived in this latter city he lost no time in waiting on the Pasha. "Hey, Consolos Bey! hosh gelden! welcome, welcome!" exclaims the Pasha; "you have stayed away long, you have forgotten us; thank God, you have returned in safety; your kef is good; Insh-allah!"

In reply to which speech of the Pasha's the Consul desires his dragoman to say, that he thanks much the Pasha for his gracious expressions, and begs to ask the Pasha how his health is.

Dragoman.—"The Consul begs to kiss the hem of your Excellency's garment, and hopes your Excellency's kef is good."

Pasha.—"When the health of our friends is good, ours is so likewise, and our heart rejoices."

Consul.—"I beg you will say to Monsieur le Pasha that I have something of importance to communicate."

Dragoman.—"The Consul, your slave, in kissing the dust of your Excellency's feet, has a petition to make."

Pasha.—"Bouyoroon! pray mention it; no ceremony, Consolos Bey."

The Consul then recounts his adventures to the Pasha, and tells him that he owes all his success to the Mudir of Baiburt, who has given him the most valuable information and assistance. He likewise tells him all he knows concerning the villany of Ali Pasha and Ali Bey, and concludes by a diplomatic speech, in which he tells his Excellency, that knowing how anxious he is to reward the virtuous and to punish the guilty, he ventures to hope that the Mudir of Baiburt may be favourably mentioned at Constantinople, and that Ali Pasha and Ali Bey will also meet with the punishment their crimes merit. "These latter," continues the Consul, "hold a high position in their country—it is all the more necessary that they should be made an example of. They have leagued themselves with robbers and murderers, and have set at nought your government; it is then of the utmost consequence that vigorous measures should be taken, that your Excellency may be known as one whom the wicked fear and the righteous praise."

The Consul had warmed with his topic, and his eloquence had run away with him rather faster than the dragoman could follow; however, the latter functionary does his best to render all this into Turkish, translating the latter part

of it as follows:—"The Consul is your sacrifice, Inshallah! in your shadow he will be safe; everything will be well; Inshallah!"

Pasha.—"Hai, hai. Inshallah, Inshallah! I will make the rascals eat dirt; by God, I will! Fear not, Consolos Bey; I will leave nothing undone."

And so after sundry polite speeches the Consolos Bey rises to depart, the Pasha recommending him to the care of God as he accompanies him to the door, and begs he will not forget him, but come again without ceremony as friends, not as Pasha and Consul; and so, with mutual reverences and *temenehs*, they part.

The Pasha walks with a dignified step to his sofa, on which he doubles himself up, exclaiming with a deep sigh "Vai, vai, Islam bitdi! It is all over with Islam, our religion is gone; curses on these kiafirs, we can find repose nowhere!" And so he sinks into an angry state of meditation, the words Ghiaour and kiafir escaping from time to time from his lips; gradually the pipe soothes him and he is once more himself, the old Pasha of Erzeroom.

A figure gently lifts the curtain which hangs over the door, and noiselessly enters the room. It is the cavass-bashy who with his twenty zapties accompanied the Consul. He stands motionless before his master, who, when he raises his head, exclaims, "Hey pezivenk, what do you want?"

The officer, making a reverent *temeneh* (salutation), says, "The dust of your feet waits for orders. Some men are returning to Baiburt, and will take your Excellency's commands."

"Ha, call the Secretary," says the Pasha; and so the

man of the pen is summoned, and writes a letter at his Excellency's dictation, in which somewhat difficult task we will leave them engaged.

The Consul goes home to write a report to his Government. A few days afterwards he hears from Baiburt that some changes have taken place since he left. His friend the Mudir has received a lesson how to assist Franks in catching murderers for the future; he has been deposed by the Governor of Erzeroom, and Ali Pasha, the friend and accomplice of Kara Mahmood, is now in his place. This is a simple fact recorded in October, 1854, and will serve as an illustration of the relative position, and mutual good offices, of Consuls and Pashas.

CHAPTER V.

Importance of the Consular office — The British and French systems compared — Effect of isolation — False Economy — Suggestions.

From the preceding sketch of a Consul's doings in the Levant, it may well be imagined what a great man he is in the interior of Turkey. He resembles the Governor-General of India, who can wage war when he pleases, only that the latter is controlled in some measure by his council, whereas the Consul is not. A distant Ambassador, or Minister of Foreign Affairs, has certainly the power of snubbing him; the latter can remove him from his post; but he generally has little to fear from either,—he can easily throw dust into their eyes, for his only accusers are the Turks, whose word cannot be weighed for a moment against that of an English gentleman, though it is seldom indeed that the Consul comes up to our ideas of what is generally understood as constituting that character; usually he is of quite a different breed, with different habits and ideas. The chief qualifications are knowledge of the country and language; these embrace a tact in money-making by sundry disreputable kinds of commerce, and in a rough and ready knowledge of some provincial patois; though there are many Levantine Consuls who cannot understand, or make themselves understood, in Turkish.

While we are anxious to reform the Turks—and assuredly no people ever needed it more—our first efforts should be directed to setting them a good example in their own country; and to do this we must reform our Consular system. We have from time to time heard from the lips of our Foreign Ministers the most unbounded praise of our Levantine Consuls—praise which is certainly deserved in some instances; but no man has a right to choose certain individuals as specimens of a body either for good or evil; nor can those who have lived some years in the Levant, and are consequently behind the scenes, say that such praise is, generally speaking, deserved by the Consular body.

A Consul, planted in a wild, semi-barbarous country, far from the eye of public opinion, living under his own laws, or rather under no laws, ought to be a man of high principle and great strength of mind, or he will probably go wrong. A British Consul in Turkey is in a different position from any other man in the world. He generally acts in the several capacities of a merchant, magistrate, ambassador, clergyman, and lawyer. He is often a sharp trader, and makes money, as he has immense advantages over all other merchants, inasmuch as he is free from very many of the legal obstacles to which natives are subject. He certainly ought to understand well the principles of commerce, and ought besides to be a man generally well informed; but I humbly venture to differ from those who would allow him to trade. The French know better how to support their own influence and dignity abroad than to allow of any such irregularities. In an official code of Consular regulations I read as follows:—

"French Consuls are public functionaries whose official duties must absorb all their time, and whose independence should equal their disinterestedness. The regulations in consequence expressly forbid them to devote themselves to commerce, either directly or indirectly, on pain of being recalled. The first protectors of their countrymen, judges or at least arbitrators in their disputes, no pursuit of individual interest should embarrass their surveillance and protection of general interests; nor should individual duties obscure in their eyes the exigencies of the public service. It is to this independent and disinterested character, no less than to their instruction and experience, that our Consuls owe that high consideration which they enjoy abroad, even although their low pay may seem to place them in a position of inferiority to their foreign colleagues."*

It is certainly unfair to the other merchants of a town to place a man in a position as a rival merchant and a judge among them at the same time. An English Consul, being a merchant, is more than king; he is a despotic sovereign over the Ionian and Maltese merchants of the place. They cannot appeal against any unfair exaction on the part of the local authorities, except through him. He calls them "my subjects;" and should any one of them make himself obnoxious to him by too successful rivalry or otherwise, that unfortunate merchant is in a most dangerous position. We know, moreover, that a trading Consul has not half the influence with, nor does he command the respect due to an official position from,

* Code du Service Consulaire Français.

the governors of towns and provinces. Naturally enough, the Pasha always thinks he has some private interest in all his demands. If he interferes to protect a Christian from ill-usage, the Armenian is supposed to be one of his partners in trade; if he remonstrates against the short-sighted folly of some local tax on industry, the same kind of sinister intentions are imputed, and not always without reason. Moreover, no one maintains more than a Turkish official the old ideas about the dignity of a Government officer, and he cannot reconcile the offices of a Consul and a tradesman. I once heard a letter read from a newly-appointed Consul, which was to the following effect:—"This province," he says, "is groaning under oppression; no Christian is allowed to possess a piastre, or to eat the fruit of his labour in peace. The moment a man is suspected of being rich, he is marked as fair game, and persecuted until he disgorges his wealth. My arrival here is hailed with delight by the Christians, who all look to me for protection. They offer me the produce of their fields for almost nothing. I intend to farm a number of villages, and then no Pasha will dare to interfere with them. No soldiers shall be quartered on these villages, and if their inhabitants cheat or offend me, I shall just withdraw my protection, and hand them over to the tender mercies of the Turks. In short, I shall soon make a handsome fortune here, and I shall have it all my own way, as there is no other European Consul to interfere with me."

Now it is pretty clear that it would require a man of no common virtue to live in a position of this kind, and a saint would pray to be delivered from such unbounded

temptations. There is no saying what kind of avaricious tyrant a naturally good man might become, removed from all English influence, from all public opinion, from all check to his covetousness or self-will. A distinguished foreign minister once observed, that it was highly desirable for all Government officials abroad, to return to England every six years to imbibe a little more English feeling, which they are apt to lose by a residence in a foreign land. A friend of mine, long officially connected with the Levant, is firmly of opinion that Consuls go mad after a few years' isolation in the interior. Without entirely adopting this idea, I yet believe that when a man has lived for years in so strange a position as that of a Consul, he is apt to become very eccentric in his actions. He generally out-Herods Herod in acts of tyranny. Only the other day an instance of this came under my notice. A Consul residing in a town of Asia Minor (we need name neither place nor person) took a fancy to a Christian girl, and prevailed on her to come to his house. The brother, annoyed at the scandal and utter ruin to the good fame of the family, presumed to call on the Consul and demand his sister. He was not only refused her, but the cavass was ordered to take the fellow to prison; and this was done. Another Consul, lately dead, had such a sad reputation in this line that he was the terror of all who had pretty girls in their families. I have been assured that he would cause to be imprisoned any man who tried to shield his victims, were he the father, brother, or husband. These two last-named Consuls were Levantines, and possibly had never been in Europe except for a short visit. Their ideas of their position were pretty much on a par with those of

a Turkish Pasha, and probably their general education resembled his. It may be said that such gross acts of tyranny would call down on the Consul the interference of his superiors, and that such public scandals would never be endured; but I repeat that his only accusers would be natives, his only judges the Ambassador and the Foreign Minister; and if any Englishman constituted himself the accuser, he must beware of the pains and penalties of libel, and of the expenses of a lawsuit a thousand miles from the residence of the witnesses. No! the Consul has it all his own way; there is no authority to restrain, or public opinion to shame him. How many of our Consuls in Turkey are not Levantines? I suppose scarcely one in five. Chapters might be compiled from well-known and flagrant instances of their misrule: some of these statements ludicrous in the extreme; and some presenting histories of iniquity which could arouse no feeling but strong indignation. I hear of Consuls, who are also Levantines, who have made fortunes partly by legitimate trading, and partly by buying bad debts which they purchase at a nominal amount, and by their influence with the Pashas cause them to be paid. Imprisonment, or threats of it, would be applied to a refractory debtor, while the Consul could find means with the Pasha for obtaining the liquidation of Government debts. I have reason to believe that this sort of commerce is carried on to a great extent in Turkey. Another source of profit, I am told, is that of selling British protection to natives—in other words, the manufacture of British subjects—which, unless I am grossly misinformed, brings in more clear profit than any

other kind of trade. A cunning native will give a good round sum to be called a British subject, and to find himself out of the reach of his own laws, or indeed of all law, which is pretty nearly the condition of all those who live under Frank protection.

I am quite disposed to believe that our economy in the Consular system is a very false one, and that this has been one of the remote causes of our present war and its millions of expenditure. What would not one of those millions, well spent in the Consular system, have done? The Emperor Nicholas, in one of his conversations with Sir H. Seymour, remarked that we were not well informed with regard to the real state of Turkey, and I believe he was not far wrong. Although I have not had the reading of all the Consular despatches, I cannot think that our present Consuls, few of whom can write English correctly, could or would give a fair and impartial account of the state of the country. I am one of those who have a great idea of the importance of the functions of a British Consul. What immense benefit might accrue from the residence of a high-minded, well-informed English gentleman in one of these remote cities! Such men could be obtained, if proper pay and rank were assigned them. Although cut off from much social enjoyment, they would, if married men, which they ought to be, have a quiet social circle of their own; they could employ their leisure in farming, or in the study of all kinds of natural history in new, untrodden fields. Many Consular stations which I have visited might each be esteemed a paradise for a Linnæus, a Lindley, a Grant, or a Goldie; while the scholar and antiquarian might revel in such stations as Mitylene, Smyrna, Rhodes, or

Athens. I do know one profound scholar and polished gentleman who lives in one of these stations, and I am certain he makes none the worse consul for his unusual acquirements. He is not a Consul, by the bye: he is a Vice-Consul, with a salary of 300*l.* per annum, and I may add that he is an Oxford graduate! The employment of Levantines is by no means confined to the Consular corps; and should, I think, be done with very great discretion. The great argument in favour of it is their knowledge of the native languages. They certainly do generally speak the language with tolerable fluency; few can read it, and scarcely one write it; but it so happens that the two or three men in English employment who know Turkish best are real Englishmen, educated in England. One of these (who is really a wonderful linguist, besides being a man of general accomplishments) was sent out by Lord Palmerston to learn the Oriental languages, with the view of introducing the pure English element into our Eastern service. I may ask, what would the Indian Government say if it were proposed to place half-castes and natives in diplomatic positions throughout the country to represent English civilization? I suppose their English despatches would much resemble those of our Levantine Consuls, many of which begin with "My Lord, I avail of this opportunity." Nearly all our Consuls are Levantines, the great proportion being related to each other, and many have obtained these places by family interest.

In our Consular corps we have, indeed, some first-rate men, both as to uprightness and intellectual capacity. Yet these happy exceptions tend but to show in still

darker hues the lamentable delinquencies of the great mass. I would not willingly be either cynical or detracting: but truth compels me to state broadly and unequivocally that foul wrong and oppression, abuse of trust, and solemn mockery of all that is sacred, are the too common marks of the Consular and Turkish officials.

I have, like others, my beau-ideal of what our Consular system should be, and the first condition is, that it should not be carried on in the penny-wise and pound-foolish system. In these "dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty," what an amount of good might be done by an honest, bold, and unshackled Englishman, full of those high-toned sentiments on which we pride ourselves! He indeed might show to the Mussulman what stamp of men Christianity can produce. That religion which has hitherto been associated in the mind of a proud Mahomedan with the figure of a crouching, lying slave, kissing his feet, and yet plotting to rob him, would be seen in a far different aspect. The vast importance of Consular agency in Turkey seems never to have been appreciated. A clever merchant, or a lawyer, may do very well for European ports; but if we are to reform this disorganised empire (which, if left to itself, will still cost us millions by its weakness and disorder, presenting as it does an irresistible temptation to the absorbing policy of Russia), we must take higher views of the mission of a Consul; and with those views surely we ought not to choose Levantine traders to engraft English civilization on Turkish barbarism. I should like to see the Consuls of Turkey more numerous, better paid, and all well educated Englishmen. If, for example, the candidates re-

ceived the same preparatory education that is expected in the candidates for the East India Civil Service, we should have as good a set of men as we could desire.* There can be no necessity for a Consul to have been brought up in Turkey. Young men bred in the country, with few exceptions, have a very low idea of all that we consider gentlemanly, not merely in exterior polish, but in uprightness of mind. It is true they can generally "speak the languages," as it is termed; that is, they have a smattering of bad Turkish, Romaic, Italian, and French, none of which they can read or write, while they are superficial to the last degree in this and every other branch of knowledge. The Turkish language is a most difficult one, but from what I have observed, it is better acquired by newly arrived Englishmen, whose minds have previously undergone a thorough educational training, than by those unused to any continuous exertion of thought. By having a corps of such men spread over Turkey, men with minds trained to acute observation, to the collection of facts, and to logical induction, we should soon reap the fruits of this measure in a store of useful information which might be turned to good account. The extension of commerce, new fields of science opened out, the improvement of the material and moral condition of the population, the increase of English influence, would surely counterbalance any paltry, short-sighted, and parsimonious ideas of falsely called economy. Of all nations, the Americans are the most economical in their Consular service, and an American Consul

* In the examinations for the India Civil Service, might it not be well to include candidates for the Levantine Diplomatic and Consular Service?

in the Levant (scarcely any of whom are real Americans) is synonymous with a rascally Jew trader. Perhaps the Austrians rank next in this unenviable notoriety. The French have by far the best and most efficient corps, which is conducted much according to the plan I should like to see adopted by ourselves. The names of Botta, Laplace, and other French Consuls in Turkey, are too well known in the scientific world to need further remark.

CHAPTER VI.

Erzeroom to Kars — Description of the latter — The Kars army ; its strange vicissitudes — Abdi Pasha's victory — Disobedience and defeat of Ahmed Pasha — His appointment to the command — Sufferings of his army — His recall — Zarif Mustafa Pasha — Battle of Kurekdere — Camp stories.

The road between Erzeroom and Kars is one of the dullest I ever traversed, and on that account I do not intend to attempt a description of it, but shall hurry on to more interesting topics. After a quiet journey of five days, I found myself in Kars, a picturesque, mud-built old city, situated at the foot of a cliff, with a fine mediæval castle crowning a craggy hill in the centre, and a river running through the city, and through a deep cleft in the hills behind.

On the dusty plain just before the city were hundreds of tents, covering an army estimated at about 30,000, but in reality of only half that number. This army had undergone many strange vicissitudes. In the commencement of the war, ere yet the enemy had fired a gun, the greatest hopes were entertained of the Kars army. "Here," it was said, "you have the Turks posted on their own soil in the midst of a Mussulman population. At the summons of the fiery crescent thousands of warlike tribes will rush to the standard of Islam. It will be a holy war, and the enthusiasm of religious zeal will rouse the whole population, and amply atone for any deficiencies in tactics or military science."

Abdi Pasha was the first *mushir* (or field-marshal) appointed to command the army. He had received a military education at Vienna, and seems to have added a considerable amount of German phlegm to his Turkish inactivity. He however began well; for, hearing of a Russian Corps d'armée posted at Bayandir, he despatched an equal or somewhat superior force, which, marching upon the enemy unawares, gained a complete victory.

A beginning of this kind in war is an earnest of future success, inasmuch as it creates confidence and enthusiasm in the troops, and has a proportionately depressing effect on the enemy; so bulletins were sent to Constantinople, the affair assumed a disproportionate magnitude in the pages of the *Journal de Constantinople*, and every one supposed that the Turks were in full march upon Tiflis.

Meantime the Reis of the army (an official analogous to the Chef de l'Etat Major), Ahmed Pasha, had advanced with a considerable force on Akiska, and had there caught a Tartar: for the Russians, strongly posted and apprised of his coming, had, after a severe conflict, repulsed him. The Ottoman Corps d'armée merely fell back a short distance, and there remained. Abdi Pasha, the Mushir, on hearing this untoward news, sent the most urgent messages to Ahmed to retire at once upon Kars; but these orders were disobeyed, and the Ottomans remained a week in their position on the plain; while Ahmed Pasha, fearing to disobey entirely the commands of his chief, sent only a *portion* of his Corps d'armée to Kars. The Russians, hitherto inferior in force, now took heart, and sallied forth from their entrenchments. The Turks were posted near a village called Kedikler, their army

being drawn out in the form of the letter L, overflanking the Russian right wing. In this case, as in most encounters between the Turks and Russians, the latter gained the battle more by audacity than by tactics, presuming either on the stolid stupidity of the Turkish commander, or on some worse characteristic.

Brigadier-General Veli Pasha commanded the left wing of the Ottomans, and during the battle he was inactive, although he was admirably placed for raking the enemy by his artillery, or for deciding the day by a vigorous charge; but, seeing affairs look gloomy, he decided it in another fashion, namely, by a rapid retreat. As he had retired in good order, and had scarcely lost a man in his division, he was promoted to the rank of Ferik, or Lieutenant-General.

The Turkish army had suffered a most unquestionable defeat; but the Russians, acting on the defensive, which seems to have been their plan of the campaign, did not follow them in their retreat. This Corps d'armée of Ahmed Pasha's was now demoralised: it entered Kars as a rabble horde of soldiers, and plundered several houses, while desertions from its ranks were numerous.

Ahmed Pasha was now in danger; he had not only disobeyed the orders of his commanding officer, but had also been defeated in consequence. But Ahmed well knew the tactics of Constantinople, and now brought them into play. He had formerly been engaged in a Kurdish campaign, and had enriched himself by the plunder there acquired. He saw that he must play a bold game, and so he sent his agents to Constantinople with instructions to pay largely to all who could be useful to him. It was

represented that Abdi Pasha had never given him the order to retreat, but that his assertions were only veils to cover his own incapacity; that the loss of this battle was entirely owing to the inactivity and apathy of the Mushir, who in fact was already known as a sort of Athelstane the Unready.

Abdi Pasha was a poor and honest man, and whatever might be the amount of his military talents, was no match for an antagonist who fought with the keen weapons so much used in Constantinople. He had, when commanding in person, gained a battle, but he had lost one by the incapacity of his second in command; nevertheless, Abdi Pasha was removed, and Ahmed Pasha was appointed Mushir in his stead in January, 1854.

The fate of the miserable army under Ahmed Pasha is among the darkest records of war. His whole faculties were bent upon making money. He had in the first place to recover the sums he had already expended in bribes at Constantinople, and he had, besides, to make his fortune. I could not exaggerate the horrors the poor men suffered under his command, for no chief can plunder without allowing a considerable license to his subordinates, so that the poor soldier was fleeced by every officer higher than the Major. The greater part of the army was composed of men seized in their villages, in violation of the usual rules of conscription, and the depressed moral state of middle-aged men, torn from their families, was but little calculated to carry them gaily through much suffering. On the approach of cold weather, the troops were crowded into the dark, ill-ventilated hovels of

Kars, and there they crouched during a long and rigorous season, deprived of their proper food and clothing, and dying of disease and hunger. During these winter months 20,000 men were carelessly buried in shallow graves in the frozen earth outside the town, and wild dogs and wolves fed on their remains. The greatest horrors were to be seen in the hospitals, and many an eye-witness has related them. Insufficient bedding, few or no medicines, and a most feeble and incapable medical staff, did little to assuage the sufferings of a starved and famishing multitude. That the poor doctors did their best is attested by the fact that out of seventy only forty survived; the rest having caught the diseases of the wards, and died gallantly at their posts. But few of the remaining forty escaped fever. In spite of such facts as these, the medical officers were subjected to every privation and even degradation by the incapable and dishonest cowards who pretended to command the army.

The details of these hospital horrors are too disgusting for publication. So feeble were the powers of life in this starved and miserable army, and so tainted with scurvy was the whole mass of human suffering, that in most of the fever cases the extremities became a mass of gangrene ere life was extinct. No great mortality, however, marked the muster-rolls sent to Constantinople, for the pay, food, and appointments of the dead men went to fill the coffers of the Pasha and his myrmidons.

The winter passed away, and many thousand graves in the burial-ground of Kars attest the horrors of that season. Meanwhile, Abdi Pasha arrived in Constantinople, and by his representations, and those of other officers, it be-

came well known to the public that if Abdi Pasha had been to blame, Ahmed Pasha himself was not so distinguished as to deserve the Mushirlik. Fresh intrigues were set on foot, and Ahmed Pasha was recalled to Constantinople.

A curious story is related of his journey to the capital. He departed from the camp at Kars with the usual ragged crowd of menials, and a large train of baggage-mules heavily laden. Whilst defiling through a rocky pass, between Erzeroom and Trebizond, one of the mules slipped and fell over a precipice, the load was smashed, and out rolled among the rocks a treasure of gold and silver, all of which was plundered by the muleteers and peasantry.

The army was reinforced in the spring by levies of conscripts, seized principally in the villages of Armenia. These *Rediff*, as they are termed, were not raised according to law, but were luckless peasants seized haphazard, who consequently were always watching for an opportunity to desert.

The post of Mushir, with its abundant resources for peculation, was now vacant, and, as might be expected, the modern Byzantines were active in their intrigues. As a field for military distinction, too, the position was one of no common advantage. The enemy was posted in the midst of an undoubtedly disaffected population, his sea communications were cut off by an overwhelming fleet, which menaced his right flank; on the left he was harassed by the irregular forces of Schamyl, and in his rear was a chain of mountains, through which his reinforcements could only pass by a long and tedious route, liable

to be intercepted by the savage tribes of Circassia. Under these circumstances, it might naturally be supposed that the Government would at once make choice of some veteran to lead its armies on to victory; for, had the Russians once suffered a defeat, the road to Tiflis was open to the Turks.

The next Mushir appointed to command the army was Zarif Mustafa Pasha, late civil Governor of Erzeroom. His antecedents were similar to those of many other Turkish Pashas. He had been a handsome barber's boy originally, and by the favour of sundry Pashas, more especially of that of the Minister of War, he had gradually crept up to the rank of Pasha and Governor of a province. His whole military experience had been acquired during the time he had served as *kiatib*, or writer, to a regiment in his young days, when he was on his preferment. He had, moreover, served in the commissariat, and had become rapidly rich. These great deeds were deemed sufficient to justify his being placed in command of an army in presence of the enemy.

Zarif Mustafa Pasha took command of the army in the spring of 1854. No great improvements were visible under his rule; and, although large sums were sent from Constantinople, there was still an unaccountable deficiency in all the necessaries of a well-appointed army. Meantime, as months glided on, he was expected to do something, and certain movements of the enemy brought on a crisis in which it was impossible to avoid risking an engagement. One fine July morning intelligence was brought to the effect that a considerable Russian force was marching from Bayazid in the direction of Erzeroom,

and, moreover, that a large body of men were detached from the army at Gumri, apparently to effect a junction with those marching from Bayazid. Under these circumstances the Turkish army of Kars marched towards Gumri to attack the Russian force, already much weakened by detachments. The battle of Kurekdéré followed, which is related with great spirit by 'The Times' correspondent; and as he was an eye-witness of the struggle, which I was not, I need not apologise for reproducing his description of it, as it forms a link in my story :—

"Kars, Aug. 7 * (1854).

"I have at length to report a great battle and a shameful defeat.

"My last letter, containing only an account of some recent skirmishes, and fresh illustrations of Zarif Pasha's utter unfitness for the post which he here fills as Commander-in-Chief of the army, was more than half written when an advance of the Russians towards our camp set everybody in motion, and myself among the rest. This was on Friday last. On came the hostile battalions in formidable and imposing order across the plain which separates the two camps, their artillery, infantry, and cavalry being clearly distinguishable as they rapidly advanced. On reaching the mid-distance between their own and the Turkish outposts, they halted, in seeming expectation that their apparent offer of battle would be accepted by the Mushir; but, this being declined, after an hour or two's delay they slowly returned to their own

* I am not responsible for the spelling of the Turkish words in the following extract.—H. S.

tents, and we in the Turkish camp added another to our already numerous 'imprecations loud and deep' at this seemingly fresh instance of Zarif-Pasha's cowardice. The interruption, short as it had been, had put it out of my power to finish my half-written despatch and forward it in time for Monday morning's post from Erzeroom; and I, accordingly, breathed a supplemental 'blessing' on the author of our disappointment. At that time, however, I knew not the special cause of the Turkish general's refusal to accept the proffered challenge; but a few hours later I and the rest of 'the many' learnt that this time it had a justifying reason, and was to be followed forthwith by action on his own part.

"For the sake of completeness in my narrative of what followed, it is necessary to mention that on the 3rd inst. an aide-de-camp arrived from Bagazid with the double intelligence of the defeat of 8000 Turks under Selim Pasha (do not confound him with the commander of the same name on the coast of Circassia), by a superior force of 11,000 Russians, and of the advance of a body of the enemy 8000 strong upon Erzeroom. With reference to the former piece of news, I may mention that this defeat, which cost the Turks 1800 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, resulted directly from the disobedience of the commander to certain explicit orders sent from this by Khourschid Pasha (Guyon). The latter general had directed Selim Pasha to stand entirely on the defensive till the occurrence of a specified and expected movement of the enemy; but, 'wise in his own conceit,' the Turk, like many others of his fellows, set at nought Guyon's instructions, attacked the Russians, and suffered the pre-

dicted consequence of a defeat. But this news was of less moment than the reported advance upon Erzeroom, which was soon confirmed by the arrival of spies and scouts, who affirmed that the hostile division had already reached Toprak-kalé, and—what was of greatest importance of all—was a portion of Bebutoff's army (our neighbours at Hadjivelekey), which was intended to attack us in the rear, while Bebutoff himself fell upon us in front with the remainder of his force. Here was startling news for Zarif Pasha and his fellow imbeciles. Their flurry and alarm were amusing to witness. What was to be done? The Mushir himself, unable to conceive a step in any direction, called together his Turkish generals and besought counsel; but their suggestive faculties were little clearer or more lively than his own. Pasha This proposed one thing, which Pasha That declared to be suicide and advised something else, which in its turn was overruled by Pasha The other, who denounced both plans as certain to end in defeat, and yet was unable to suggest a third. Orthodox advisers, therefore, failing to get him out of his difficulty, the Mushir at last was driven to the unwelcome necessity of falling back upon his *dernier ressort*—Guyon. This general had already seen at a glance the only course suggested by the circumstances, and consequently counselled an immediate attack upon the now weakened force of Bebutoff; and then, after its defeat, a similar course in reference to the column which was behind towards Erzeroom. Taken thus in turn, there could be no reasonable doubt as to the destruction of both. This was on the evening of the 3rd. Guyon's plan was to make a night march that same night, and

attack the Russians at dawn of the 4th. The nervous Commander-in-Chief, with a faint heart and sinking pulse, agreed to the proposal, but declared that its execution must be put off till the 6th, as the 4th and 5th were unlucky days in the Turkish calendar, being in the sign of the Ram or Crab, or some equally fatal and not to be thought of conjunction. It was in vain that General Guyon endeavoured to override this superstitious objection. Zarif Pasha had made a wonderful concession in consenting to fight at all; but the Ram and Crab were considerations not to be yielded to any amount of argument or persuasion Khourschid Pasha could call to his aid, and so the attack upon the Russians was finally fixed for the dawn of Sunday, the 6th. On Friday, as already mentioned, the enemy appeared in the plain, but for the reasons now specified were allowed to exhibit themselves to no purpose.

"Accordingly, on the evening of the 5th it became known in the camp that the Mushir had at length 'screwed his courage to the sticking place,' and that sunrise on the following morning would witness a trial of strength between the two armies. He himself rode through the camp personally to communicate his intention and encourage the men, who heard the news gladly. Ammunition was distributed, on the backs of mules, from the magazine to the various regiments; arms were individually 'looked to,' and little groups were assembled at all points in eager and seemingly confident discussion of the probable result of the coming fight. At the evening parade, the cries of 'Long live the Sultan!' were given with such a strength of lung as the hills around Hadjivelekey had

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never echoed to before, and the men retired to their tents to eat their—to many their last—pilaff in spirits of uproarious satisfaction with the morrow's prospect. Kourschid Pasha's plan was, that the army should march an hour or so after sunset, so as to have the benefit of the moonlight *en route*, and be ready to make the attack at early dawn. The importance of this was forcibly impressed upon the Mushir, but his evil genius—or, in plainer phrase, his stupidity—could not sufficiently perceive it to secure his attention to it, and the appointed hour came, but brought no order for the troops to move. This was blunder No. 1, and its fruits will be seen in the sequel.

" For a novelty during the last fortnight, the night was calm and cloudless, and the moon clear and softly beautiful as any ever painted by Salvator Rosa. On this side the frontier, stretched out the long and wide array of the Turkish white and green tents, several isolated and grass-covered mountains in the plain which leads on to Kars, and at the base of one of them the partially visible encampment of the foe. In the distance beyond lay the white towers of Gumri, vaguely discernible in the moonlight, while behind, and on either side of them, rose the snow-capped hills of Georgia in sharp and prominent relief against the unclouded sky. Without the remotest attempt at fine writing or picturesque description, I may soberly say that I have seldom looked upon a finer panorama of moonlit scenery than was this, the quiet surface of which was so soon to be disturbed and clouded by the death-dealing thunders of a battle.

" Instead of an hour after sunset, it was midnight before the troops began their march from the camp, the

first consequences of which late start being constant stumbles of the artillery and cavalry into the frequent ruts and holes which honeycomb the first portion of the line of march; horses fell, men shouted, and for a considerable time all was confusion and disorder. Torches were at length procured, and by their dim and flickering guidance more than 35,000 cavalry, infantry, and artillery felt their way, confusedly and with difficulty, on towards the foe. Alternately marching and halting, they crept on over the plain, till the grey streaks of dawn, struggling over the mountains of Georgia, revealed a *status quo* as unlike as possible to the marching order of an army, and with it the still more unpleasant fact that the Russians were already awaiting us some few hundred yards a-head. After half-an-hour's delay in bringing up and arranging the scattered columns, the army was again got into motion, and the first division, under the command of Kherian Pasha, advanced to take up position in order of battle. I should have mentioned that the *avant-garde*, consisting of a detached corps of five battalions of infantry, two squadrons of irregular cavalry, and one mountain-battery, had been despatched earlier in the night to take possession of the heights which command the Russian camp, and from which, on a previous occasion, the enemy's skirmishers had done considerable damage. There they were now posted, in threatening and effective contiguity to the Russian right wing. The enemy had taken up an advantageous position on a sloping eminence to the right of their camp, and numbered in all 16 battalions, with four of a reserve further back towards the tents.

"A Turkish battery of the left wing opened the ball,

and after a few rounds of shot from it, which were speedily answered by the Russians, to try the range of the guns, the cannonade soon became general. For nearly half-an-hour the Russian firing was execrable; nearly every shell and shot passed high over the enemy and fell far in the rear. Afterwards it improved, and, as I can personally vouch, generally hit with a precision which was not to be surpassed. Fine, however, as it was, the Turkish, from the very first shot, was better; and in little more than an hour drove the Muscovites from the advantageous position which they occupied. Thus pressed, the right wing of the latter gradually fell back towards the base of the mountain, where a masked battery suddenly opened in their support; but a brief concentration of the Turkish fire upon this point soon silenced it, and the enemy, unable to resist the desolating shower of shot and shell poured on them by the Turkish artillerists, began to give way. I may as well remark here that neither as yet, nor up to the end of the action, did the party who held the summit of the hill fire a shot; early in the engagement the Turkish officer who commanded became *non est*, and Major Tevis (an American serving in the Ottoman army), next in command, urged them in vain to make a movement upon the enemy's rear, as was intended. Had this party acted with energy at the outset of the battle, the result might have been very different; as it was, they were merely safe spectators of the storm which raged in front and on either side below them.

"Up to this point success went steadily on the side of the Turks. The right wing of the enemy was driven back, and the fiery tide rolled past the front of the moun-

tains to where the minor conflict of musketry and lance was being waged between their left and the right of the Turks, close upon the Georgian border. Here the balance turned, Resul Pasha (mentioned in a previous letter from Erzeroom in terms of confidence, which his present conduct has belied) being the first to set the example of flight. While opposed only by Russian infantry or cavalry, he and his Arabs stood firm enough; but on the first shot of cannon they turned and fled with an energy truly 'worthy of a better cause' than cowardice. Unpursued by a single Russian, they ran till far out of reach of shot or shell, and, except by the contagion of their example, had no further influence upon the fortune of the day. The 'force of example,' however, soon showed itself, and the regular cavalry, as on nearly every previous occasion, proved themselves no braver than the Bashi-Bazouks. Noticing the first symptoms of their wavering, Kourschid Pasha (chief of the staff) ordered Vely Pasha, who commanded the right wing of the second division, to advance to the support of the first; but, personal jealousy being operative even then, he refused to do so without a direct order from the Commander-in-Chief. Now, this latter person being 'nowhere,' was not to be found till after a delay of nearly an hour, when he galloped into sight, bareheaded (having lost his fez in the hurry of flight), in most comical alarm at having unwittingly strayed within range of a Russian gun in another part of the field. I happened to be passing the spot at the time that a shell passed over the staff and burst some twelve or fifteen yards off, and I can, in all soberness, testify to the ludicrous effect upon the Generalissimo's nerves. With sudden

terror blanching every feature, from his forehead to his chin, he roared 'Al-lah!' and dug the spurs into his horse's side till the animal jumped from the ground as if attacked by a whole battery of electric eels, nor halted till safely beyond the reach of Russian metal. When he had sufficiently recovered from the effects of this fright, the necessary order was given to the second division, which now advanced, but too late to regain the lost ground; the first was already in full retreat, pursued by two regiments of Russian dragoons, and no efforts of the Mushir could stop them. Kourschid Pasha succeeded in arresting the flight of four battalions of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, and with these returned to the charge. The cavalry, however, again fled; but with the infantry and artillery he drove the enemy from the heights, which they had already taken from Vely Pasha, and held them to the last. But no efforts of individual skill or bravery could now prevent the catastrophe of a defeat. Having disposed of the first division, the Russians threw their whole force on the second, which, though its infantry and artillery fought well, was barely able to maintain its ground and cover the retreat. Though numerically equal to the entire strength of the enemy, in it, as in the other division, the cavalry proved cowards almost to a man, and left the other arms to bear the brunt of all.

"Thus, after a struggle of four or five hours' duration, was the battle of Kurakderé (the name of the village nearest the scene of action) fought and lost. With a vivid impression of the whole engagement, from the first cannonshot to the last straggling discharges of musketry,

I can use no language too strong to express my reprobation of the conduct of nearly four-fifths of the Turkish officers present. In accounting for the defeat of an army numbering nearly 40,000 men of all arms by a hostile force of less than one-half that number, it is not sufficient to say that the management of the whole battle on the side of the Turks was a series of blunders from first to last; strategical errors might have protracted the engagement, and have added to the cost of a victory, but downright cowardice alone—which no generalship could have redeemed—gave the day to the Russians. One arm, and one only, behaved well—the artillery—which, with its commander, Tahir Pasha, acted worthily of any army in Europe. Of the whole 40 battalions of infantry two regiments—the 5th Anatolian and 4th Desardet—alone stood their ground and resisted cavalry. Three successive times did three squadrons of Russian dragoons bear down upon these exceptionally brave regiments with a force before which many better disciplined troops would have yielded, without effecting an opening in their ranks; and it was only after a fourth charge, supported by the fire of a field-piece, that they gave way, when only 250 of the first and 400 of the second escaped death from the Russian sabres. Than the conduct of the rest of the infantry, nothing could well be worse, except that of the entire cavalry, which would have disgraced the rawest Bashi-Bazouks. If such, however, was the conduct of the men, that, as I have said, of the great majority of the superior officers was still more infamous. An hour after the action began, there was hardly a Bunbashi (major) or Murallai (colonel) to be seen; almost to a man they had

deserted their regiments, and fled back to the camp to secure their baggage and send it off to Kars. Battalion upon battalion, and squadron upon squadron, were thus left without leaders—a *status quo*, among others, which mainly contributed to the general confusion and ultimate defeat. In Europe the reward of such conduct is understood and certain enough; but here it has merely excited some short-lived and fruitless remark. These, however, have been the causes of defeat; the plan of the battle (by Kourschid Pasha) was admirable, but the cowardice of those with whom lay its execution would have rendered vain the strategy of Wellington himself.

"On regaining the camp after the battle I found the tents already stripped, and nearly everybody's baggage either starting or already gone to Kars. With some the instinct of personal safety had been stronger than a regard for their chattels, and they accordingly had already fled thither, leaving chibouques, carpets, and other personalties to take care of themselves. The cannonade had drawn the Kurds in crowds down from the neighbouring mountains, like vultures to carrion, and they were now making rapid appropriations on all hands. Having my own horses, however, I succeeded in bundling together as many of my movables as my servant had been able to protect, and fell into the rapid stream of the retreat, which, with Bashi-Bazouks, infantry, cavalry, artillery, baggage-mules, camels, and bullock-carts packed with the wounded, formed as motley and scattered a host as ever figured on panoramic canvas. From Hadjivelekey to Kars, some 18 miles, it was one unbroken stream, hurrying in quick disorder from the dreaded pursuit of the

victorious Giaours; soldiers without arms, stragglers with plunder, and horses without riders—on they hastened in noisy and jostling confusion, which could find no parallel but in some similar scene. But all this was nothing when compared with the state of things at Kars itself. Even before the battle had terminated, swarms of the flying Bashi-Bazouks had already arrived, and spread the news that the whole Turkish army was destroyed, and the Russians in full march upon the devoted town. When I reached the place, therefore, I found the walls lined—not with soldiers, but women, in the wildest alarm and despair. Without *yaschmacs*, or face-coverings of any kind, they thronged the half-ruinous embrasures, and, with out-spread arms and dishevelled hair, uttered their apprehensive lamentations in every key the female voice can compass. Inside the town matters were equally bad; there, again, women hurried in wild and wailing disorder through the narrow streets, asking everyone who seemed to be coming from the war, 'Moscov bonlunour?' (Where are the Russians?); and, if the answer were discouraging, wringing their hands and crying, 'Al-lah! Al-lah!' Men were passing and repassing with most un-Turkish energy, hastening on sluggish bullocks or buffaloes with their 'flitting,' while the closely-veiled wife (or wives) and the children followed on a separate 'araba,' behind. These were 'taking Time by the forelock,' and setting out for Erzeroom. In the bazaars all shops were closed and business suspended; the whole scene, indeed, was such as could only be witnessed under similar circumstances.

"To-day the public alarm seems to have in some

degree abated, as scouts have brought in word that Bebutoff has not yet moved his camp. The movement towards Erzeroom, however, still continues brisk, and before 48 hours will have very considerably thinned the population of the town. The scattered and disorganized remains of the army are being reduced to order; and I hope to be able to give you, before closing this letter, a tolerably proximate report of the losses of and since yesterday.

"August 8.

"The Russians still remain at the frontier, and show no intention as yet of advancing upon this. Prisoners and deserters have explained since the battle how it was that their force was so great, supposing 8000 to have previously made a *détour* towards Erzeroom. Through a channel which is more than suspected here, Bebutoff had learnt, on the 4th, the Mushir's intention to attack him on the morning of the 6th, and at once despatched an aide-de-camp to recall the detached column. They accordingly hastened back on mules, horses, bullock-carts, and every species of conveyance which could be had, and rejoined the main body only at midnight of the 5th, a few hours before the battle. But, even had they not been thus strengthened, I greatly incline to think that the cowardice which induced 40,000 to succumb to less than 20,000 would have hardly shown a braver front to 12,000. The disgrace of the defeat is too entire to receive any qualification from this. The Mushir has determined to await the enemy under the walls and behind the field-works of Kars. Nearly 7000 men have this morning commenced increasing and strengthening the latter, and,

as it is not likely that the Russian general, with his present small force, will attack so strong a position, present expectations here are that he will either await reinforcements, or, as was done in 1828, fall back upon the Erzeroom side of the town, and establish a blockade. As this would effectually cut off Zarif Pasha from supplies, he would then be shut up to the alternative of fighting another battle, or of retreating on Batoum and forming a junction with Selim Pasha, leaving Kars for the present to other holders. I venture to predict that this latter course will be the one adopted if the army continues under its present command. Before pausing in my letter yesterday, I might have mentioned a characteristic step which was even then begun by the Commander-in-Chief, and which he has completed to-day. Immediately after finding himself safe in Kars, he called a private gathering of all the Turkish Pashas, and procured their signatures to a petition to the Seraskier against General Guyon. This document avers that with him alone rests the blame of the defeat; as, but for him, the Mushir would not have hazarded an engagement. Now, I happen to know, from more authentic sources than one, that not once, but several times, during the two days preceding the battle, he took to himself the credit of the energetic step which was then in prospect, and spoke confidently of his beating the one division of the enemy first, and then falling back and exterminating the other. When his own incapacity in the field, and the cowardice of his officers, however, have led to a different result, he conveniently seeks to shift the blame to the shoulders of a general to whom his jealousy would not even intrust a

command during the action. It is well, however, that another correspondent of the Seraskier witnessed the battle, and acknowledges the excellence of its plan. Count de Melfray, who was present as first aide-de-camp to the Mushir, will give the Porte his version of the matter, too; and if jealousy and partisanship be not as active in Constantinople as they are in Kars, it is to be hoped that this effort of falsehood will not ward off from Zarif Pasha his long since deserved removal from the post he now holds. But, whether it do or not, I would again venture to suggest that the state of affairs at this important point of the seat of war calls for some practical attention on the part of our own Government. Russia may be repulsed on the Danube, but so long as she balances those reverses by triumphs in Asia Minor, to my humble understanding the war is not likely to see an early or satisfactory termination; and as the fight is no longer Turkey's, but the Allies', so it strikes me they should not shut their eyes to a state of things here which can only continue to bear fruit in solid advantages to the Czar. That they have done so thus far can only be explained on the supposition of ignorance of the actual facts; but now that a commissioned informant will show up things and men as they are, I, for one, earnestly trust that Downing-street and the Tuileries will no longer leave Asia Minor to the mercy of intriguants and imbeciles. One firm demand of the ambassadors would suffice to make this army do good service to the general cause, by rescuing it from the worse than feebleness which now rules it, and placing at its head a general whose character would command its respect, and whose thorough fitness

for the post would secure its efficiency and successful action. Such a commander is on the spot; and the Emperor Nicholas has good reason to rejoice that Turkish jealousy and Polish intrigue have hitherto kept him in the background, as merely chief of the staff. Had Guyon been in command of this army since the end of spring, not a Russian official would now have foot-room on Georgian soil. But Zarif Pasha has held that post, and the consequence is—what it is.

"I have now merely to add that the returns, completed yesterday evening, represent the loss as 1200 killed, 1800 wounded, and 8000 missing, of which last 2000 are prisoners, and the remainder (chiefly redifs) deserters. Among the killed is one pasha (Hassan Pasha), who commanded in the left wing of the first division, and of whom (regardless of the *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*) truth compels the remark that no greater coward fell that day. Mussa Pasha is wounded, as are several of the European and Circassian officers, all of whom (with one or two exceptions, from whom much was not to be expected) distinguished themselves highly. Tahir Pasha, already mentioned, was the only Turkish officer who behaved really well. He has been deservedly decorated, as has also Hussein Bey, a Circassian officer of the 5th regiment of Anatolia, and five others of minor rank. Of the Europeans three—all of whom belong to the staff—are proposed for a similar distinction: Rufan Bey (Gorteriminski, who was shot through the neck), Emir Bey (Baron Schwartzenburg, who acted a distinguished part in the Hungarian war), and Nevris Bey (Major Bonfante, an American-Italian).

"Such are the incidents of a defeat which has again—for the present and some time to come—thrown the Kars army back into a state of comparative nullity, and demonstrated, beyond the possibility of dispute, the necessity of its being at once placed under a European commander, or having the co-operative assistance of European troops. That its continued existence as an army, to say nothing of its efficiency against the enemy, depends upon one of these conditions, is a fact which it requires no very strong force of military prevision to foresee and predict. Unless one or other of them be given to it, before two months the Russians will be in Erzeroom."

A Hungarian who was sent to the rear to look after some ammunition at the commencement of the battle told me that he rode somewhat leisurely, fearing that a rapid pace might be misconstrued. When he reached the rear guard he was surprised to find nearly every general officer and colonel engaged in some pressing duty among the baggage.

In short the camp abounded in stories of cowardice. Numbers of European officers were there in the Turkish service, and according to all accounts their behaviour was by no means calculated to encourage these gallant Mussulmans. Their courage generally was unquestioned, but they were split up into little parties at deadly feud with each other. The Poles were perhaps the most numerous of these foreigners, and they were accused of courting Turkish favour to the detriment of the army by encouraging the Mushir to neglect the advice of General Guyon and others. Some were accused of being Russian

spies; but I merely state the fact of their being thus maligned—I do not myself pretend to form any opinion on the subject. Some of these foreign officers undoubtedly occupied places for which they were altogether unfit. A certain Perote money-lender, whose profession gives him great influence in the capital, is said to have obtained the rank of Colonel for a Polish sugar-refiner and horse-dealer, who had been a sergeant in the revolutionary war. The said colonel was pointed out to me, and tried to sell me a horse, but, as he had a Yorkshireman to deal with, he failed in his intention. He may have been a sugar-refiner or anything else—I can only say, he was a very low fellow.

Several Poles and Italians there were of a most seedy, questionable aspect, and among them I recognized many who were formerly loungers about the door of the Pera theatre. The Sultan's commissions are sometimes given away in an extraordinary manner. An Italian captain took for his servant a Russian deserter, who had come into the camp footsore and miserable. When the fellow had been with him about a month he suddenly disappeared, carrying with him the best part of his master's wearing apparel, and was lost sight of for some time. Two or three months afterwards the Russian presented himself before the *Mehkémé** of Erzeroom, and then and there renounced the religion of Christ, and proclaimed the unity of God and his belief in Mahomed as his Prophet. He was received as a good Mussulman, and rewarded by a Captain's commission in the army. Soon afterwards

* A tribunal whose decisions are based on the precepts of the Koran.

the poor Italian captain met his quondam servant, now a Turkish captain, dressed out in the stolen clothes. He was safe: for he was now a Mussulman.

All these exiles united in abusing the Turks, for whom they were fighting, and denouncing the opposing clique of Magyar, Italian, or any nationality of which it was composed. As a whole they were a queer lot, with whom it would be unpleasant to be too intimate. They were the type of what are termed adventurers, yet were there some noble exceptions to this description. I had the honour of knowing two or three who, although adventurers in reality, that is, homeless wanderers, were yet endowed with every chivalrous sentiment, and were gentlemen in the truest sense of the word. One of these was a Hungarian refugee, who for the last three or four years had been a music-master in London. He was originally the owner of broad acres, and an accomplished and wealthy man; but he had fled, like many others, from his country, having lost everything but honour. As he had greatly distinguished himself in the Hungarian wars, he had obtained some commission in the Turkish armies, but had afterwards left the service and lived as he could in London. On the breaking out of the Russian war he had resumed the sword and fez, and never had the Sultan a more devoted soldier in his service. There was in truth much to admire amongst these refugees, whom it is but too much the fashion to condemn, a settling of the question far more easy than to stretch-out a helping hand. God alone knows what sharp trials such men have passed through, and if they have struggled on uncontaminated by vice or meanness, all honour be to them!

CHAPTER VII.

Situation of the army of Kars — Composition of the Turkish cavalry; infantry; artillery — Want of proper organization — Peculation and plunder — Arrival of General Williams — Effects of his measures — Virtues of the Turkish private soldiers.

THE position in which we found the army of Kars on our arrival was an innovation on all military science. The artillery was nearest the enemy, the infantry close to the city, and the cavalry far away on the road towards Erzeroom. This latter arm presented a sorry spectacle, and was surely a great contrast to those gallant horsemen who once overran the east of Europe. This Turkish cavalry had been so drilled, after a variety of European models, that they had become the most useless form of hybrid that could be imagined. I never yet heard of them accomplishing a charge. The hussar, if he may be termed such, was mounted on a small horse that would scarcely bear his weight, not from his small size, but his low condition,—for the poor animal's barley had gone into the pocket of the Colonel; his clothing had been used as bedding for the servants and chiboukjis, so there was little left to the animal beyond his skin and bones. A more miserable sight could not be seen than these "poor jades," who—

> "Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
> The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;
> And, in their pale dull mouths, the gimmal bit
> Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless."

The trooper himself was wretchedly clothed. On his feet were slippers on which he had contrived ingeniously to fasten a rusty spur occasionally. His jacket and pantaloons were in the last stage at which a garment can arrive; for the cloth of which they were formed, more costly than any turned from the looms of Leeds, had enriched Pashas and Armenians in the Imperial factories ere ever it reached Kars. The schabraque and saddle were in tatters, but the most wonderful of their equipments were the arms. The cavalry had hitherto been accustomed only to act against Arabs and Kurds, who dread firearms beyond anything; so they had been taught to put their trust in a clumsy flint and steel carbine. With this weapon they charged, fired it off, and then had nothing to trust to but a sort of policeman's sword, about half the length and weight of that worn by the cavalry of any other nation. This weapon was, of course, perfectly useless against a dragoon's sabre, as these poor fellows had learned by sad experience. The sole covering of the head was the fez, or red cloth cap; so they ran away, to prevent their skulls being cloven. Other head dresses had been proposed, but as they resembled those of the Ghiaours, the Ulema of Constantinople had decided that it was better for the Sultan's soldiers to be cut about the head than to wear the casque of the infidel. The Asiatic seat on horseback, admirable for the sword exercise, had been disapproved of by the Prussian instructors; and so these horsemen sat with their legs stretched to the utmost, and their toes but just touching the stirrups. In short, to my unsophisticated eyes the exhibition of such horsemen was ridiculous: I should have predicted nothing good

from the appearance of these strangely-Europeanised troopers,—and never was failure so flagrant as in these Asiatic campaigns. I do not presume to enter into the military question of cavalry drill and tactics, and the necessity of reducing every detail to the European standard; I merely give a Yorkshireman's opinion of the horseman I see before me, and do not hesitate to say he makes a ridiculous figure. How different is the appearance of that Bashi-Bozook dashing across the plain on his active little Kurdish horse! What perfect command he has both of horse and arms! A regiment of men drilled to manœuvre, but retaining the seat formed from childhood, would surely answer better than this bastard Prussian style. If I am not mistaken, our irregulars in India, rising daily into higher repute, are an illustration of this remark.*

The infantry I saw before me had many excellent qualities. The dress of the men was simple and perfectly well adapted for work, but the cloth was bad. The muskets were precisely such as were used in the Peninsular war, the old-fashioned flint and steel Brown Bess. In manual exercise these troops were perfect; the European officers unanimously declared that in this point they were unsurpassed by any troops in the world; but any combined movement usually ended in a muddle. The men themselves were of all kinds; many who ought to have been rejected for bodily infirmities had been nevertheless passed to make up for the deficiency caused by the richer ones having bribed the doctors, which latter (be it said in ex-

* I had not seen Captain Nolan's book when I wrote these remarks in Erzeroom, about Christmas, 1854.

case) were always several months in arrears of pay. Still the general appearance of the men was certainly soldier-like—they were stout, muscular, hardy peasants, of very temperate habits, docile and tractable. I observed a much larger development of the calf of the leg than is ever met with in an English army, since these Turkish peasants have to perform all their journeys over mountain and plain on foot, causing a fine swelling of the muscles, and a hardihood most valuable to a campaigning soldier. There was an élite corps of *shishanajis*, or riflemen, armed with the new French *carabines à tige*. These men had been recruited almost entirely from the Zebeks, or mountaineers inhabiting a tract of land south of Smyrna, a race of ready-made riflemen, trained from childhood to carry that formidable weapon. Of somewhat short stature, they were nevertheless wiry, deep-chested youths, and in drill and appearance would have done credit to any army in the world. Great numbers had fallen, as they had stood their ground longer than the rest in the battle of Kurek-déré. All the infantry drill was on the French system. The artillery was chiefly under the command of Tahir Pasha, who had been educated at Woolwich, and Ibrahim Bey, a Prussian officer, both admirable artillerymen; and this arm had distinguished itself when all others failed: but the Turks have always been remarkable for the excellence of their gunnery, since the time when Mahomed the Conqueror breached the walls of Constantinople with his enormous cannon cast at Adrianople by the Hungarian artisan.

Of late years the Turks have borrowed largely in this department from Europeans, first from the English, lat-

terly from the Prussians. The Russian minister did his utmost at all times to throw obstacles in the way of these European innovations, and at one time succeeded in nearly driving out of the country some English officers sent to instruct the Ottomans. Of course he did not appear on the field, but worked, it is said, through the Turkish authorities by the soft persuasion of the all-potent metal.

Properly speaking, no organization can be said to have existed in the army of Kars. It is true that there was a Mushir, or commander-in-chief, Feriks, or generals of division, and Livas, or generals of brigade; but from the Mushir no act of public importance ever emanated spontaneously. The responsibility of every measure was made to rest on some subordinate's shoulders, and the daily routine and unavoidable emergencies seem to have been invariably settled by a council of officers. The Feriks, instead of commanding divisions, for the well-being of which they were individually responsible, shared the command of the whole army with the Mushir; and it is extremely doubtful if any officer of the Turkish force understood the meaning of the word "brigade," much less could they handle one. Thus among all the superior ranks of the army no chain of discipline existed, and when any great misfortune befel the troops, it was utterly impossible to attach the blame to any single officer. Thus the loss of the battle of Kurekdéré may be laid to the charge of a dozen different persons, as in the councils of war which preceded the engagement each member made his own proposition, bent in no way to the opinion of others, and finally went into action with no more definite

plan of operations in his own mind than that they were "to fight the Ghiaours." As the army was supposed to be modelled on the French system, there existed a *Chef d'Etat Major*, but who or what his staff were, or in what their respective duties consisted, no one seemed to know. The chief of this department was the well-known General Guyon, of Hungarian fame, and his état major consisted chiefly of Poles, Hungarians, and Italians, and a certain number of young Turkish officers, educated in the military school of Constantinople. Against these latter officers especially a system of persecution was pursued, not difficult to account for when we call to mind the natural dislike an ignorant man has to his better-informed subordinate. This mean and spiteful conduct towards these unfortunate young Turks was observable in all their superior officers, from the Mushir downwards, and was shown in a variety of ways. No tents, pay, or rations were given them, and they prowled about the camp in rags, fed by the charity of those who pitied their sad condition.

Guyon himself and many of his staff were men of proved courage, talent, and military ability, but unhappily they were divided into factions, thwarted by the Turkish generals, and their position ignored by every one. Guyon appears to have totally failed in conciliating contending parties, soothing their jealousies, and enforcing due obedience among the officers of the many nations who composed his staff. It could not have been otherwise; alone and unsupported, he had to combat with the avowed enmity of the Europeans, and the more baneful, but concealed, hatred of the Mushir and his satellites. These two powers, for once playing into

each other's hands, for the common purpose of doing injury to a mutual enemy, soon succeeded in rendering the authority of this brave officer but nominal, and his presence with the army even worse than useless. Fortunately for us, the command of the outposts had been allotted to a man every way fitted for the duty. This arduous task devolved on General Kmety, a Hungarian refugee, and he, though an invalid, suffering from painful bodily infirmities, continued to perform his harassing and unceasing duties with the wretched remnant of the cavalry, until the army finally struck their tents to occupy their winter cantonments. It may readily be supposed that an army in such a state of neglect and demoralization was but little skilled in drills of any sort: indeed ever since the defeat at Kurekdéré, in the early part of August, up to the arrival of the British Commissioner at the end of September, the troops had never gone through the most ordinary exercises.

Had our force been adequate to defend our extent of frontier, our position would certainly have been preferable to that of the enemy. Our left flank rested on Batoom, and at this port supplies and reinforcements could have been sent to the army in whatever quantity, or whenever the authorities at Constantinople might have thought fit to do so. From Trebizond eleven days' march would have brought up troops to Kars, our centre of operations; and from thence the communications to Bayazid, through Kaghisman and Toprakallé, are, at all times when military operations are practicable, easy and safe. Had we ever been able to assume the offensive with an army of proper strength and organisation, we might have done so

under the most favourable circumstances. Our right flank resting on Bayazid would have enabled us to turn the Russian line of operations, as in that direction they were outflanked; and by marching upon and occupying Erivan, which was but indifferently fortified, we should have gained one of the principal towns of the province, cut off the trade to Persia, and secured to ourselves an admirable strategical position. Having succeeded in occupying Erivan, two courses would have been open to us. First, we might have concentrated all the available forces around Gumri, and laid siege to that place without fear of interruption from without; and secondly, leaving a corps sufficiently large to hold in check the garrison of Gumri, the forces of Erivan might have effected a junction with the Circassians, and Tiflis must have fallen. The success of either of these movements would almost inevitably have terminated the campaign. The presence of ever so small a number of allied troops would have caused the Georgians to join us *en masse* at the first success, and the Circassians, encouraged and aided by the allied troops, would have proved most valuable auxiliaries. Our line then, extending from Kars to Tiflis, and protected on both flanks, could have pressed on gradually towards the Caucasus and Black Sea until every Russian had been driven from Georgia.

The army of Kars, however, was now reduced to a state of the most passive defence, with soldiers too few in Anatolia to form an army worthy of occupying Kars, and those few ill fed, badly clothed and armed, demoralised by defeat, and utterly neglected at head-quarters: the only resource was to fortify to the utmost the few

positions that remained tenable, and to leave in the hands of the enemy the most fertile parts of the province.

I have spoken in general terms of the peculation and plunder carried on in this wretched army. This dishonest system was the only thing that appeared to be well organised. The great people at Constantinople first had their share in providing the munitions of war, most of which were foreign importations. A merchant of my acquaintance, and a man of most undoubted honour, told me himself that he lost a contract of great value, offered to him by one of the *highest* servants of the state, because he refused to sign his name to an amount of goods only two-thirds of which were really purchased. The surplus was, of course, to go into the ministerial pocket, but the merchant would have had a handsome present for his connivance. He refused from principle, but it was not difficult to find others of far easier conscience in Constantinople. When bags of money in gold and silver reached Erzeroom, the Musteshar and Defterdar, officials equivalent to paymaster-general, accountant-general, and the like, took possession of the coin and changed it into bank-notes, which only passed at an enormous discount. With this money they paid the different purveyors, many of the latter being colonels of regiments and generals of brigade, who would, from time to time, draw about a third more of rations for their regiments than they were entitled to; they would hoard the surplus, and after a while re-sell it to Government; or if they heard of a quantity of rice or corn for sale, they would buy it of the merchant and re-sell it to Government at a handsome profit.

All who had anything to do with the victualling of the force were banded together in a brotherhood of fraud, that they might, by sharing the plunder, wrong the poor soldier with impunity. There was not a single article of consumption that did not illustrate this. Take for example a loaf of bread. It was black and coarse to a degree which rendered it unfit for human food; moreover, it was heavy and sodden. The flour, in the first place, was mixed with sundry artificial substances to increase the weight and bulk. It was, moreover, only half baked for the same reason; had it been well baked, more wood would have been consumed, and, each loaf being lighter, a larger bulk would be required to make up the weight. The head baker was required to make handsome presents to those in authority to gain their connivance; these in return had their own reason for being silent; and thus the poor soldier had no earthly protector.

It is still a mystery to me how it was that the Russians did not make a bold forward movement and annihilate this demoralised, miserable army. I suppose General Bebutoff was acting according to orders from St. Petersburg when he remained passively on the defensive, and neglected the rare opportunity offered to him of marching to the destruction of an already disorganised army, and to the easy conquest of the important positions of Kars and Erzeroom.

We had from time to time deserters, chiefly Polish, from the Russian army, and many more of these poor fellows deserted than ever reached Kars. The rest were caught by the Armenian subjects of the Sultan, and taken back to Gumri, where they were disposed of according to

martial law. Nearly all the villages between us and Gumri were inhabited by Armenians; nor did the Czar, throughout the whole of his vast dominions, possess more staunch and zealous partisans than these Ottoman subjects. Our indignation at their open and industrious partisanship in favour of the enemy was somewhat modified when we heard of the wrongs and oppression which had been abundantly heaped upon them. The Bashi-Bozooks had brought in crops of their heads occasionally during their forays, and they had felt in all its horrors the curse of a war, the object of which was apparently to rivet the chains which had so cruelly galled them for centuries. Of Russian rule they knew but little; they had heard only of men of their own religion and race * commanding provinces and armies, while they had always been treated as helots by their present masters, who, moreover, were devotees of a persecuting, cruel religion, while the invaders were Christians like themselves.

The spy-service, like every other branch of the Russian army, was complete; and the Armenians of Kars furnished them with all the information required, of the state of the Turkish army. It might be supposed that such grave delinquencies would be visited with more than usual severity on these already persecuted Christians; but here a curious anomaly existed. These people exercised the spy-trade with perfect impunity, for an impartial and steady exercise of justice has been unknown in Turkey since the accession of his present Majesty. Impartial, I suppose it has never been, and the too

* General Bebutoff is an Armenian.

humane aversion to the shedding of blood shown by the Sultan has led to a complete cessation of punishment, even when the highest crimes have been committed. Besides, the Armenians, like all those living under persecution, cling together, and help each other in any great misfortunes; and should an Armenian be caught *flagrante delicto*, he would not want for a round sum which, in the shape of a bribe, would pave the way to his escape from the fangs of Turkish justice. Thus it was that we had a community in the centre of our camp entirely devoted to the enemy; and had they not been a spiritless race, entirely broken by centuries of oppression, there is no knowing to what danger we might have been exposed from this cause alone.

Nor could we entirely count upon the good will of the Mussulman races inhabiting the frontier. The Mudirs and others in authority, were often open to golden persuasions on the part of the enemy. That wild people, the Kurds, numbers of whom lived on both sides of the frontier, were always ready to sell their arms to the highest bidder, whether Christian or Mussulman; and where there existed a fairer chance of plunder in Turkey, they would assuredly side with the Russians. The enemy were always characterised by the term Ghiaour; you seldom if ever heard the words Moscov or Russ, yet a very large proportion of the Russian army, especially the irregular horse, were Mussulmans and genuine Turks.

For months after the battle of Kurekdéré no military operations whatever took place. Some European officers there were who strongly advised a forward movement on Tiflis. Had this advice been acted upon, it is probable

that Anatolia would soon have been a Russian province, for I do not see how the army of Kars could have escaped utter destruction. In the first place, there was no carriage for more than about a fourth of what the army required. As they had only three or four days' provisions, they did not require much carriage for that; but at the end of that time, supposing they had marched victoriously on, it is not very clear how provisions would have been obtained without money in the midst of a hostile population. Some may doubt the fact of the population being hostile, and thereon hangs a curious story. In the beginning of the war it was generally believed, and with good reason, that the Georgians would be only too glad to embrace the Turks as their deliverers from Russian despotism, and it was intimated to the Turkish commanders that there would be a rising *en masse* of the inhabitants, the moment an Ottoman army crossed the frontier. This happy state of feeling, we might suppose, would have been cherished and fostered by the Turks and their allies; but it was not to last long. Several forays were made into Georgian territory, especially one in the direction of Mount Ararat, headed by Mehemed Pasha. These expeditions resembled Dyak head-hunts; the Pasha gave a baksheesh for each Ghiaour's head, and hordes of savage Bashi-Bozooks, as well as regular troops, fell upon the unoffending inhabitants of the villages, and reaped a rich harvest of heads. I was told that women and children, the old and infirm, were not exempt from these extraordinary forays. The handsomest youths and maidens were seized as slaves, and I shudder when I reflect on the fate of the former. All this so exasperated the

Georgian and Armenian populations, that they sent some messengers to the Mushir to say that the whole population would rise against any Turkish army unaccompanied by European troops.

As far as a non-military man may, I have described the state of the army of Kars in the autumn of 1854. In the beginning of the month of September, the news was spread abroad that a British Commissioner was on his way to Kars, accredited to the authorities of the army there, whose duty it would be to transmit to his Government a faithful account of the state of things in the camp. It was amusing to witness the preparations made for his reception. There were spasmodic efforts to burnish up accoutrements, to introduce some order and decency into the camp, and, in short, to make things look their best.

On the morning of the 24th of September, the British Commissioner, General Williams, entered the town.* He was received with all the military honours due to his position, and the next day the troops were drawn up for his inspection. Now it so happened that this officer had been employed during the greater part of his life amongst Orientals, and for many years amongst Turks; he therefore knew perfectly well their idiosyncracy, and how to manage them. After the usual formalities had been gone through, reviewing the troops, receiving visits of ceremony, sipping coffee, and listening to flowery compliments, he began his real business, in a manner that somewhat disconcerted the superior officers. For example, he would request a review of a certain regiment, which

* At this time Major Teesdale and myself formed the whole of his staff, and accompanied him to Kars.

was accordingly drawn up; the muster-roll was presented to him; nine hundred men were there in figures,—he had the men counted, there were but six hundred. Thus the pay, rations, &c., of the three hundred had gone to enrich the Colonel, while the Mushir took his share, and the still higher authorities in Constantinople received a large percentage. It is not for us to pry into official secrets, but the above facts were notorious in Kars, and we may safely presume that all this villany was not kept secret from her Majesty's Government, who would thus see how, when the very existence of an empire was menaced by a most formidable foe, such men as chiboukjis, barbers, and the like, were sent as Commanders-in-Chief to plunder and ruin an army.

The duties of a Commissioner, accredited to a foreign army, are simple enough; he has but to report on events as they occur. Had General Williams confined himself to this, it is probable that there would have been no Ottoman army in the ensuing campaign. What then did he do? He saw a most vital point, the key of Turkey in Asia, defended by an army already ruined by its own officers, and dissolving under a system of misrule and peculation. He at once interfered, thereby committing a breach of etiquette, but saving Asia Minor. He called these corrupt officers to account, he told them of their villany in plain language, and told them moreover, that he was reporting their misdeeds to head-quarters. Further, he insisted on knowing the amount of rations issued, of forage consumed, and other details. He personally inspected the kitchens of the camp every morning, and examined the food of the troops. He regularly

visited the hospitals, and did his utmost to learn how the patients were cared for. Lastly, at the approach of winter, he examined in detail every house assigned as winter-quarters, and chose the best of them in which to billet the soldiers.

It would be impossible to particularise all that General Williams effected; more will appear in the course of this narrative. The Turkish authorities behaved precisely as might have been anticipated; they were guilty, and crouched; they listened to the General's suggestions, and at once acceded to them, trying of course to evade them in some underhand way; but they were generally check-mated by one who knew so well the Oriental character. Being all of them more or less implicated, they told tales of each other, and thus assisted, though from very questionable motives, in exposing the vilest frauds.

The virtues of the Turkish private soldiers shone forth wonderfully during all this campaign: they had been ill-treated and abandoned by their officers, plundered of their dues, wretchedly clothed and armed, and were many of them twenty-four months in arrears of pay; and yet the desertions were by no means so numerous as might have been anticipated. Their patience and long suffering, their sobriety and subordination, were beyond all praise; in short, there were traits observable in them which would mark them out as amongst the best troops in Europe, had they fought under better auspices.

CHAPTER VIII.

Description of Kars — Its history and government — Murder of Kutchuk Pasha — Various races: Karapapaks, Kurds, Daghistanlis, Lazi — Slave-hunts — Kidnapping — The Bashi-Bozooks — The "Two Thousand Tent."

THE castle of Kars is a most picturesque model of a feudal stronghold. Built on a craggy rock which rises abruptly at the entrance of a deep gully, it commands the whole city, and its grey old walls seem to blend with the scarp rocks and precipices on which it is built. At the foot of its rocky foundations the Kars Chai, a brawling mountain river, crossed by an ancient stone bridge, rushes over its stony bed. A curious circular tower or tomb stands near the castle, and fine remains of Persian architecture rise from amidst this city of mud huts. The domestic architecture of Kars scarcely differs from that of Erzeroom, except that good houses are even less frequent here. The streets are narrow and dirty, the people sordid in appearance, and the chief employment of the women appears to be the fabrication of *tezek*, or dried cows'-dung for fuel, cakes of which are plastered over the walls of every house.

Before artillery was employed against rebellious Pashas and Deribeys, Kars was a formidable place. Owing to its remote position from the centre of government it long enjoyed a sort of independence, but for the last fifteen or twenty years it has been as much under the rule of the

Porte as Broussa or Adrianople. This entire submission has only been brought about by the Nizam or regular soldiery; and however hopeless of Turkish progress some may be, one step at least has been gained—namely the almost entire subjugation of such quasi-independent chiefs as ruled in Van, Kars, and Bitlis. This is a step in the right direction, and, of course, essential towards the foundation of a united empire. But by whom have they been supplanted? Are the present rulers of provinces careful of the interests of their subjects? are they patriotic, or do they think of anything beyond hastily filling their coffers? Is a fountain, a bridge, or a khan ever repaired by any one of them? Are roads made from town to town under their government? Such acts are unheard of, as the ruined bridges, the dried aqueducts, and deserted villages testify throughout the empire.

The present condition of Turkey, as compared with the past, governed as it now is by a constant succession of harpies from Constantinople, instead of the lawless native chieftains of a former age, has struck me as analogous to the state in which Bengal was found by Clive, on his second visit to regulate the new government with a strong hand. The country had been wrested by him from the hands of the ever-warring Native princes; the dead calm of a strong government succeeded, but it was the calm of a lamb in the jaws of a wolf; it was being devoured by greedy and corrupt administrators, whose whole care was to enrich themselves, regardless of a suffering population and a ruined country. The Pashas of Stamboul have many points of resemblance to the Authorities of Clive's day; but to their avarice and cruelty they add a sensualism, purely Asiatic.

Within a very recent period Kars was governed by a semi-independent *Deribey*.* His name was Selim, and his sire was the Deribey of Ajrah, a province on the frontier of Georgia. Selim was a brave, restless, and ambitious man, and bid defiance to the Porte. A glance at the map will partly explain his immunity from successful invasion; but the traveller who has crossed these countries sees still more clearly the causes of this independence. It has been a work of enormous labour and time to convey heavy artillery from Trebizond to Erzeroom, from whence they could with much less difficulty be dragged to Kars; but even in these days, I believe, it has been found impossible to transport cannon from Batoom to Kars, for in many parts of that road even a horseman has to dismount for safety. In the times of the Deribeys, however, any force sent against a rebellious Pasha in these regions would doubtless be a mass of irregular soldiers, no better than those under the Deribey himself; and though accompanied by artillery, the guns would probably be of native manufacture, such as may still be seen in Van and in many hill forts in Persia. Moreover, these would be opposed to guns of the same kind, in position, and worked perhaps by as good artillerymen as those of the Padishah. The two opposing forces then would be probably pretty equal; or, if more gold and material were on the side of the Imperial troops, these would nevertheless be fighting on a strange soil and in the midst of a hostile population.

More than mere bravery was required to be a Deribey

* A feudal chieftain, literally "lord of the valley."

in those days. Although shut up in a strong castle and surrounded by rugged mountains, he yet was not in safety. If he had made himself obnoxious to the powers of Constantinople, no means were left untried to compass his destruction. The loyalty of his attendants was tried by gold; sudden surprises were planned; and any bold and unscrupulous adventurer knew that he could gain a sack of gold, and perhaps the nomination to his province, if he could produce his head. Many were the Capouji Bashis sent to take his life by poison, assassination, or open force. These were generally detected and intercepted by his vigilant emissaries, and would undergo the fate destined for their intended victim.

Selim, however, fought unscrupulously with the arms of his enemies; he employed gold when a wavering friend meditated desertion, poison where a neighbouring pasha was particularly dangerous, and at times, when a combination of chiefs brought an overwhelming force against him, he would bury his treasures and betake himself to the mountains with a few faithful followers, until party feuds dissolved the coalition and restored him to power.

After many years of unquiet, marked by somewhat costly failures in attempts to capture or destroy him, the Sultan compromised matters, and sent him his appointment as Pasha of Kars. He had now obtained the object of his ambition, and became a submissive servant of the Porte; he was, in short, no longer a Deribey, but while wielding the authority of one, he became nothing more than a partisan of the Government, and paid his tribute regularly into the *hazna* of Constantinople.

Although Selim had laid aside his turbulent habits, he

was still an object of hatred and distrust to the Porte. The great people composing that sublime government had never forgiven him, nor did they at all relish the idea of a native chief governing his own province. Selim, although professedly a loyal subject, was yet full of the wisdom of the serpent, and always contrived to evade any summons from Constantinople, nor would he ever separate himself from his own tried personal attendants, who may be said to have slept in harness. By perseveringly acting on this policy he lived out his days, and enjoyed the rare privilege of dying quietly in his bed.

At his death the Porte was determined to have no more deribeys in this province, and so sent at once a real Constantinople pasha, with a considerable armed force, to secure the government of Kars. He arrived and entered on his functions without any disturbance whatever, but ere many weeks had elapsed he began to illustrate the aphorism, "uneasy is the head that wears a crown," albeit the crown he wore was but a small affair. The sons of Selim had learned their lesson, and contrived to put the new governor in a state of purgatory. Robberies, murders, and outrages of all kinds were of constant occurrence. All those who supported the new pasha were marked men, and were stripped of their property by lawless bands of marauders, who kept the province in a state of ferment. The new pasha, moreover, became alarmed for his own personal safety, as many threats had reached him; and then, finding himself powerless—isolated from all Constantinople influence, and unable to protect any one—he abandoned his pashalik and fled to Erzeroom.

The cleverest of the sons of the late Selim was the second; he was the Rashleigh of the Osbaldestones, and by a course of artful intrigues he got himself named Pasha of Kars. His appointment was followed by an entire change in the aspect of the province; no more robberies were heard of, no more blood-feuds carried on; in short, order was restored, and the Government dues regularly remitted into the public treasury.'

Although Ahmet Pasha, the successor, had apparently reached the height of his ambition, there were still some things that troubled his repose. In the Pashalik there lived the son of a former deribey, who had reigned before Selim, but whose early death had allowed usurpers to play their game to the detriment of his infant son. This young man, who went by the name of Kutchuk Pasha, was a large landed proprietor, and remarkable for his universal popularity among all classes of men. The Christians, who had for ages groaned under the harshest form of Mussulman tyranny, almost adored the name of Kutchuk Pasha, who treated them with kindness and humanity. This great popularity gave rise to reports from time to time that he was about to be Governor of Kars — the wish being father to the thought. The existence of such a man was incompatible with the peace of Ahmet Pasha, besides which, his great wealth was a constant temptation to that covetousness which always was and is still the great characteristic of a Turkish pasha; so Ahmet Pasha and his brothers banded together for the destruction of Kutchuk Pasha. The latter soon heard of the intentions of the brothers, and was on his guard. He kept himself constantly surrounded by a

faithful band of attendants, and scarcely ever stirred from his residence. After some months, however, during which time he had ample opportunity of being confirmed in his suspicions of Ahmet Pasha's malevolent intentions, he grew wearied of this state of suspense and alarm, and suddenly left Kars for Erzeroom, where he took up his residence. The escape of his victim naturally disturbed Ahmet Pasha, and he made every effort to induce him to return, assuring him, with the most solemn oaths, that he was his true friend, and that enemies had stirred up strife and distrust between them. No pains were spared to allay the suspicions of Kutchuk Pasha, and at last one of the brothers of Ahmet himself came to Erzeroom to make vows of friendship, and prevent the scandal of so respected a man fleeing from his brother's province. He even induced the Armenian banker of the Pasha of Erzeroom to sign a bond for a large sum of money, to be forfeited in case of any attempt on the life of Kutchuk Pasha. Yielding at last to these unusual marks of goodwill on the part of the brothers, Kutchuk Pasha determined to return to his paternal seat at Oltee. He still, however, kept himself surrounded by a trusty band of followers, and used the same precautions as before; but the frank, open manner of the Pasha and his brothers, and their unceasing kindness, made him at last ashamed of his suspicions, and he once more met their advances with frankness equal to their own.

One winter's day Hussein Bey, one of Ahmet's brothers, invited Kutchuk to visit him, which he did at once, attended only by two or three persons, without whom no Turkish gentleman in the provinces ever goes

abroad. The Bey received him with his usual kindness, and presently ordered dinner to be served, and they ate together very pleasantly. When the dinner was over, and pipes and coffee served, and the attendants had retired, Hussein Bey, with great expressions of sympathy, told Kutchuk Pasha that he was accused of intriguing with Mehemed Ali of Egypt, and that the Pasha had received a firman, ordering his banishment. No time was allowed for preparation; his three servants had already been secured, and a chosen band of fifty of Hussein's creatures at once secured him. He was next mounted on a horse so lame as to put any scheme of escape out of the question, and they then took the road towards Erzeroom.

While on the road the unhappy captive meditated on every possible or impossible scheme of escape, and at last whispered into the ear of the cavass or chief of the band that he would enrich him for life if he would only aid in his escape. The man was deaf to his entreaties, either supposing his victim incapable of ever redeeming his promise, or being one of those fellows, true as steel, that are sometimes met with even in these degenerate days. After a ride of some hours they arrived at a village, and took up their quarters in one of the best houses, as is usual with the great men of a province or their followers. This village was inhabited by Mussulmans who, unlike the Christians, had some spirit and boldness. The arrival of Kutchuk Pasha a prisoner struck them with sorrow and indignation. They guessed that some harm would befall him ere long, and they began to gather into groups, and utter menaces "not loud but deep" against his captors. The latter, seeing this state of things, judged it prudent

to decamp, so they again mounted their prisoner on his lame horse and pursued their journey. They presently arrived at a village named Ourk, and again they placed him in the best room of the village, and made the inhabitants bring cushions and bedding for his comfort. Two cavasses, brawny, muscular men, waited on him. Sad and dejected, and wearied with his journey, Kutchuk Pasha threw himself on the cushions, and soon fell asleep. The cavasses were quietly smoking their pipes at a short distance, from time to time listening to the breathing of their victim, and when they were assured of his sleep being real, they stealthily approached, dexterously plucked the cushions from under his head, threw them over his face and chest, and soon succeeded in stifling him.

For upwards of twenty years Kars has been governed by *bonâ fide* Turkish Pashas, and I am bound to say that no real improvement has been experienced by the peasantry. Outwardly things now wear a calmer aspect; there is no mustering of irregular soldiers to attack the Pasha of Van, or to resist the Pasha of Erzeroom. There are no partial and useless forays upon Kurdish tribes, for the sake of their sheep and horses; but still villages disappear, land is thrown out of cultivation, and while the Armenians are patiently fleeced by nomade Kurds, and never rise above abject poverty, somehow or other the province manages to enrich the Pasha and his myrmidons, who are constantly retiring fat to Constantinople, to be succeeded by new ones hungry and lean.

Kars is as yet free from European innovations; you see in it a true Asiatic town in all its picturesque squalor. The houses are for the most part built like those in the

villages,—burrows in the uneven hill-sides; but in the best quarters you find good houses, built like those of Erzeroom, and containing ample accommodation for the suite of a great man. In all these houses, however, the windows are extremely small, and plastered over with greased paper during the winter, the luxury of glass not having reached Kars. The bazaar is just what you meet with in any other town in Asia Minor; each shop is opened by raising a large board which covers the whole apartment, in which squats the owner of a very paltry stock of goods; of which the price accords with the quality. It is scarcely necessary to describe minutely this Asiatic style of shop; it is the same from the Danube to the Tigris, and enough of this old-fashioned kind remain in Constantinople for the English tourist to sketch.

The lover of the picturesque, however, and the student of ethnology may enjoy himself in the market-place, for Kars is richer by far than Erzeroom in variety of costumes and physiognomies. Loitering about amidst bales of Georgian goods lying before the khan doors, you have numbers of *Karapapaks*—a race of frontier Turks who have adopted a costume very similar to that of the Circassians, and who in time of war are mistrusted alike by Russians and Turks, both of which governments they live under. Groups of these men, armed with that long broad dagger the *kama*, and a short rifle, may always be seen in the streets of Kars. Their head, unlike others of their race, is covered by a round and shaggy fur cap; the rest of their costume is not unlike that of the Persians. But the finest subjects for the painter are the Kurds. I fancy I see before me at this moment a

group of these fellows riding over the bridge of Kars,—the rays of the setting sun are reflected from or absorbed by every variety of colour. The first horseman who crosses that mediæval structure is the chief, who wears an enormous turban composed of handkerchiefs of yellow, black, green, and white. His jacket is crimson, and blazes with coarse gold embroidery. His horse, an active little animal, full of blood, bone, and sinew, is hung with crimson trappings. His nearest follower carries a bamboo lance, tufted with ostrich feathers: each cavalier has a small shield suspended from his neck, fringed with green and red trappings, and covered with steel bosses; he is armed besides with pistol, scimitar, and dagger: hung round about him are powder horns, flint and steel apparatus, drinking cups, and a variety of appendages useful or ornamental. Each horseman, with his fiery eyes and large moustache, seems a very Rustem, but I doubt if he has a bigger heart than any other savage, whose valour, decked out with warlike ornament, is apt to pale before real hand-to-hand fighting.

Another race of men to be seen in Kars are the *Daghestanlis*, or followers of Schamyl, the warrior prophet. Their language is the Avar, a tongue quite distinct from that of any other people. Their arms too are peculiar here, though they differ but little from what are worn throughout Circassia. Their pistols, of a singular shape, are worn in a belt behind, which, with the above-mentioned Caucasian *kama*, form what may be termed the undress weapons with which the Daghestanli strolls about the streets. When mounted on horseback, a large curved sabre, without a guard, and an ornamented rifle, complete

his equipments. The hilt of the sabre is forked, so that the horseman, dismounting, rests the rifle on the hilt, whereby he takes a deadly aim. Many of these men pass and repass the well-guarded Russian frontier by ways known only to themselves; and crossing the rugged mountain ranges of Georgia, keep Schamyl well informed of political events.

Another clan of Mussulmans may be passed in review. You see groups of them escorting a convoy of horses laden with hampers full of apples, pears, or cherries—fruit grown in the warm valleys of Lazistan, for this high plateau produces no fruit whatever. These men wear a peculiar turban formed of a sort of capote wound round their heads, the peak appearing above. A round jacket with loose sleeves, and formed of a coarse brown homespun, covers the upper part of the person; while their lower dress consists of a pair of trousers somewhat of the Circassian cut, and of the same dark-brown material. These men are bristling with arms, for they are of a truculent disposition, and are frequently engaged in blood-feuds. They carry excellent home-made rifles, a brace of pistols, and a *kama*. These *Lazi* are Mussulmans, but not Turks. They are one of those very numerous and entirely isolated tribes of the Caucasus whose race and origin are still mysteries. Their language is, I believe, of that Georgian class which includes Georgian Proper, Mingrelian, Suanic, and Laz, of which the first is the purest and most typical, and Laz least so; but I am open to correction: Dr. Latham doubtless knows all about it. In figure, the Lazi resembles most mountaineers. He is short of stature, but muscular and large-jointed: more active and intelligent than the Turk, but perhaps as

little civilized as any of the Padishah's subjects, excepting perhaps the Bedouins. These Lazi wear long hair, and have only one wife, both peculiarities at variance with the habits of the people around them. They dwell in villages, or in huts scattered singly over the country by the side of mountains, cultivating small patches of land cleared from the dense forests, and often in such precipitous places that they are obliged to suspend themselves by ropes while digging. Indian corn is the only cereal cultivated. Their country is densely wooded, the trees being chesnut, beech, walnut, alder, poplar, willow, oak, elm, ash, maple, and box. The higher parts of the mountains are covered with fir.

Were it not that the Government prevents the exportation of timber, the faculties of these energetic people might be turned into an honest channel; but this bountiful provision of nature is shut up by the decrees of despotic and unreasoning rulers, who do not however prevent, but rather encourage, the demoralizing traffic in slaves. The Lazi has an instinctive aptitude for kidnapping: it is bred in him, as the faculty of hunting is in a game-dog. He prowls about the country on the frontier, and carries off any child he can lay his hands on, and such children have always a ready sale in Turkey.* Some few years ago, grand slave-hunts used to take place in Lazistan. Akka, a small frontier town in a very mountainous region, was the usual place of meeting. When one of these hunts was determined on by the chiefs, notice was sent by trusty and secret emissaries, to gather a sufficient force of strong men.

* This was written a year ago. I believe much has since been done towards the abolition of the slave-trade in Turkey.

The gathering of the hunters usually took place in the depth of winter, and during the full moon. When all the force was assembled, which generally amounted to one hundred men, each individual provided himself with bread for so many days' consumption; and being moreover well armed, they set forward on their march towards some devoted village, the chiefs alone being in the secret of their real destination. Their journey of four or five days is of the most toilsome, arduous nature, their path lying through dense forests and deep snow, along the edge of precipices and through dangerous gullies. When they arrive in the neighbourhood of the village, they lie hid until the favourable moment for attack. They are sometimes obliged to lie thus concealed, suffering the extremity of cold and often hunger, much longer than they anticipated. Some untoward and unlooked-for occurrence has taken place. Perhaps the men of the village are in force, having heard of their rumoured invasion; or they have not, as was anticipated, left for some fair or saint's feast. However, supposing the moment to be propitious, at a given signal the village is surrounded, armed men break open the doors, rush into the cottages, tear away daughters from their mothers' arms, or gentle boys from their homes, and hastily binding their victims, carry them off into the neighbouring mountains. Their march homewards is described as being of the most toilsome and arduous nature. If the advance was difficult, how much more so must be the retreat, encumbered, as the robbers now are, with their captives, many of whom are obliged to be carried! If their stock of provisions fail, no uncommon occurrence, these men undergo extraordinary abstinence for the sake

of feeding their valuable captives, whom they tend with the greatest care consistent with their rapid retreat. At length, having reached Zaccho, where a number of slave-dealers are already awaiting their arrival, they at once begin business. A week of chaffering ensues, and the poor children are distributed to different harems throughout the empire.

I have insensibly used the present tense in describing raids that I believe no longer exist. Latterly the Russian Government has taken measures to suppress such wholesale slave-hunts; nevertheless kidnapping constantly goes on, and when the war broke out the slave-trade became very brisk. Parties of Bashi-Bozooks were constantly making expeditions over the frontier, and every prisoner they took they considered their own property. If he were too old to fetch a price in the market, they brought his head back as a trophy; if a stout young man, they sold him as a slave. Young boys and girls were especially in request; the most beautiful were purchased by the Mushir to send as presents to Constantinople.

No Lazi is ever to be found unarmed for a moment; he carries his rifle with him to the plough as well as to the chase. Indeed, for the greater part of his life he is living under the ban of a blood-feud; some clansman or relative has been killed, perhaps years ago, by a stranger, and he is bound to revenge him by slaying any man belonging to the offending tribe; or perhaps, having accomplished his bloody purpose, he in return expects retaliation—so he is always prepared with his loaded rifle to return a shot from behind a tree or rock. The most singular part of their costume I have omitted

to mention. Amongst the powder-horn, priming-horn, brass oil-bottle, and sundry small instruments used for his rifle, you observe, hanging from his belt behind, a neat coil of fine rope. As a Lazi passed me the other day, I stopped and asked him what the rope was for; "To tie a Ghiaour when I catch him," was the answer: in short, the capture of prisoners has been with this people for ages a matter of commerce; they look upon a human being, whether man, woman, boy, or child, as a valuable marketable commodity. Before this war broke out, the Russian Consul at Batoom had endless disputes, endeavouring to release Russian captives. The unfortunate Russian sentinels were frequently missed from their posts; they had been kidnapped by these men-hunters, and, as such adults have no marketable value for exportation, they were kept and employed as shepherds, or as "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—in short, as domestic slaves.

Lazistan has for years past been considered as a valuable private property of the Pashas of Trebizond. These worthies have made a point of fomenting the discord between the jealous chieftains, until their mutual reprisals assumed the form of civil war in the mountains and valleys, when they would send hurriedly to Constantinople for troops, and raise at the same time irregular forces. All this, of course, afforded fine opportunities for embezzlement, false muster-rolls, and sundry other perquisites known only to the initiated.

I recollect being at Constantinople at the commencement of the war, and calling on a Turkish friend, who had a relative, an officer in the Batoom army. He had

sent money to his poor relations, the fruits of his campaigning—for he had had the luck of capturing some slaves, one of whom he kept for his own service, but sold the rest. It appears, then, that this very old Eastern custom still obtains more or less among the Oriental people; the captives of the bow and spear are looked upon as slaves, and the word they use for a prisoner of war, *yessir*, is none other than that applied to their domestic African slaves. The Turks are sufficiently Europeanized to have partially broken through these customs, for I believe all the Russians who fell into their hands during the Danubian campaign were duly delivered over to the authorities at Constantinople, and afterwards exchanged; but in this remote part of the empire, far removed from European interference, the Osmanlis seem to retain this among other of their ancient characteristics.

While on the subject of Kars, I must mention one branch of the army which played no inconsiderable part in the game of war on this frontier,—I allude to the Bashi-Bozooks. I had not been long in camp before I rode to the outposts to visit a famous chief, and try to pick up a horse at the same time. After a quiet ride of about three hours, I saw on a large plain before me about five or six hundred horses feeding, with here and there a few tents, and several grim-looking men in a variety of costumes lounging about, some seated in groups round a fire cooking, others rubbing down their horses with wisps of grass, or stretched at full length, sleeping under the shade of a rock.

I observed that each horse was saddled, and all were

in wofully bad condition, having much the appearance of gypsy-horses as seen grazing in an English lane. Riding through this motley rabble, I made my way to the largest tent, which stood somewhat apart, and was met at the entrance by a man better dressed and more respectable (if I may apply the expression to a Bashi-Bozook) than the rest. I alighted from my horse, and giving the salutation of peace, entered the tent. My Frank uniform at once ensured me a large amount of respect. I was seated at the extremity of the tent, upon the only cushion in it, while my host, with his attendants, stood with folded hands at the door. I no sooner seated myself than I requested the Bey also to sit down, and on his modest refusal, rose and insisted on it. With a certain show of resistance, he was prevailed on to take a seat near the door, leaving a considerable space between us. Having settled that point of etiquette, he next ordered pipes, which were somewhat short and the worse for wear; after which some small cups of bitter coffee were presented. My host was dressed in a costume which obtains through a great extent of Southern Asia Minor. He wore a sort of gown of red striped silk, reaching below the knee, and having very loose sleeves. Around his waist was wound a crimson sash, and over this again was buckled a broad red belt, bristling with arms. His capacious red boots were left at the door of the tent. His head was enveloped in a sort of turban, formed of the Arab *kefeeah*, a red and yellow shawl, with fringes. Over this he wore a red cloak lined with fur. I could scarcely make out his race; he had a style of feature not uncommonly met with in the Levant; piercing

black eyes, olive complexion, black hair, and aquiline nose, very different from the coarse features of the Turkoman, and too intelligent for the Osmanli of the provinces. I afterwards learned that he was originally a Greek slave. His face was closely shaved, except the upper lip, which was adorned with a redoubtable pair of moustachios. His arms were rich and costly, consisting of a curved sabre, mounted with a scabbard profusely ornamented with silver, a brace of large pistols and a separate ramrod, all worn in the belt, and attached to a silken cord round the neck. The sabre was slung over the shoulder by means of a stout silken contrivance with tassels, called a *kilitch kaitani*. The whole dress and accoutrements of Hadji Ali Bey were a fair specimen of the Bashi-Bozook chief, or the old Turkish *spahi*, or light horseman; for it is probable that this costume has not changed for ages. His immediate attendants were similarly dressed, though with clothes of much coarser texture, and all wore the stout striped cloak so universal throughout Turkey in Asia, from Trebizond to Busrah.

When the ice of ceremony had thawed, we began to talk of the events of the war. Ali Bey was desponding in his tone, and feared that God was punishing Islam for its sins, since it could not be denied they had been sadly beaten during the last campaign. He then began to abuse the officers of the army at Kars, and laid the blame of all their misfortunes on them. In answer to his remarks, I assured him that Turkey had now strong allies, and that they would assuredly make the Muscovites eat much dirt; but I failed not to add that

England and France expected that Turkey would do her best; yet that she had hitherto done nothing but allow a set of incapable and cowardly pashas to grow fat at the expense of the Sultan's soldiers.

"Ee Wallah! (Yes, by God!)," exclaimed all my auditors in a breath; and then Ali-Bey, as spokesman, launched out into a jeremiad on the sufferings he and his men had been forced to undergo by being robbed of their pay and rations; and then he added, "These pashas, scribes, and pimps, are the fathers of lies."

"No doubt," I answered; "men who steal don't hesitate to lie."

"Look at this tent," exclaimed Ali Bey; "we call this the *ikee-bin-chadir* (the two-thousand tent)."

"Indeed! how is that?" I asked; on which all the swarthy faces round me showed several rows of brilliant teeth in a broad grin, which was as much as to say, "Thereby hangs a tale."

After two or three prolonged whiffs of his pipe Ali Bey began his story. "About three months ago," he said, "when people were beginning to grumble at the inactivity of our Mushir, I was one morning making a tour of the outposts with a hundred men. Having advanced further than usual towards the frontier, I observed from the top of a mountain that a corps of some four hundred Russians were moving; so I watched them a long while, and saw them wind round a mountain until they were out of sight. When they had disappeared, I saw two waggons belonging to their baggage, very far behind, and only guarded by about half-a-dozen soldiers; so we at once mounted our horses, and passing through a

valley came suddenly upon these waggons, which we captured, for the soldiers ran away. We brought our prize into Kars, and the Mushir said, '*Aferin* (well done), Ali Bey!' and gave me this tent, which was the only one captured: the waggons were full of biscuit. About six weeks after this event my scribe came to me with the *Jeredé Havadiss*, the Stamboul newspaper, and read of a brilliant victory gained by Zarif Mustapha Pasha, who had, it was said, suddenly fallen on the Russian army, defeated it entirely, and captured 2000 tents and a large quantity of provisions. 'Look here, Bey,' he added, 'here are the 2000 tents all in one!'"

After a good deal of scandalous gossip of similar import, I requested to see some of the horses of his troop, as I had heard there were some for sale; so Ali Bey mounted his own horse, gaily decked with tassels; and, followed by his henchman carrying a tufted bamboo lance, and surrounded by sundry of his fighting men, we set out on a tour of inspection. At the first glance of the animals I saw feeding before me, I despaired of finding a suitable one, as they appeared considerably worse than the sorriest London cab-horses. My great passion in horses is blood, and in the purchase of the commonest hack I always look anxiously for any trace of the Arab. After passing in review a great number of these poor grass-fed and battered animals, I at last purchased one for about 18*l*. He was a somewhat ungainly little beast, and his legs were not quite clean; he had, however, a large admixture of the Arab, and with that conviction I could trust him to go as long as he had a leg to stand on. Ali Bey assured me he was *jins*, that is "of race;" and as his fine mane

and tail, his intelligent eye, and handsome head, attested the truth of Ali's assertion, I overlooked slight defects, and bought him. He proved an excellent purchase.

Declining a very pressing invitation to sup and sleep in my host's tent, I now turned my horse's head homewards, being accompanied some distance by Ali Bey and his "following." Much has been said and written about these Bashi-Bozooks, who have generally been held up to execration as the vilest set of savages that ever disgraced modern warfare. I will now tell what I know of them. In the beginning of the war it was not only a useful measure, but a time-honoured Ottoman custom, to raise a large force of irregular cavalry to act as the vanguard of the regular army, to protect convoys, to harass the enemy, cutting off his supplies, collecting information, and, in short, doing various essential duties so destructive to regular cavalry. Turkey, more than any other European country excepting Russia, has vast resources from which to collect a force of this nature. Her possessions in Asia abound with nomad tribes, whose whole life is that of a soldier, from earliest infancy accustomed to long marches, rough bivouacs, no commissariat, and constant skirmishes with hostile tribes. The whole Arab country is famed for horses of almost antediluvian fame, whose blood pervades and gives value to the finest breeds of Europe. With such materials it is not wonderful that the Turkish light cavalry should have been esteemed as amongst the best in the world; and even in these degenerate days there are statesmen at Constantinople, who, dwelling on the past, and refusing to believe the evidences of unpleasant facts, still maintain the fame of what has

long since ceased to exist. This Turkish irregular cavalry has suffered, with every other institution, from the rapacity and self-seeking of Turkish officials. Suppose a certain district has to furnish 1000 horsemen, to be paid and fed by Government; at once every kind of intrigue is set on foot by some three or four influential chiefs to be appointed the commander and "farmer" of these men. The appointment rests generally with the civil Pasha, who, of course, makes the best bargain for himself. According to the amount of the present, the Pasha determines whether Khurshid Bey, Abdullah Bey, or Ahmed Bey is to have the power of raising the thousand men; and as Ahmed has given 50,000 piastres, besides a fine Arab horse, he is the lucky man; so he sets to work to raise the required number of horsemen. The pay promised by Government is far too small to allure good men with good horses, if even it were forthcoming regularly; and when part of the pittance is deducted by the dishonesty of their chiefs, none but the most miserable outcasts of society can serve on such terms. At last the thousand men are raised, and the Pasha reviews them prior to their departure. They are drawn up in two lines, the best armed, clothed, and mounted in front; and these really make a very fair show. The number is complete; the Pasha, having pocketed the 50,000 piastres, winks hard at, and does not approach the most wretched of these warriors, and so, having been reviewed, they march for their destination. At the first station, and indeed all along the road, the best mounted and armed drop off and disappear; these are men who have been hired for the day to complete the number! As the march continues, the most

wretched of the horses break down altogether; indeed the real force which Ahmed has raised is altogether composed of the very refuse and sweepings of a wretched country—men, moreover, whose savage propensities know no check beyond the immediate application of brute force. In time of war it may be imagined what untold horrors occur along the road traversed by those desperate beings, and no report that has as yet reached the European papers of their excesses at all equals the reality; for how are newspaper correspondents to hear the cry of agony rising from some lone glen where a dishonoured and maddened wife gazes in despair on the bodies of a murdered husband and an impaled babe?

Another plan of raising Bashi-Bozooks I must not, however, omit to mention; and that is, by engaging some chief of ancient family to bring his "following" into the field. The feudal principle is still strong throughout Turkey. When I speak of the *feudal* principle, I do not mean to assert that all the details of mediæval government are to be found in the East; but the grand principles are met with throughout all the mountainous and secluded districts; and the representatives of these ancient Deri-beys still enjoy a sort of authority based upon custom, affection, and reverence. When one of these is engaged to bring into the field a number of men, he naturally has a pride in producing the best mounted and most respectable of his clansmen, and these look up to him as the father of their sept, and love, honour, and obey their chief, who in his turn is responsible to the commander-in-chief of the army for the good behaviour of his people. The Bashi-Bozooks raised on this system

always behaved admirably, as well during the tedium of a camp-life as before the enemy. Amongst them you met with the type of the old Turkish cavalry, always ready to make forced marches through all but impassable rocks and mountains, to fall upon convoys and outposts, and to harass retreating regular troops. The Porte is naturally jealous of the few remaining Deribèys, and has done her utmost to discourage and crush them; and even during the war has not utilized them to any extent. Even when she has summoned them into the field, they have been ill paid, ill treated, and wofully discouraged by the slaves, barbers, and pimps of Constantinople, who, under the titles of Marshals, Generals, &c., have commanded the Turkish armies. If England wants a good number of these irregulars, well behaved and well mounted, she has but to apply to a certain number of chiefs, who would be only too glad to serve her with the best of their clansmen.

But of the Bashi-Bozooks who have chiefly been employed in the present war, the following is only too true a picture: arrived at the scene of conflict, they are sent to the outposts; and if the enemy's frontier is ill-defended, woe betide the poor villagers, who have to pay heavy contributions in heads, to furnish these bravoes with trophies, not to speak of other grievous exactions! If the frontier villagers are Christians, albeit subjects of the Sultan, they fare little better than foes with these irregulars. The poor devils themselves are sometimes almost as much to be pitied as their victims; they are preyed upon by the Chief who raised them, and who fleeces them of their pay and rations to the utmost extent

of human endurance; they have often to sell their arms, their spare clothing, and lastly, their horses, to procure the necessaries of life. Still, as they drop from the ranks and disappear, their chief is drawing pay for the original thousand or more; and aided by the trick of borrowing men for the parade, and the mortality amongst the men, some of whom are grey-headed, decrepit old wretches, he manages to reap a rich harvest. *Bashi-Bozook* means in Turkish a spoiled head, and is applied to these irregulars, because they are without a proper head or discipline. In the Arab country they are called Hytas.

There are infantry as well as cavalry Bashi-Bozooks; in short, all citizens who in time of war take up arms without entering the regular army, have this term applied to them. The costume of the Bashi-Bozook is that of the province from which he comes, and nothing can be more picturesque than a corps of these men. They afford a most pleasing study to the artist, the ethnologist, and the student of men and manners in general. Attached to the army of Kars were inscribed on paper 10,000 irregular troops; in reality, and in the beginning, there were probably about two-thirds of that number; on our arrival there, perhaps there were about three thousand, but they were deserting very fast. The best of these men were from Arabistan, from the neighbourhood of Diarbekir, Mossul, Aleppo, and Damascus. These levies were remarkable for their picturesque but tawdry grandeur; they wore loose flowing robes of cotton or silk, their heads were covered by the wild and picturesque Arab *kefeeah*, the brilliant-coloured shawl already men-

tioned. From their saddle-bows drooped long tassels, which waved and danced at every motion of the horse; and a long spear tufted with ostrich feathers was a favourite addition. The countenances of these southern bravos were of a dark and sinister aspect, scowling as they did from under the folds of their singular head-dress; and the guttural scream of their language seemed, as it were, to match their bright teeth, glaring eyeballs, and general savage appearance. Their active, fiery little horses, all blood and bone, were decidedly superior to those of the Turkish and Turkoman tribes from the upper provinces. These last were of robuster form, their limbs were large and heavy, their countenances honest and stupid, their complexions lighter and beards larger. They were, with the exception of their chiefs, most wretchedly mounted on undersized miserable horses, which seemed often to totter under the weight they had to carry; namely, a large saddle, a cloak, and a bed-cover, with a stout fellow above, bristling with arms. These Turks usually carried a long gun or a short carbine, besides a scimitar, and a brace of pistols. They were dressed in the well-known Turkish costume, namely, the turban, short jacket, shalwars, &c.; but both their clothing and arms were much modified according to the province from which they came, those on the Russian frontier having a dress somewhat resembling that of the Circassians.

I observed occasionally the more ancient defensive and offensive armour, any remnant of which will scarcely be found twenty years hence. The curious javelin-case, silver-mounted, with three darts to be thrown by the horseman at his enemy, I have seen but twice amongst the

thousands of irregular cavalry that have passed under my eyes. Shields, too, are becoming daily less in use, though one of our chiefs, the most distinguished for bravery, always carried one. It is a most picturesque sight to see these Bashi-Bozooks skirmishing with an enemy. Individually there are often gallant fellows amongst them, but they are strangers to the courage and confidence produced by discipline and organization. Their style of riding is singularly unlike anything in Europe. An Eastern horseman perched on a high saddle with short stirrups seems to depend much on balance. He leans forward on the horse's neck, urges him to a mad gallop, and then by the mere movement of the body thus thrown forward, he can sway his horse to the right or left, or bring him round with marvellous rapidity. His bit is a severe one, but the real Arab rider has a light hand; indeed he scarcely seems to touch his horse's mouth, and I have seen the most rapid and wondrous feats performed with nothing but a halter on the horse's head. During these eccentric evolutions the rider discharges his fire-arms; he gallops up within a long shot of the enemy's skirmishers, and in the twinkling of an eye a puff of smoke is seen, and the horseman is in full career back again. All these wild evolutions, with the shouts, the dropping fire, the gay and loose garments, and active little horses, form a most brilliant scene in front of an advancing regular army, "by the contrast of arms and discipline, of the direct charge and wheeling evolutions, of the couched lance and brandished javelin, of a weighty broadsword and a crooked sabre, of cumbrous armour and thin flowing robes." Such was the contrast which

Gibbon describes as observed at the battle of Dorylæum, A.D. 1097, when Bohemond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy led their mail-clad hosts against the Turkish legions. And a contrast equally striking now exists, in 1855, between the regular battalions of Russia and the Bashi-Bozooks, the miserable remnant of those brilliant horsemen who overran the east of Europe, and menaced our forefathers with the sword and the Koran.

In the present war, as in the battle fought at Nicopolis by Bajazid against the European powers led by French knights, the worthless and irregular troops are always far in advance of a Turkish army, and are the first to encounter and fly before an enemy.—Were the Russian regular cavalry, like the French knights on that occasion, to expend itself in charges against these, it would be ill prepared to meet the more disciplined forces which support them. But the Russians always adopt the same custom as the Turks, and throw out their Cossacks, Kurds, and Turks to meet their irregular brethren of the Turkish army.

CHAPTER IX.

Provincial government of Turkey — Treatment of the Christians — The Turk and Armenian — An English advocate — A burial certificate — Taxes — The Armenians — Their religion and mode of worship — American missionaries — Mussulman treatment of apostates — The Armenian Protestants.

HAVING described, though but imperfectly, the various races of Mussulmans now gathered under the standard of the Crescent around the fortress of Kars, I must not omit to mention the original, or rather aboriginal, inhabitants of this region, namely, the Armenians; but before speaking of their habits and customs I must say a few words on the provincial government of Turkey, to which they are subject.

On reading the pages of certain Ottomaniacs, as Lord Carlisle calls them, we might suppose that the provincial government of Turkey was all that could be desired, since it is really municipal and partakes much of republicanism or self-government, excellent in theory or in a highly moral state of society, but in corrupt countries about the worst that could be devised.

The highest provincial, as well as military, rank in a province is that of a Mushir; a personage who rules over a large pashalik or eyalet such as Erzeroom, for that city is the capital of a large province.

This province is subdivided again into kaimakamliks or sanjaks. Kars, for example, is a kaimakamlik, and

its governor is a pasha, though of a rank lower than him of Erzeroom: indeed the Pasha of Kars is the kaimakam or lieutenant of the governor of Erzeroom, and is under his orders.

The kaimakamliks or sanjaks are again subdivided into *mudirliks* or *kasas* (districts). The mudirs, who govern petty towns and districts, are small rogues, and would not be presented with a pipe by the Mushir during a visit, perhaps not even by the Pasha of Kars, but would sit on the edge of a chair during the interview and answer "*evet Effendim*" with an obeisance, on each observation from the great man, and would be lavish in such terms as "your slave," "the dust of your feet," &c.

The *mudirliks* are again divided into villages, each being governed by a *muktar* or head man, who is probably a native of the village, rides a good horse, possesses a silver-mounted sabre, which is always wrapped up in leather except on state occasions, and an embroidered jacket, which also is only produced once a year, on the occasion of the Bairam. This last is the only good fellow amongst these governors; he is an honest agriculturist, with very simple ideas,—to wit, that there is a great Pasha at Erzeroom whom he fears and worships as the Yezidees do the Principle of Evil; also that there is in Stamboul a great Padishah (greater even than the pasha), which Padishah is only less than Allah himself, since he is the Caliph, the shadow of the Almighty, and dispenses crowns to the seven *krals* or kings of Frangistan, and summons these, his vassals, with their forces to aid him when the Ghiaours or Muscovites from the north presume to rise in rebellion.

In each pashalik, or kaimakamlik, mudirlik, and village, there is a *Mijlis*, or municipal council, which is supposed to arrange the affairs of, and govern the inhabitants. In these municipal councils Christians are supposed by very credulous Ottomaniacs to have a voice.—I believe that one or two are admitted to a seat in the mijlis of the pashalik, to carry out a theory, but I never heard of one being hardy enough to open his mouth.*

The governors are members, but not presidents, of these councils; the cadi also is a member. The council regulates the taxes.

The mijlis, or council of the Mushir, sends the demand for the sum required to the kaimakams; these apportion it to the mudirs, who divide and apportion so much to each muktar, or chief of the village, who must collect the money.

These municipal councils fix the price of bread, corn, &c., for their own districts. Unfortunately for the sake of justice and fair play, the members of the council are always tradesmen, and generally contrive the prices to suit their own advantage. They also hear criminal cases, and farm the taxes.

* About August last an English commissariat officer called on the Pasha of a district to ask his assistance. He was received with all honour, and the Pasha expressed every desire to serve him. During the conference the Englishman observed a man with a black turban kneeling on the floor near the door of the room; and from time to time he would jump up to fill the Pasha's pipe, and otherwise wait on him. At last he was sent with the Englishman to assist him, when it appeared that he was the *milet bashi*, or chief of the Christian community: the English officer was astonished and scandalized. I have quoted this as one of the first impressions of a stranger. I have seen the same thing so often that I should not have noticed it.

Now in Turkey, where there is no free press and no expression of public opinion, the working of these municipal councils, so fine in theory, does but multiply the oppressors of the people. Instead of one tyrant in the form of a Deribey, there are fifty smaller ones, each bent upon enriching himself at the expense of the community.

The mudir or kaimakam appointed at Constantinople may possibly be an honest man, and may have come with a determination to resist oppression; but no sooner does he attempt to thwart the designs of the mijlis, than the members unite against him, and send to Constantinople a *masbata*, or round-robin (an instrument of irresistible force in Turkey), praying for his removal, and accusing him of all sorts of crimes and misdemeanours. This petition is always attended to, since the mudirlik or kaimakamlik is a most valuable piece of patronage at Constantinople, for it brings in a certain money-value to some great pasha, who sits in his *yali* on the Bosphorus and dispenses places at so many thousand piastres each.

The criminal cases are tried before the mijlis, the money cases by the kaimakam or cadi; and these latter are entitled to five per cent. on the sum awarded to the successful client, when the debt is above a certain amount. Collusion, I am told, frequently occurs; a false charge is made by a man, the debt is awarded to him, and the corrupt judge receives his five per cent. or more. But this species of corruption is by no means confined to Turkey, nor does it depend upon this form of adjudi-

cation. If a Turk is condemned to pay a Christian, he refuses to submit to the decision of the Cadi, and carries his case to the *Mehkémé*. This *Mehkémé* is a tribunal, of which the Cadi is the president, and of which the decisions are guided entirely by the Koran; the Mufti being referred to in cases of difficulty. Here the Christian is not recognised as a fellow-citizen; he is a *rayah*, or conquered being, whose existence is only tolerated by his paying a ransom yearly for his head, viz., the *haratch*. It would be monstrous, indeed a great sin, to admit *his* evidence; therefore, the Mussulman's yea, yea, and nay, nay, are sufficient to overthrow all Christian asseverations or testimony.

In February, 1854, a firman was published, to the effect that Christians were henceforward to be considered as fellow-citizens, and their *information* taken in all courts of justice throughout the empire. Mark the word *information*, which was used instead of *oath*, that the religious prejudices of the people might not be shocked. This new law was published in the European papers, and sundry hopeful comments made upon it; but we knowing ones understood that it was what both English and Turks call *bosh;* that it was but a sop thrown to the barking diplomatic Cerberus, and never intended to be acted upon. Since then, I have been nearly two years in the provinces, both in European and Asiatic Turkey, and have seen Christians frequently wronged, but have never heard of their evidence being taken. Each Pasha, when questioned concerning this firman, declares he knows nothing of it, no firman of the kind has ever been offici-

ally communicated to him; he must act according to his instructions, he cannot take cognizance of firmans conveyed through European consuls.

Yet there are extenuating circumstances which must be taken into account when speaking of Mussulman intolerance. The Christians are a conquered race, and their conquerors are ignorant and fanatical; these facts we can neither deny nor explain away. The Turkish ministers who are really enlightened, and anxious to lessen these evils, are placed in a most difficult position. They see and deplore the evil, but a root-and-branch remedy is in all cases most dangerous, for they have to take into account the deeply-rooted prejudices of a whole Mussulman population; they therefore work gradually; and I am quite of opinion that very much has been done towards alleviating the position of the Christians, though as yet not half enough. While then we cannot be too severe on those Turks in authority who do their utmost to retard the good work, there is strong ground to hope that the amelioration of the Christians is really progressing.

When any public works are undertaken, the mijlis fixes the price of labour and the number of men to be employed. These latter are supposed to give their time and labour in lieu of taxes; and in no department is there such injustice and plunder. The bill of costs to the Government is signed by each member of the mijlis, each taking his share of the proceeds of peculation. All the wrongs, the unjust exaction of labour, double taxation, truck system, and other burdens grievous to be borne, fall on the unfortunate peasant, who is thereby ground down to the lowest stage of poverty, and can never hope to

improve his position. The theory of the election of the members of mijlis is, that the notables of the town are elected by the popular voice, but in reality they are always the creatures of the Pasha.

It was once my luck to see a mehkémé sitting, not exactly in council, but at least in their council chamber; and as the anecdote will illustrate the provincial government of the country, I shall introduce it here. It so happened that I was making a tour with a certain distinguished British official, whom I need not name, in a certain Turkish province; and we arrived at a town governed by a kaimakam, or pasha of two tails. Now the arrival of any European of rank always excites considerable sensation in a town, and he is sure of having deputations and complaints from Jews or Christians who beg for his interference. My friend had very many of the best qualities of John Bull about him, and the numerous stories of Turkish oppression and Turkish insolence which we had met with on the road had considerably raised his ire. He looked on the wretched towns and the squalid people, the ruined villages and the ragged tawdry grandeur of the governors, and then "wondered what the deuce the Turks had to be proud of, and why they thought themselves so much better than the Christians." On our arrival at B—— we had nothing to complain of on the score of politeness. The authorities knew that my friend was a great man, whose reports went for something with the Ambassador and the Government, and to such all Turkish officials bow the knee. Presently some respectable-looking but cringing Armenians called and begged to be heard by the English lord. Their story was as follows:—An Armenian trades-

man, about to leave the town for another city, had been trying to change some paper-money into gold, the former not being current at the place of his destination. An officer, hearing of this, went and offered the Armenian gold for 5000 piastres in paper (about 40*l.*), ten per cent. agio being deducted. This offer the Armenian accepted, and gave the officer the paper-money, the latter promising to return immediately with the gold. Some time having elapsed, and the officer not having made his appearance, the Armenian went to look after him, and with much trouble succeeded in recovering, at various instalments, 4060 piastres. The Armenian then applied to the Turk's commanding officer for the payment of the remainder, who recommended that the affair should be taken to the mijlis. The Turk seeing that the proofs were rather strong against him, insisted on his right to be tried by the mehkémé, where he knew that the Koran would serve him in his need. Accordingly the Armenian and the Turk were confronted before this religious tribunal; and there the Turk, grown bold as a Mussulman, declared that, far from owing the Armenian anything, the latter wished to rob him; that he (the Turk) had placed the above-named sum in the hands of a third person to be changed into gold, and that the Armenian had taken it for that purpose, but that the gold was not forthcoming. "Do you swear to this?" asked the President. "I swear it on the Korán," answered the Turk. "It is enough." The Armenian had brought witnesses, but they were all Christians, their evidence was impossible; so the hapless Armenian was obliged to refund all the gold

he had previously obtained, and found himself a ruined man.*

On hearing this story, my friend started up indignant. His resolution was formed. If he could not gain justice, he would at least tell these scoundrels "a bit of his mind:" so he sent his compliments to the Governor, and requested, as a great favour, that he might see the members of the mehkémé in council assembled, as he had something to say to that body. This extraordinary request doubtless put the Pasha to some embarrassment; but coming as it did from an English official of high rank, at a time, too, when England had espoused the cause of Turkey, it could hardly be resisted,—at all events the Pasha durst not refuse; so he sent word that the members of the mehkémé would be assembled at three o'clock that day, and would be happy to see his Excellency the English lord—(all great Englishmen are called lords in Turkey as elsewhere).

In the afternoon, at the appointed hour, we repaired accordingly to the seat of the mehkémé, or council-chamber. This was a moderate-sized Turkish *salaamlik*, or receiving room, about 25 feet in length, furnished on each side with a long sofa; the floor was raised and boarded, with the exception of six feet at the lower end, which was not covered by a carpet, and served as a standing place for the domestics. A cone-shaped fireplace was at one end of the room. After taking our seats, chibouques were served to us, after which the members of

* This happened some months after the Firman accepting Christian evidence was issued.

the mehkémé were ushered in. Coffee was next brought, of which we all partook. Five men composed the tribunal, and these were doubtless fair specimens of the municipal corporation of a Turkish town. The first was the mollah, a very sleek, clean-looking man, with a long cloak of fine cloth, an immaculate white turban, and nicely-dressed smug beard; after him came four other individuals, all dressed in the old Turkish costume, wearing capacious turbans and ample cloaks. All these sat with their feet doubled up under them, and their hands clasped in front of them in token of respect.

After a short delay, occasioned by the presence of the servants handing round the coffee, my friend began his address. He asked these Mussulmans if they had not been appointed to distribute justice and to protect the poor subjects of the Sultan? He asked if the Christians of that province were not the most industrious, the most submissive, and the quietest portion of the Sultan's subjects; and as such, were they not deserving of the protection of the laws? "And do you dare, do you presume, to rob and oppress these people, because they are Christians—because they are of the same faith as those great nations, England and France, who are now pouring out their blood in your defence? Is this the return we get—our religion insulted, our fellow-Christians trampled on and plundered, by you who are placed here to see justice done?" Warming with his subject my friend was eloquent, and his eyes glared on his guilty victims as he harangued them. He then called in the Christian, who trembled in every limb, and presented a picture of the most abject fear; he had brought his witnesses, but his cause was pleaded in such

a way, and by such a pleader, as never yet had been heard in a Turkish court of injustice. The excuses of the members were feeble; the Pasha, who was present, was frightened and scandalized; in short, the latter personage was only too glad to hush up the matter by immediately taking the affair into his own hands, ordering that the Armenian should be paid his money, and that the Turkish officer should "eat stick."* The members of the mehkémé, conscious of their rascality, retired in dismay; they had not only done wrong, but they had been found out; and they dreaded the consequences, if the matter should be taken up by the ambassador at Constantinople. They were safe, however, for other and greater events were passing at the time; but let us hope they received a lesson which may be a protection to other poor Christians. I suppose a mixture of fanaticism and venality influences the judges on such occasions. These were men whom a pound sterling would influence in their decision; and it is probable that the officer gave them a share of the spoil, while they soothed their consciences, if they had any, by the conviction that they were acting up to the precepts of the Koran, and merely spoiling the Egyptians.

While on this subject I cannot do better than give an example of the way in which the feelings of this class of the Sultan's subjects are rudely trampled on by Mussulman intolerance. Here is a faithful translation of a *teskéré*, or permit of burial, given by the Cadi of Mardin, in the spring of this year, 1855, to a Christian applying for it. He has given and does give scores of the like

* *Anglicè*—be soundly thrashed.

kind to all the Ghiaours in his jurisdiction. Here it is:—

"We certify to the priest of the church of Mary, that the impure, putrified, stinking carcase of Saideh, damned this day, may be concealed underground.

"Sealed. El Said Mehemed Faizi.

"A.H. 1271. Rejib 11."
(March 29, A.D. 1855.)

Facts speak for themselves; and I would ask, how it is possible for the Christians to be well treated, when such judges as these named are put over them, who insult and plunder them as a sort of religious duty. The above facts are picked up by the merest accident. What thousands are there which never come to light! Before I leave this theme I may venture to say a word on the subject of taxation in Turkey.

Salian is a tax levied on each house, in amount proportioned to the number of male inhabitants. But as the desertion of or moving a family from their native village would compel the remainder of the villagers to make good the house-tax, which indeed would be unpaid if the house were empty, it results that the wives and family of the peasant are tied to the soil. He is, under certain conditions, permitted to seek work at Constantinople and in other towns, but his family are kept as hostages for the payment of his taxes in his native village. This tax during the war has fluctuated from 260 to 700 piastres (6*l.*) per house. I need not point out how injurious must be this interference with that natural instinct which leads a man to "better himself" by finding the best market for his services. A friend of mine had a servant whose history will illustrate these remarks.

Ahmet was paying taxes in Belgrade, where he was born, for his mother's house. The old woman was compelled to live there as a hostage; he was at Koslo, and his little property was at Kastanmouni, in the interior. He was very anxious to get an order from Fethi Ahmet Pasha or some other minister, to enable him to remove his mother to that place, but could not muster sufficient interest. His history was somewhat odd. His father was a lamp-cleaner in the mosques, and had a farm near Kastanmouni. He went to Constantinople, where he plied his trade, and was appointed cleaner of lamps to Sultan Mahmoud, and became a great friend of that monarch's gardener, or *bostanji bashi*. He was one day strolling about the palace gardens, and while enjoying his *kef* in that earthly paradise he fell asleep. When he awoke he became aware that the ladies of the harem were standing round him. The fright which this occasioned to the gallant Mussulman was described by Ahmet his son in the most graphic manner. He fled from the houris like a second Joseph, and not thinking himself safe from the vengeance of the Padishah, left Constantinople that night, and after many wanderings settled at Belgrade, where Ahmet was born, and where, in course of time, the old lamp-cleaner died. Two years after Ahmet came to Koslo he discovered a cousin. It so happened, that by the chat of the district, and that gossip which takes the place of journalism in the East, this man had heard of Ahmet's arrival, and also who he was, and his history. Enquiry led him to believe Ahmet was his cousin; he then in the first instance visited him, and finally gave Ahmet information which enabled him

to return to the bosom of his family, of which he is now the head, and, consequently, owner of the soil.

The other taxes the Turks pay are the *Usher*, or the tenth of all the produce on the land and cattle, &c.; *Tashir*, which is the same, is only levied on grapes, apples, eggs, &c., &c., and is generally commuted for a money payment. What the vicarial are to rectorial tithes, so is *tashir* to *usher*. *At Parasi*, or horse-tax, is a tax in lieu of supplying baggage-animals for the army, and is only a war-tax; it is equivalent to the custom which forces all the villages to contribute straw, barley, rice, wheat, &c., in no fixed proportion, but according to the rapacity of the governors, or the real emergencies of the army.

But if the taxes are heavy in themselves, the exemptions from payment of them are preposterous. The proposition that "Taxation based on a large system of exemption is confiscation," is here fearfully illustrated.

No *official* is taxed in Turkey. All mushirs, kaimakams, mudirs, muktars, muftis, mollahs, imams,—in short, all officers of the army and state—are exempted. It consequently happens that as every wealthy Turk, *i. e.* every Mussulman who has 100*l.* a year *is* an official (he is a fool if he is not, as he can afford to buy a post) of one sort or another, no Mussulman in Asia, except the poor man, is taxed. It is very strange, but true, that where *we* begin to exempt our population from taxation, there the Turks begin to tax; and where we lay it on, there they take it off. We exempt persons whose incomes are under 100*l.* per annum; the Turks practically exempt those persons whose incomes exceed that amount.

But again, as the poor form the only class who create

anything in Turkey, it follows that the productive class is burdened with an excess of taxation for the purpose of pampering a set of people who are utterly worthless. It is this disgraceful maladministration and iniquitous distribution of taxes, which has done more than anything else to make Turkey what she is.

In addition to the above injustice, the population of Constantinople and the Bosphorus is altogether exempt from taxation except as regards the Haratch. This exemption, I have no doubt, was extorted by the Janissaries from the fears of some Sultan, and has been preserved by the cupidity of successive ministers since their fall. The wealthy ministers and luxurious pashas consequently pay nothing, whether in or out of office; but the poor labourer is compelled to render from the fruits of his industry a large share, in order that sloth, sensuality, and waste may preside over the destinies of the empire. What wonder, then, that the Turkish villages are disappearing off the face of the earth? I firmly believe that the Mussulmans in Asia are infinitely worse off than the Christians of Roumelia as regards oppression: the latter have, at least, some protection from flagrant wrong when under the notice of the European consuls; but the poor Turks of Asia have no refuge or hope whatever, and can only submit to evils the causes of which they are unable to comprehend.

Perhaps scarcely any people in history have suffered so much from ruthless and tyrannical conquerors as the Armenians. That Mussulman monster of cruelty, Timour Leng, crossed and recrossed these high table-lands, leaving behind him the ashes of villages and hecatombs of slaugh-

tered human beings. After him came hordes of Turkomans, who, divided into the two great clans of the White and the Black Sheep, ate up the country between them. These, again, were conquered by the Persians on one side, and the Osmanlis on the other—a change of masters, but scarcely for the better. The Saracens and Greeks took away multitudes of captives, and the Egyptians carried off 60,000 into Egypt. Abbas the Great, by way of defending his frontiers from the Turks, coolly drew a broad entrenchment of perfect desert through Armenia; and, in our own times, Russia transported in 1828 many thousand Armenian families into Georgia. Numbers of these perished by the diseases of a climate to which they were unaccustomed, and many returned to their native hills; but many more remained. It is a matter of dispute as to the means used by the Russians for inducing an entire population to leave their homes; some say it was effected by terrorism, and some by persuasion; but, doubtless, many causes were in operation. Persuasion was probably used, for the Czar wanted his waste lands in Georgia cultivated; and he promised immunity from taxes, grants of land, and other privileges to the emigrants. While the Russian army occupied Armenia, the proud Osmanlis, who had been browbeating the Ghiaours for ages, were now in their turn compelled to submit to every indignity. The Russian soldiery had free licence to insult the inhabitants, and it was not unusual to see a soldier seize a respectable Mussulman by the beard, spit in his face, and buffet him from pure wantonness. One day a party of soldiers conceived an amusing idea, which they immediately put into practice. They composed a Turkish funeral pro-

cession, with a dead dog as their corpse, and carried it into one of the principal mosques, calling on the name of Mahomet. In short, the Turks of Erzeroom had to submit to the same bitter humiliation as the Jews, when the unclean animal was slaughtered by the soldiers of Titus in the Holy of Holies. Perhaps the most galling measure of all was the disarming of the Mussulmans and the arming of the Armenians. How bitter must have been the feelings of the domineering Turk, when he saw his former slaves strut past, bristling with arms and ready to insult him, while he, poor fellow, was in the position of a despised rayah! Ages of oppression and of galling contumely had but ill prepared the Armenians for the position they then held. The proud overbearing of a conquering race is bad, but the unbridled indulgence of retaliation is worse; it deepens the gulf of bad feeling, and creates sore and jealous heartburnings that endure for ages. There is at this moment a feeling among the Christian populations akin to that encouraged by the Russians. The Turks are cowed; they have a powerful enemy in front, and have allies to assist them whom the Koran has always taught them to regard as their natural foes; who, moreover, assume a right to dictate: in short, their capital is occupied by foreign and infidel troops, and in their presence the native Christian feels protected and becomes occasionally insolent. It is devoutly to be hoped that such feelings will be discouraged by those who, after defending, must of necessity assist in the reform of the empire.

When the domineering Armenians saw the armies of Russia retiring within their own enlarged frontiers, they

began to tremble for the consequences of their swagger, and feared a tenfold vengeance. This feeling, doubtless, largely aided the emigration. As it happened, however, the Turks were dismayed at the consequences, both immediate and prospective, of the departure of so many thousand industrious inhabitants. Large tracts of land, the property of Turks, were thrown out of cultivation, whole bazaars of handicraft workmen were closed, and the first necessaries of life became excessively dear. Feeling all this, and foreseeing worse things to come, the Turks with one accord determined to forget the past and treat the Christians with kindness, and for a time, I am told, they acted on that resolution.

Like all forced and unnatural emigrations, great misery and loss of life attended the departure of the Armenians. Messrs. Smith and Dwight, who were eye-witnesses, thus describe this remarkable exodus :—

"Deeply affecting it was to see the inhabitants of a whole province thus deserting the home of their fathers, bearing in all their appearance such evident marks of the oppression from which they were fleeing. They were clothed in rags; their furniture consisted of a few dirty mattresses, cushions, coverlets, and rugs, a cradle or churn, a pail or wooden bottle, a few copper pans and kettles, and in some cases a small chest. A few cattle and sheep accompanied them. Mothers with infant children generally found a place in an empty cart, but in some cases they were mounted upon a horse, a mule, or an ass, with the heads of their little ones projecting from baskets or bags upon either side of the animal; in others the tender charge was fastened alone upon the baggage

in a cart or upon the back of a beast; and not unfrequently the mother walked with it slung in a pouch upon her back. Most of the rest, men, women, and children, were on foot in the mire, which in some parts of the plain was deep. All had the same hardy, sunburnt, coarse complexion. In none, not even in the females, all of whom, except the marriageable and newly-married girls, were unveiled, did we discover that fair and interesting countenance which distinguishes their countrymen in Smyrna and Constantinople. They were equally inferior, too, in form, being lower in stature, and of a broader and coarser frame. Nearly all bore marks of a desponding spirit. What had brought upon them this extreme of penury? Their country is hardly inferior to any in the world for the cultivation of grain and the raising of herds and flocks, and their sobriety and orderly conduct is acknowledged by all. It can be nothing else than the blighting influence of Mahommedan oppression that has caused them to wither away."

In person the Armenian peasant is broad-shouldered, with short and heavy limbs, large feet and hands, large head and coarse features; in short, there is a general resemblance in form amongst those inhabiting the elevated plateaux of Asia, the same heavy form being common to the Tartar tribes of Central Asia. The Armenian's features differ widely, however, from the last, inasmuch as he has an aquiline nose, good arched eyebrows, oval face, and well-formed lips; in short his face is of that model which ancient ethnologists have termed the Caucasian; whereas the Tartar from Bokhara has but an apology for a nose, which seems to have been beaten

into his face; his cheek bones project, and his orbits are small, and slope upwards exteriorly. Wherever you find the Armenian, the same kind of physical form is observed: they are seldom tall; their features are always disposed to be exaggerated, especially the nose, which, invariably aquiline, often assumes formidable proportions. In Constantinople the features of these people are often handsome; but although the complexion is fine and delicate in those who are gently nurtured, there is still a certain coarseness of form and feature which marks their origin. Never have I seen that classic and intellectual beauty so frequent amongst the Greeks.

In moral qualities the Armenians much resemble most other conquered races. They are sharp traders, and not remarkable for truthfulness; they are submissive and patient to an extraordinary degree, and appear to be contented with their position as rayahs, provided their masters are not too hard upon them. They present the greatest possible contrast to the Greeks, who, with much higher intellectual powers, are restless, discontented, plotting conspirators. The Armenians resemble the Jews in many points; like them they are a scattered race; like them they preserve their nationality in every quarter of the globe whither their mercantile pursuits may lead them; and, like them, they are jealous of the admission of strangers into their quarters or families. In Constantinople they are rapidly adopting European usages; civilising themselves, in short, without however losing their religion or nationality.

Their form of Christianity differs from that of any other Eastern people, and is therefore called the Armenian

religion. It would require a theologian to explain all the details; but it may not be out of place to give some idea of their forms of worship, which I have partly culled from observation, but for which I am still more indebted to Messrs. Smith and Dwight's Researches in Armenia.

Their church is governed by an ecclesiastical dignitary, termed a Catholicos, equivalent to our Archbishop of Canterbury, except that he has no king or queen over him as head of the church. Up to 1441 the Catholicos of Sis was the religious chief, when an assembly of 700 of the clergy named another in Echmiadzin, the possession of a hand of St. Gregory being supposed to give that convent superior claims. The nation has since been governed by the successors of him of Echmiadzin, though a portion are still under the rule of the Sis ecclesiastic. Mahomed II., conceiving it desirable to govern the Armenians through their own patriarch, as the Greeks were governed through theirs, established a Patriarch of Constantinople, giving him full powers of fine and imprisonment over his own people. He is, however, only regarded as a secular authority; in the church he is but a bishop, and therefore cannot consecrate the *meiron*, or holy oil, nor ordain bishops. There is likewise a Patriarch of Jerusalem, who was in a similar manner appointed by the Sultan of Egypt: neither of these can exercise any spiritual function beyond that of any other bishop. Thus it will be seen that the Emperor of Russia is himself virtually the real spiritual head of the whole nation, and has all the political influence naturally accruing therefrom—an influence not lessened by the position that Armenians hold in his empire, many being officers of high rank in the Russian army.

The Armenian ritual designates nine distinct hours every day for public worship, and contains services for each, viz.—"midnight, the hour of Christ's resurrection; the dawn of day, when he appeared to the two Marys at the sepulchre; sunrise, when he appeared to his disciples; three o'clock (reckoning from sunrise), or the first canonical hour, when he was nailed to the cross; six o'clock, or the second canonical hour, when the darkness over the whole earth commenced; nine o'clock, or the third canonical hour, when he gave up the ghost; evening, when he was taken from the cross and buried; and on going to bed."*

The Armenian churches met with throughout the country are, generally speaking, very modest in appearance, having the door so low that an insolent Mussulman cannot stable his horse in the sacred building. Of late years, however, under the protection of Russian influence, and by the assistance—it is said—of Russian gold, handsome structures have been raised in some of the principal cities of Asia Minor. The churches are invariably built in the form of a cross, the nave or centre of the cross being surmounted by a species of dome peculiar to these regions; consisting of an upright cylindrical base, capped with an acute cone. The altar occupies the eastern extremity of the main longitudinal arch of the building. The worshippers always turn to the East during their devotions. Around the altar are placed numberless tawdry ornaments, similar to those observed in Roman Catholic churches. The altar is always raised, and the priest and his assistants say mass from the platform on which it is placed. The sexes are separated during worship: the men occupy

* Smith and Dwight.

the floor of the church, and the women are crowded into a sort of cage of lattice-work at the western extremity of the building. The parish priests, invariably ignorant peasants, are chosen by the people of the village, the bishop never interfering with this right. The proportion of priests to people averages one to every fifty families. Although elected by the people, the priests can always be deposed by the bishop.

No priest can be ordained who is not married and the father of at least one child: if his wife die, he must retire into a convent; he then takes the rank of *vartabed*, and can rise to the higher ecclesiastical grades. The literary acquirements of a priest are of a very low order; he can generally read, however, but is not expected to be able to write, and he never knows the language of the Church, viz., ancient Armenian. As far as my observation extends, these parish priests are on the whole quiet, moral, stupid sort of men; I never heard them accused of evil-doings, nor of over-zeal in their calling. Their duties consist in performing the church-services, confessing, marrying, burying, and the like; they seldom preach, as this is the duty of the *vartabeds*. The income of the priests consists entirely in fees and perquisites, derived from marriages, burials, baptisms, masses for the dead, blessing the houses of the parishioners at Christmas, Easter, &c.

"The Armenian Church believes in the transubstantiation of the bread and wine into the real body and blood of Christ; and not only so, but it believes that the human soul and divinity of our Lord, as well as his body, are present in the elements."

The peculiar duty of the Catholicos is to ordain bishops, and to consecrate the *meiron* or holy oil. Bishops are very numerous amongst the Armenians, though but a small proportion have any diocese. If a priest can procure a certificate from his convent, that it has need of his services as a bishop, he is ordained at once by the Patriarch of Echmiadzin, on the payment, however, of a handsome fee, so that the latter dignitary is always sure of a good income. The meiron, or holy oil, is used at confirmation, ordination, and various other ceremonies. It is said to boil spontaneously during the ceremony of consecration. A portion of this oil is carried about by the vartabeds of a convent when collecting contributions, and its power is at least attested by the golden harvest reaped on these occasions.

From this very brief sketch of the religious institutions of the Armenians, it will be seen that their church differs but little essentially from that of the Greek and other Eastern churches; that it is, in short, a compound of superstition and empty forms, calculated to awe the unreflecting multitude, and to support a lazy and ignorant priesthood, who administer the rites of their religion in the mystic jargon of an unknown tongue. Of late years, however, a most important movement has taken place amongst them, analogous, in some measure, to the Lutheran reformation.

During the past century there have arisen from time to time men who have spoken out boldly against the errors and inconsistencies of their Church. In 1760 an Armenian priest in Constantinople wrote a very clever book, in which he exposed, in able and witty language,

the corruptions of his Church, and boldly held up for admiration the conduct of the reformer Luther. This book was never printed, but the written copies were numerous and much admired, and created at that time considerable sensation.

For many years past the Armenians have been an object of solicitude to the religious societies of Europe. In the year 1813 the British and Russian Bible Societies made the most active exertions to supply them with copies of the Holy Scriptures, under the direct patronage of the Emperor Alexander. These copies were in ancient Armenian, the language of the church, and therefore unintelligible to the peasant; but in 1822 the Russian Society issued an edition of the Bible in Armeno-Turkish (a patois generally spoken or understood throughout the Turkish Empire); and in the following year the British Bible Society issued another edition in modern Armenian. All these efforts in the right direction were received with thankfulness by the Patriarch; but in 1823 he refused to sanction the printing of the New Testament in modern Armenian, and threatened with punishment those who possessed copies of it. Meantime certain efforts towards religious and intellectual reform were being made by the Armenians themselves, the most remarkable of which was the establishment of a school for the clergy, of a superior description, under the direct patronage of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and conducted by a very remarkable genius named Peshtilmajan, a man of the most liberal and enlightened views, and, though not himself a priest, yet deeply read in theological and ecclesiastical lore. Up to this time the education

of the clergy had been entirely neglected, and, although this one school in Constantinople was very far from sufficient for the wants of so large a body, it was hailed nevertheless by the thinking portion of the community as a measure highly beneficial.

In the year 1831, the Rev. Messrs. Goodall and Dwight, two Americans of, I believe, the congregational church, commenced their missionary labours in Constantinople. Their intention was to instruct and assist the priests, to open schools, and lend their aid in the task of educating the rising generation, and thus gradually to effect a reformation in the church without causing any schism or dissent—an experiment certain to fail. Various, no doubt, will be the opinions of the religious world as to the propriety of these measures: as to the feasibility of such plans, experience has taught us their impossibility. Corruption of all kinds, more especially priestcraft, is too deeply rooted in the selfish passions of the human heart, to be given up without a murmur by those whose whole life has been spent in the system, and whose very bread often depends upon it; the attempt at peaceable reform invariably fails, a schism then occurs, a certain number of converts form a new church, purified from the absurdities and soul-destroying superstitions of the old one. Those whose peculiar tastes lead them to admire the gorgeous vestments, the complicated system of bowing and genuflexions, and the interminable crossings and incense-burning which exist in all these old churches, —(and which to some minds are sublime, and to others ridiculous,)—those also whose interest it is to keep up such systems, condemn fiercely these mischievous schismatics,

who bring grief into families, and shake and destroy the venerable institutions of antiquity. Others, perhaps, take a more practical view; they observe the mischievous social effects of the superstitions nursed within these fine mediæval structures, how under the influence of these the peasantry become brutal and besotted, the human mind remains undeveloped, and the moral feelings uninfluenced by anything beyond the dread of detection. People of this way of thinking will sympathise with the struggles, and rejoice in the success of the American missionaries.

In 1833, a Protestant printing-press was established in Smyrna, but it had scarcely commenced operations when the Armenians and Roman Catholic priesthood, making common cause, so persuaded the Pasha, that Mr. Temple, the originator of it, was obliged to leave Smyrna with but ten days' notice. In the following year a mission was established in Trebizond, a city containing about 1250 Armenians. The most violent opposition was here met with; for the priests at once appealed to the passions of the lowest rabble, representing the missionaries and their converts as the worst enemies of the Armenian nation. Those who had attended to the teaching of the missionaries were forthwith marked men; they were set upon and pelted by the rabble whenever they appeared; they however attended to the ordinances of their church as far as their consciences and the priests would permit; for the former forbade the adoration of images, while the latter excommunicated them for their new-fangled notion of reading the Bible. The tactics of the American missionaries are meantime best expressed in the language of Mr. Dwight, who says,—"We had not felt it to be our duty to

attack directly the superstitions of the Armenian Church, having all along acted on the principle that the readiest method of eradicating error, is to pour in the truth." This was indeed a most effective means of attacking the superstitions of the church; for these inquiring, Bible-reading Christians asked questions of the priests difficult to answer in accordance with the practices of their church.

In Trebizond the persecuting party pushed their rude tactics a little too far, for so loudly did they complain of the crimes of the converts, that the latter were brought before the Turkish authorities to answer for their misdeeds. The Turks found that the head and front of their offending was a refusal to bow down to graven images, which refusal at once procured them the sympathy and protection of the idol-hating Mussulmans, who dismissed them with honour.

In 1837 a spontaneous Protestant movement occurred in Nicomedia, now a wretched Turkish village, but interesting as the place from which Diocletian first issued his edict against the Christians. The Armenians sent over delegates to Constantinople, to consult with the missionaries: but this year was marked by a general and wide-spread persecution, headed by the Patriarch of Constantinople. I may observe, *en passant*, that this was not the first time a similar persecution had been directed against schismatics. In 1828, 10,000 Armenian Roman Catholics were sent into banishment or stripped of their property. When the Patriarch meditates any great measure of this kind, his first step is to gain over the *saraffs*, or bankers, men who rule the nation with a sceptre of gold. If he can suborn these men, or a majority of them, there is no

measure he cannot effect, as all the ministers of state and the great pashas are more or less in their debt. If, on the contrary, he attempts anything without their aid or concurrence, he can do nothing; for the Patriarch of Constantinople, as I have before explained, wields no spiritual power; he is merely a temporal authority appointed by the Turks; he is, generally speaking, but I believe not always, an ecclesiastic.

In case of a very wide-spread persecution, as in that just cited, there is another power always to be taken into account in Turkey, namely, that of the foreign embassies, who, contrary to what obtains in Europe, are invariably mixed up in the domestic matters of the empire. Spasmodic efforts have from time to time been made by different ministers to rid themselves of this galling interference, but all in vain; until now, in our days, the Turks seem to have resigned themselves to it as to a necessary evil. We shall see how this power was brought into play to save the Protestants.

The most virulent excommunications that a priesthood could devise would have fallen harmless on men who had learned the true value of such implements of rage and fury; but unfortunately the excommunication put these converts out of the pale of their own community, on whom they were dependent for the common necessaries of life. In the East it is well known that each race has its own quarter, its own *esnaf*, or trade-corporation, its own tradesmen to supply its wants; so that when these poor people found themselves outlawed, when they were driven from the trade-corporation, when the water-carriers would not supply them, the bakers would not sell to them, and when

their landlords ejected them from their houses,—their sufferings were dreadful, and many amongst them at once gave way, and renounced all connection with the Protestants. Others, again, firmly resolved rather to suffer martyrdom than to sacrifice truth. The Americans did their utmost to relieve these; houses were rented, subscriptions raised, and the utmost exertions made until they were rescued from their troubles.

Of course the only measure that could now be taken was the formation of a new church, but here another difficulty arose. It is a fundamental law of the empire that every Christian subject should belong to a recognised community. He is registered as a Greek, Armenian, Jacobite, or Roman Catholic, by the authorities of his own *milet*, or nation, and carries about with him a *teskéré*, or passport, signed by these. If he separates himself from his community he becomes an outlaw, liable to be imprisoned as a rogue and vagabond, and ineligible for admission into any trade or corporation; in short, he is deprived of every civil right. Under these grievous difficulties the converts laboured for some time, and it is wonderful indeed how they struggled through them.

In the year 1843 an event occurred which created at the time a great sensation throughout Europe. An Armenian, through some interested motives, had embraced Islamism, but, seized with remorse, he fled from the capital, and lived in retirement for about a year. When he imagined that all had been forgotten, he returned to his old haunts in the dress of a European, and of course professing Christianity. He was, however, recognized, informed against, and seized as an apostate from Islam-

ism. A strongly fanatical party was at that time in the ascendant, so the Armenian was sentenced to suffer death by decapitation.

This sentence caused great excitement, for it was then the fashion to believe that Turkey had entered on a course of enlightened reform; and the subsidized French newspapers, more especially, had made us believe that Turkey was rapidly attaining that state of Utopian excellence which the very best of governments only see in distant perspective. Diplomatists were seen hurrying to the Porte, and waiting anxiously on Ministers to prevail on them to save the civilized world from so great a scandal. The Grand Vizier received the remonstrances of the Foreign Representatives with the utmost courtesy, and promised them solemnly that the sentence should not be carried into effect. The apostate was beheaded the next day in the fish-market, and his head, *with the hat on*, placed between his legs.

I have heard many sad details concerning this execution; and, occurring as it did in the capital in so public a manner, it excited a great deal of attention at the time, and was the theme of much newspaper comment. Shortly afterwards another similar execution took place in Broussa, but it was scarcely heard of; and many others have doubtless been perpetrated in different parts of the empire, of which the world knows nothing. Only a few months ago I heard of a mollah being put to death for expressing his disbelief in the mission of Mahomed; but this was done quietly. The Turks will have their revenge on apostates, but they have learned to do these things secretly.

The above execution of the Armenian had no small influence on the destinies of the infant Protestantism struggling into life. The representatives of the most powerful foreign states made a great effort, and procured the issue of a firman ordaining that for the future no one should suffer on account of his religious opinions. This firman was intended to protect those who seceded from Islamism—a measure scarcely necessary, since cases of the kind are but seldom heard of; it served, however, as a shield for the persecuted Protestants, of which they were not slow to avail themselves.

In June, 1846, the Patriarch, taking advantage of a solemn feast-day, thundered forth from the metropolitan church, amidst circumstances of great pomp and solemnity, the most terrible anathema and excommunication against the Protestants that priestly rage had ever conceived. The reformers had but one course to pursue; rendered safe from stripes and imprisonment by the new firman, they were nevertheless outlaws from society, so, taking counsel from the missionaries, they at once proceeded to form a church of their own. Shortly after this, Lord Cowley, her Majesty's representative, procured from the Sultan an imperial decree or firman recognizing the existence of the new church, and appointing a Patriarch; thus placing the Protestants on a footing with the other recognized religions protected by the laws of the country.

This struggling infant church has had other enemies to contend with than the Armenian bishops and priests. In the interior I have heard, on undoubted authority, of Russian agents managing to spirit away converts to dis-

tant parts of the Czar's dominions. Romish authorities have ever lent a ready hand in opposing this new sect of Bible-readers, who are growing up on ground hitherto peculiarly the field of their own propagandism; too often the gold of the Armenian banker and wealthy archbishop has procured stripes and imprisonment from the corrupt Turkish rulers; nay, even Protestants of the Oxford School have spoken in words of encouragement to what they termed the wholesome discipline of the bishops and priests. I was much struck by a remark made to me by a Turk who did not know that he was speaking to a Protestant: "Wallah," said he, "these Protestants are strange people! they never lie; every one else does, but they never lie."

The whole history of the rise and early struggles of this still feeble church is in a high degree interesting. To those who wish to have a detailed account of it I would recommend a book entitled 'Christianity revived in the East,' from which I have gathered most of the above facts. Mr. Dwight, the author, thus eloquently concludes his account of the struggles that attended the rise of Protestantism in Turkey:—

"The record now made of the struggles of spirituality against formalism in Turkey is only a repetition in substance of what has occurred in this world hundreds of times before. And, as in the present instance, the many have usually been arrayed against the few, wealth against poverty, strength against weakness. On the side of the assailants are age, experience, and cunning; on the side of the assailed, youth, ignorance, and simplicity. With the former have been all the advantages of an awe-inspiring

antiquity, covering with its sacred mantle, which it were the most daring profaneness to remove, its symbols of faith, its rites and ceremonies, and its religious and priestly order; while the latter could boast of neither priesthood nor church, altar nor gorgeous rites,—in short, of nothing external calculated to inspire terror, or even to attract notice. That this, weak in the conflict, should almost uniformly prove victorious is easily explained to the satisfaction of all who believe in the Bible. On the one side all is human; on the other all is divine. And God works by instruments of his own, choosing 'the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence.' "

CHAPTER X.

Armenia — Occupations of the inhabitants — Agriculture — Nature of the climate — Scarcity of wood — Diet and clothing of the peasantry — Decrease of the population — Its causes.

THERE are as yet no Protestant Armenians in Kars, but at Erzeroom there has been for years past an American missionary,—there are now two stationed there; there are also several Armenian Protestant congregations scattered over the country, and these people always look up to the English as their protectors, and to English consuls as their natural refuge in time of trouble.

The Armenians, besides being sharp traders and money-lenders in the towns, are in their own province the principal agriculturists. The land at present cultivated more than suffices for the wants of the population; there is abundance of bread, and barley is grown sufficient to feed the horses of the province and thousands of mules that pass through it in the Persian caravans. The want of roads would render the labour of the peasant vain, were more land brought under the plough. It occasionally happens, in consequence of unseasonable frosts or flights of locusts farther south, that a famine exists over a tract of country, separated by some rocky ridges from fields of plenty. On these occasions the high price of grain tempts the agriculturist to send over his spare horses and

camels laden with wheat, which is quadrupled in price by the carriage. The decrease of the population, especially the Mussulman part of it, which is unquestionable throughout the whole of Turkey, is sufficient to account for the decrease of cultivated land. The causes of this decrease are various; many may be gathered from the pages of this book, faintly depicted though they be, and many must purposely be left untold.

In this country, almost destitute of wood, that article forms a most important item in the household expenses of the better class of Kars; none but they presume to burn it. The large pine-forest on the Soghanli Dagh is three days' distance, and the only source of their supply. Huge trunks of trees are dragged over the country by oxen; the forward extremity of each beam is connected to the yoke by means of strong thongs of raw hide or iron chains, and the middle is supported on a stout axle and wheels, made in the forest by woodcutters, without the aid of any iron nails; for these carriages are only intended to last during the journey to town, after which they are broken up and sold for firewood.

The mode of transporting agricultural produce from village to village, over the plains, is by small, rudely-made carts termed *arabas*, built very low, and with wheels far apart. The axle-trees turn with the wheels, which of course causes a great loss of *ox*-power. Two English friends of mine made a desperate attempt to introduce wheels turning *on* and not *with* the axletree; but although they had a model araba made, and went to some expense in its construction, their philanthropic labours were in vain; the peasants determined to do as their fathers had done

before them. As all these plains are bounded by mountains, these wheel carriages are useless beyond the plain; and therefore cannot be employed to carry corn from one province to another. When the ground is deeply covered with snow, the wheels are removed from the body of the vehicle, and a rude kind of sledge constructed. I am told this is quite a modern innovation.

All the poorer classes, both of towns and villages, burn *tezek*, or cakes of prepared cowdung, which makes excellent slow-burning fuel.

The agricultural animals to be met with in Armenia are the horse, ass, ox, buffalo, and sheep. The last is of the broad-tailed species, and the mass of fat contained in that appendage is highly valued in cookery, and bears the same price as butter. The wool, though not fine, is unmixed with hair. In the winter all domestic animals are confined to the house or stable (for these are convertible terms in Armenia), and they are fed solely on straw, hay, or rushes. April is the lambing season. The lambs are only allowed to remain with their dams for two or three weeks, after which they are sent to graze, and allowed to suck but twice a day; and after two months they are weaned. The milk of the sheep forms a leading article of diet with the villagers in the form of *yoghoort*, butter, and cheese. Wethers are made when they are one year old. Goats feed among the mountains throughout the whole of Asia Minor. In the summer they are shorn of their hair, which is manufactured into sacking, ropes, &c., by the villagers; and in this province especially a fine soft under wool, called *tiftic*, is made into beautiful warm stockings and gloves. The horned cattle here, as

all over Turkey, are uniformly small. Their flesh is wholesome, but seldom eaten. Indeed many tribes of Kurds have a religious horror of eating the flesh of any animal which cultivates their fields. It is almost as sacred to them as to the Brahmins. Oxen are fed in the winter on vetch, meal, linseed-cake, chopped straw, and rushes. They are shod with small triangular shoes made to fit their cloven hoofs.

Horses are never used for ploughing or drawing carts. The horse of Armenia is a small, contemptible-looking animal, but when mounted he shows mettle. He is seldom more than from twelve to fourteen hands high; but a stout peasant on his back, with a load of market produce, is carried gaily over the worst of roads through a long day's journey. In form he is a compact little beast: and though not handsome, it is difficult to find fault with any particular point. The ordinary price for a good hack is from 5*l.* to 8*l.*: but the war has now doubled or trebled the price of horses.

The price of a buffalo is from 5*l.* to 6*l.*, of a cow 1*l.*, of a mule 5*l.* to 6*l.*, of an ass from 10*s.* to 5*l.*, a sheep 10*s.*, a goat 6*s.*

The whole of this vast table-land is most healthy. The complexions of the inhabitants are striking. The cheek of a woman resembles a very ruddy apple. The finest rouge would fail to imitate the deep ruddy glow of health which paints the cheek of the peasant-girl, seen as she peeps from the door of her hut at the passing stranger. This bright complexion is a great beauty; nor is it the only one, for the eyes are very fine, the teeth good, and the face oval and well-shaped: the busts of the young

girls are good; but the coarseness, the want of any refined expression, and the dirty and ragged dress, destroy all romance about these maidens.

The diet of the peasant of these plains, both Christian and Mussulman, consists chiefly of preparations of milk, especially the universal *yoghoort*, the result of fermented milk, hardened into a sort of jelly, and containing the solid portion of the milk. Another preparation is *airan*, which is made by boiling buttermilk until it curdles, then pressing it into balls, and drying it for winter use. Butter is made from unskimmed milk or from yoghoort, but never from cream alone. It is churned in long, narrow, wooden cylinders, which are swung to and fro lengthwise, and with regularity. In some places the churn is a one-handled jar, which is placed on a cushion and rolled backwards and forwards until the butter forms. Those peasants who only possess a few cows or sheep, generally agree to take by turns the milking of their united flocks. Preparations of milk, as stated above, form the staple diet of the poorer peasantry, but they do not confine themselves to these. During the winter much animal food is consumed in the form of two varieties called *pastoorma* and *kavoorma*. The former consists of slices of meat seasoned with garlic and sun-dried, and a most atrocious aliment it is. Kavoorma is prepared by cutting meat into small pieces, which are fried and then preserved in jars of mutton fat. I have eaten and found it excellent on a journey. Possibly the sharp appetite caused by Asiatic travelling might have have had something to do with my relish for this Eastern luxury.

The town of Kars swarms with bees, which are kept

in long wicker baskets, and are fed with honey during the whole winter, great care being taken to keep them in a dry warm place. I remarked the other day a hive swarming, and an old man seated on the roof of a house, making loud music with a key and saucepan, alluring them to settle.

The natives of these regions are skilful in their contrivances to keep themselves warm during their long winter, heat being one of the most precious of their possessions and wonderfully economised. Their fuel of cow-dung, added often to reeds and turf, warms the little space where the family sit; but all the rest of the house is taken up by their numerous cattle, whose bodies give out a large amount of animal heat. Besides all this, the houses are generally excavated from the sides of a hill, the earth of which thus forms three sides of the dwelling, and the roof, composed of beams laid across and covered with bushes and earth, is during the winter piled up with stacks of rushes, hay, or tezek, so that the dwelling is well-nigh impervious to cold. Ventilation is not much cared for. The winter is comparatively an idle time, though there is generally some employment going on out-of-doors as well as within. Those who are in the neighbourhood of a marsh or forest carry fuel to the nearest town on their sledges, while the women weave mats and coarse cloth, cotton shirts, woollen mats, and gloves for home consumption. In some parts the women produce very handsome textures. I remember some years ago buying, in an obscure village near Van, some fancy work of coloured wool superior to most Berlin manufacture of the kind.

A peasant here has enough to eat, I believe, at most

times; very coarse fare, it is true, still he does not hunger except in seasons of scarcity, which occur but rarely. He cannot, however, rise beyond this point; he cannot possess more than what is barely necessary for his existence: his taxmasters take care of that: and should he by any chance be possessed of money, it is carefully buried, and perhaps thereby lost for ever. These people are warmly clad, and in this climate clothing is of consequence. If you descend from the table-land into the plains of Mesopotamia and Syria you will find a shirt to be the sole garment of the men and women during the greater part of the year, and boys up to twelve and thirteen years of age are running about stark naked,—but this is because clothing is not required for any purpose but that of decency. In Armenia, on the contrary, you will find every man warmly clad from head to foot; the stockings, gloves, woollen cloaks, &c., are made in their own cottages; the common cotton of their shirts is mostly bought from the bazaars, having been imported from England and America; coloured cotton handkerchiefs, and similar produce, are from the looms of Manchester. But as I have said, the greater part of their clothing is of home manufacture.

A thin[redacted]ation and boundless fertile plains prevent any one [redacted] suffering from hunger. Under a more humane and enlightened government the population would doubtless rapidly increase, as each man would find wealth awaiting his labour. As it is, the population is kept down by constant emigration. A young man at the age of fifteen, or even younger, is betrothed, perhaps married, to a girl of thirteen; they begin the world with nothing, so the young husband shoulders his knapsack

and goes to Constantinople to earn some money. For the expenses of his journey he probably has to borrow a certain sum on which he pays a tremendous interest. The chances that this couple ever meet again to propagate children are but small. He has to undergo a life of great labour and exposure in a city not famous for its hygienic condition; and he lives in the most unhealthy quarter of it; so he probably catches a fever or pleurisy, crawls into his den, and dies. The young wife or betrothed girl remains in her village: as I have before mentioned, the women, who seldom stir out of their close fetid hovels, are peculiarly liable to typhus: a climate naturally most healthy is vitiated by the perverse and dirty habits of the people; and thus, probably, early death cuts off the youthful pair.

In this way I account for the population being kept down in so remarkable a manner, in the midst of broad fertile plains that might be flowing with milk and honey. The peasantry cannot rise above the point of bare existence; consequently their children, having no capital to start with, are obliged to emigrate. There are, moreover, no great agriculturists in the country to employ the thews and sinews of the province, and no roads to facilitate the exchange of native and foreign commodities.

The Mussulman peasantry, in addition to all these evils, have to give many of their sons to the army, where, under such leaders as Ahmed and Zarif Mustafa Pasha, their chances of return are small indeed.

CHAPTER XI.

Winter-quarters in Erzeroom — Turkish mode of providing for a campaign — Revolt of the Kurds — Successful measure of General Williams — Turkish mode of administering justice — Ziah Bey — English and Greek merchants.

ALREADY on my arrival in these elevated regions, in September, the air was sharp and frosty at night, although the thermometer during the day would rise to upwards of 70° Fahr. As I was to pass the winter in Erzeroom, I left Kars about the middle of November, and after a cold, uncomfortable journey of seven days, I settled into winter-quarters in the former city. All nature seemed to be preparing for the rigorous winter that was to follow. Man, as the first and most foreseeing animal, had already surrounded his dwelling with vast heaps of every combustible material, to serve as fuel, and, during the early part of the winter, as a thick covering to his house. Provisions of all kinds are stored up both for man and cattle; meanwhile a general migration ensues of the numerous birds that once peopled the plains and the marshes. After the insectivorous and truly summer birds, the next to leave are the cranes, which in mathematical figures and long lines may be observed steadily flying towards the south, their loud notes sounding through the frosty air like trumpet calls; about the same time the wild geese take their departure in equally regular military array;

meantime the ducks, waders, herons, bustards, and almost all other birds disappear. Intensely cold nights, with clear sunny days, are succeeded by clouds, which soon condense in the form of heavy snow-storms; the sole feathered tribes remaining with us are jackdaws, sparrows, ravens, and that curious little lark, the *Alauda pencillata*. The sparrows crowd round the doors and windows mutely asking for bread, for their vociferous chirp is hushed by the cold; the jackdaws pick clean every bone that is thrown out of the house, while the solitary ravens watch silently at the outposts of the town for the remains of dead horses. The street dogs during this season are ravenous; no sooner is a decrepit horse led out to die in the cold (for the Turks never put one to death), than he is surrounded by these hungry animals, who patiently wait until he falls down; he is then set upon by the pack, who in the course of an hour pick his bones quite clean. These animals are effective scavengers through the winter: there is scarcely any refuse they object to eat; during the night their howlings are most melancholy, occasioned probably by the intense cold. The wolves, too, grow bold as the winter advances, and, prowling round the outskirts of the town, often snatch up stray dogs and devour them.

A winter spent in Erzeroom is a most dismal penance to a European. There are of course none of those amusements which in Europe cheer this gloomy season; your library is limited, and if it were not so you cannot always be reading; riding is out of the question, since the snow would engulph your horse, except on the beaten

roads, and there your feet would be frost-bitten in half an hour; and a walk over the same bleak snowy plain every day is but dull work. The great event of our lives which we wish and pray for day by day is the arrival of the post, which happens about once a-week, though, owing to the state of the roads, its advent is most irregular. With what delight do we turn out from the bag the heaps of newspapers and letters that are to us the only substitute for the stirring pleasures of a European life! About Christmas the snow falls in immense quantities, and from time to time *tepehs* or snowstorms occur, burying whole caravans which have been venturesome enough to brave the weather. These blinding snowstorms often overtake the poor peasant as he passes from one village to another, in which case he is found cold and stiff the next morning, perhaps buried in a snowdrift a few yards from his own door.

During my winter residence in Erzeroom, I had ample opportunities of observing the Turkish mode of providing for the ensuing campaign. In January orders came from Constantinople that a quarantine was to be established at Toprakallé on the Persian frontier. Now there had been no epidemic of any kind, nor even a rumour of any disease in Persia, to render such a measure at all necessary. This quarantine was moreover to be established on one of the most important inlets for provisions. Through Toprakallé we obtained all our rice for the camp at Kars. Why, then, subject the Persian traders to five days' detention and heavy imposts? The answer is obvious: simply to provide for a few more Con-

stantinople victimizers. To serve a few of those creatures who swarm in the antechambers of the capital, interests were to be sacrificed, of vital importance to the empire.

The utmost injustice and the wildest disorder were manifested in quartering the troops, and in obtaining provisions; for example, 600 horsemen were to be quartered in the villages of Kian and Chiftlik, on the Erzeroom plain: it was found that two-thirds of these men were crowded into the latter village, about a third of the size of the former. Why this injustice? Because the inhabitants of Kian, being richer, had bribed the commanding officer to deal lightly with their homesteads; while the poor people of Chiftlik, unable to afford a present, found in the spring that their seed-corn had been eaten, their cattle sold, of necessity, to make room for the cavalry, the village itself well nigh abandoned, and forming one more roofless hamlet, attesting the misery of avaricious misrule.

Vast quantities of grain, straw, and other agricultural produce, are required for the army, and have to be collected from the villages; and here is a fine field for peculation laid open to the inferior agents of government. Twenty somars of barley are demanded from the village of Yenikeui, for example; the officer requires twenty-five or thirty: with much apparent difficulty he is induced to accept a present from the villagers in lieu of the five or ten somars: thus he makes money as he passes from village to village. The peasantry are paid by the government by means of *seneds*, or orders on the treasury. As the Turkish treasury does not enjoy a very sound reputation, these seneds are afterwards bought up for an old song

by Armenian bankers, who have great influence with the Government, and who, in the course of their transactions with pashas in place, contrive to get a considerable profit from these securities.

Turkey is said, or was said, to have no national debt; if the just claims of all her peasantry were acknowledged, her debt would at least equal our own.

In the month of January, 1855, an event occurred which, though at first sight of mere individual interest, proved in the end to be of the greatest public importance. The British Government induced the Porte to grant to their Commissioner, General Williams, the rank and authority of a Lieutenant-General in the Sultan's army; accordingly a firman, or commission, arrived in Erzeroom, conferring the rank of Ferik, with the style and title of Williams Pasha. There was much significance in this event; in the first place, the General was the first officer admitted to the Sultan's service with his infidel name. Hitherto it had been the custom of the Turks to name all foreigners in their service much in the same manner as we name our negroes in the West Indies; thus, as these latter are distinguished by the names of Cæsar, Castor, Pollux, &c., so the Franks who are employed by the Ottomans, are termed Wisdom Bey, Councillor Effendi, &c., their names being usually Persian. No Mussulman name is ever given them, unless they adopt the faith of Islam, and they never retain their Frank name; so that the designation of Williams Pasha was quite an innovation. His appointment produced the greatest consternation amongst the officers of the army, most of whom, as I have already mentioned, were worse than worthless; the General, it

was well known, had done his best to have these men removed from the army, the ruin of which they had pretty nearly accomplished; but their friends in Constantinople were too powerful; personal considerations far outweighed any claim of the public weal, and with one or two exceptions, in which the offenders were guilty of crimes of far deeper die than habitual drunkenness, glaring peculation, and utter incompetency, these men remained to inflict still deeper misery and disorder on a ruined army.

Soon after this Turkish appointment, an event occurred which threatened us with the greatest disasters; this was no less than a revolt amongst the tribes of Kurdistan. It is only within the last ten years that Kurdistan has really been governed by the Turks: it is true that the wild people inhabiting that romantic region which forms a mighty frontier of almost impassable mountains between Persia and Turkey have, ever since their conversion to Islamism, acknowledged the Sultan of Stamboul as the Caliph or spiritual head:—so do the Khans of Bohkara and Khiva. But this kind of suzerainty differs much from that state of subjection which admits of the residence of a Turkish pasha and the payment of regular tribute. About every five years an army is sent against some part of Kurdistan, and the mode of reducing the rebellious province is curious. The Turkish General assembles his force of perhaps six or seven thousand regular troops with artillery, besides which he is authorised to raise a large force of irregulars, and with these he marches against the disaffected district. Nothing like a pitched battle ever occurs. The Kurds, in detached bodies of light horsemen, hang on the flank and rear of the army, skirmishing

with the Government irregulars during the day, creeping into the encampment and stealing the horses during the night. Occasionally the natives bid defiance to the Government from some old castle perched on a rocky eminence, but which being probably commanded by some neighbouring hill, is quickly reduced by artillery. In like manner, if a stand is made in some rocky pass, the frightful effect of a few shells thrown amongst these warriors soon disperses them. Meantime the principal officers of the invading force make a profitable business of the campaign: they lay waste all the villages of the district,—often inhabited by inoffensive Christians,—drive off their flocks and herds, which they sell, and protract the war to an indefinite extent. The Kurds, as the regular army approaches, retire into their fastnesses in the mountains, and sustain a guerilla warfare, for which their habits of life peculiarly fit them. When this state of things has gone on for some time, the campaign is generally concluded by the treacherous seizure or poisoning of some great chief, on which his followers disperse themselves and return to their homes.

The customs and mode of government in these Kurdish mountains present many points of analogy with those of the ancient Scottish Highlanders; the people are devotedly attached to their chiefs, whom they blindly follow and obey; the nearest relations of the chief performing for him almost menial offices. I recollect once arriving at the stronghold of one of these Highland lords, and finding the chief asleep under a mulberry-tree, while two of his brothers were gravely fanning him. The costume of the mountaineers varies in different districts, but they

are all passionately fond of gay colours, handsome arms, and large turbans. In the broad valleys at the base of the mountains the people are all horsemen, riding strong and active ponies with a good infusion of Arab blood pervading the race. They are bold riders, but by no means equal to the Arab in the fine hand and instinctive knowledge of the horse. In the high and craggy regions where a horse has scarcely room to tread, these mountaineers do not ride, but tread on foot the dizzy precipices with the confidence of a mountain goat, and are all armed with well-made native rifles. The language of these tribes much resembles the Persian; it may indeed be termed a dialect of that language. The tribes are numerous, and often differ widely from each other in physiognomy, language, and religion; the Yezidees, for example, or devil-worshippers, are a remnant probably of the disciples of Zoroaster; some tribes there are who worship the cow, at the same time that they profess a form of Islamism. It is probable that other curious traces of ancient peoples might be found in some remote solitudes of Kurdistan by an adventurous ethnologist. On one occasion, while traversing a lonely valley in these mountains, probably never before trodden by a European foot, I came upon a tribe of nomad Jews, dressed in the costume and speaking the language of the Kurds, but called *Yahoudi* by the surrounding population, and bearing in their countenances the most unmistakeable traces of their race. I have also travelled through Christian districts, where, among the Nestorians, a pure form of Christianity exists, surrounded by hostile tribes who

esteem it a merit to dip their hands in the blood of all who profess not Islam.

Whenever any warfare has broken out in Kurdistan, it has been marked by the most savage cruelty; the prisoners who fall into the hands of the victors are often murdered wholesale in cold blood, their noses, ears, and hands are cut off, they are impaled or skinned alive, while the young girls are carried into captivity. The Yezidees and Nestorian Christians are especially subject to these atrocious persecutions.

When intelligence arrived of the revolt of a great Kurdish chief, Ezdinsheer Bey, of his having already taken possession of Jezireh, and of hundreds of wild mountaineers flocking to his standard, we all stood aghast. The whole country south of Erzeroom was almost stripped of regular troops; any irregular levies would probably have as much if not more sympathy with the Kurds than with the Turks; and service with the former, which promised unlimited plunder, would be more attractive than that of the Turks, which afforded but doubtful prospects of pay. Our communications and supplies were now endangered; the tribes would probably receive every encouragement from the common enemy, who would be much too wise not to turn to the best account such a formidable diversion in his favour; in short, the danger was imminent, and every hour of delay increased it. As the tardy movements of the Turks and their peculiar mode of repressing insurrections were notorious, all eyes were now turned to General Williams, from whom effective measures were expected. It is true he had no

men, arms, or munitions of war at his command, but he was the representative of England, and in the hour of danger the Turks looked to him for counsel and assistance. Under the circumstances, I suppose the true diplomatic course prescribed to him would have been to report the danger to his Government and wait for instructions: by the time these had arrived he would doubtless have had other catastrophes to report. Instead, however, of observing this strict rule of international etiquette, the General chose at once a clever and energetic renegade Polish officer in the Turkish army, made him, for the time being, a British agent, and sent him to offer terms to the rebel in the name of England and France; threatening him at the same time with annihilation by means of a powerful allied army, in case of refusal. Mahmoud Effendi, the agent in question, arrived just as Mehemed Cavakli Pasha, with three or four thousand regulars and as many more irregulars, had begun to skirmish with the Kurds; and, by way of striking terror into the rebels and encouraging the peaceful subjects of the Sultan, was laying waste Christian villages, and collecting a vast amount of plunder. His whole line of march from Mosul to Jezireh was rendered a desert, all the flocks and herds being driven off, and the villages destroyed. The rebel Ezdinsheer Bey was retiring before him into his fastnesses, and gathering force as he traversed the disturbed districts. Mahmoud Effendi witnessed the most horrid scenes of barbarous cruelty, when he arrived at the tent of the Turkish commander. A number of wounded Kurdish prisoners were writhing before his tent, while their wives, not allowed to approach to give them water or dress their wounds, stood weeping

at a distance. Large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were being driven to the Ottoman encampment by bands of regular and irregular soldiers. The Pasha, on hearing of Mahmoud Effendi's mission, put him under arrest as an impostor, but on seeing his credentials he grew frightened, and let him out again; on which the envoy proceeded at once to the rebel and, by the energetic language he used, prevailed on him to deliver himself up to the nearest British consul; so he at once took refuge in Mosul, while his followers dispersed. Thus by a bold and prompt measure, undertaken on his own responsibility, General Williams effected in a few days what it would have taken a larger Turkish army than that under Mehemed Cavakli Pasha as many months to accomplish: and thereby he probably saved the southern half of Turkey in Asia. As invariably happens whenever a Kurdish chief breaks loose, this Ezdinsheer Bey had been guilty of frightful barbarities. He had skinned some of his victims alive, had cut the throats of others, and had already secured a number of young boys and girls, the children of Yezidees, whose villages he had plundered; and these poor children were being distributed amongst his followers as slaves. The word of an Englishman has such magic power in the East, that this rebel, when he had ascertained the validity of Mahmoud Effendi's mission, at once chose rather to deliver himself up to the safe keeping of the Consul at Mosul, than run the risk of a hazardous mountain campaign, with followers difficult to manage, and ready to desert their colours on the least reverse. Not all the promises of all the viziers and pashas of the Turkish Empire could have enticed this wary

chief into their power, since he well knew the faithlessness of such men. When Mahmoud Effendi arrived in Mosul with his charge, an attempt was made by the Pasha there to get the chief into his power, which was however defeated by the firmness of the French Consul, the English Consul being absent at the time.

This wise and firm act of General Williams satisfied all parties that he was the man for an emergency. To employ a foreign officer to make terms with the rebel of a foreign state was at first sight an indefensible act; but circumstances sometimes force a wise man to break through rules which cannot be too strictly observed in ordinary times; and all right-minded men have, I believe, awarded the General the meed of praise which he so justly merited.

On the 19th of February the new Mushir of the army, Vassif Pasha, entered Erzeroom. He was a man of quiet, inoffensive disposition, with about as much military knowledge or experience as might be expected from any Fleet-street shopkeeper taken at hazard from his counter. His antecedents were those of nearly all the Mushirs; he had been, as a boy, the slave of old Hosref Pasha, and so had begun life with gold and preferment within his reach. I believe he had never heard a gun fired in earnest; he scarcely knew how to read or write: his accomplishments were limited to smoking a narguileh and gracefully receiving visitors; nevertheless, he was a good man, and one of the best Turkish pashas I ever met with.

During the month of March a *chappow*, or postman, reached Erzeroom from Persia, and we eagerly inquired

what was the news from Teheran. Great events seemed to be portending. We heard that an army of 50,000 men was being raised by Government to take part in the war, and that a corps of observation was already stationed at Khoi. The Russian Minister had been told that nothing hurtful to the interests of the Czar was meant by this armament; while the English Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Thompson, had received a similar answer; nevertheless, our hopes were strong that Mr. Murray, then on his way to Teheran, was the bearer of warlike instructions. I cannot say that our position at that time was calculated to enable us to form an unbiassed judgment as to the policy of inducing Persia to assist us; we only knew that the wretched remains of a beaten army was at our disposal to defend Asia Minor, whilst portentous rumours of vast preparations, going on at Gumri, reached us from time to time; and we naturally wished for a powerful diversion on the side of Persia. The next post from Teheran told us that the Russian Minister had demanded the instant repayment of a crore of tomauns owing by Persia since the last war, and had only withdrawn his claims on the assurance that all warlike preparations should cease.

Meantime, I had ample opportunity of watching the domestic government of the Turks in a provincial city like Erzeroom, which is considered one of the best-governed places in the empire,—thanks to the wholesome influence of Mr. Brant, the British Consul. I cannot forbear giving two or three instances of the Turkish mode of dealing justice, which I extract from my diary.

March 21.—An Armenian tells me that, when riding

into town two days ago, a Mussulman cameldriver stopped him and claimed his horse, asserting that it was his property and had been stolen from him. The Armenian immediately summoned two or three of his neighbours to bear witness that the horse had been bred in his village and was his *bonâ fide* property; on which the Mussulman maintained the contrary, and summoned his neighbours to swear that they had known the horse ever since it was a foal. The Cadi then decided that the previous evidence was of no avail, as it was not Mussulman testimony. The poor man was thus on the point of losing his property, when he luckily found two Mussulman friends, who swore to the fact of the horse having been his property; the animal was therefore restored to him, but the cameldriver left the court unpunished. This happened many months after the publication in the French newspapers of the firman announcing that hereafter Christian evidence was to be received.

Just before the declaration of war Mr. Ede, a merchant of Constantinople, bought about 600*l.* worth of wool in Georgia, which was allowed to pass the frontier at the moment that hostilities broke out. This wool was seized at a village on the frontier by several Mussulmans of substance and divided amongst them. Mr. Brant, after much trouble, succeeded at length in discovering the individuals who had seized it, and demanded of the Pasha that they should be made to restore the value of it. The Pasha objected, on the score of the want of Mussulman evidence. After much difficulty the Mudir of the village was induced to give his evidence before the mijlis. This so disgusted the Turks, and especially the Pasha,

that he threw the man into prison, where he received a hint that 5000 piastres would release him. Mr. Brant by urgent remonstrances had him set free, the Pasha alleging as a reason for his imprisonment that he was a Russian spy. Shortly after his release his son was thrown into prison, and had to pay 4000 piastres for his release.

Dr. Vlakos, an Ionian, had been robbed by a Mussulman. He identified the thief, and much of the stolen property was found on him; he could, moreover, bring witnesses, but all these were Christians, and, consequently, their evidence was inadmissible: the thief is at large, and defies justice. The above cases, taken at random, are instances of what is of daily occurrence throughout the Turkish Empire. The laws of God, and the instinctive ideas of justice implanted in the human breast, cannot thus be violated with impunity; retribution follows naturally. The oppressed Christians regarded the Russian invasion with favour; they furnished the enemy with every kind of information and assistance in their power, to help forward an incursion, for which the wretched state of these provinces had given a plausible excuse; while the paralysis of all moral feeling in the inhabitants, and the ruin and poverty of the land, rendered a defensive war from the beginning most difficult.

While staying at Erzeroom this winter I had ample opportunity of forming some Turkish acquaintances. You require no letter of introduction to become as intimate as you choose with a Turk. He has certain ideas of hospitality which favour sociability. One leading idea in his mind is, that you cannot depart from his house without either eating or drinking. The former takes place only

at meal times, and if you are the most perfect stranger and happen to call at his breakfast or dinner-hour he will never allow himself to be incommoded, but has his tray of eatables brought in, and, inviting you to partake, he begins at once to eat. At other than meal-hours no food is to be found in the house, since each meal is consumed by a troop of servants; but you have always to drink coffee and smoke a pipe. This is *de riguer*. One of my acquaintances,—though not an intimate one,—was Ziah Bey. He was a handsome, gentlemanly young fellow, and rode a superb Arab horse. His income might have been four or five thousand a year, a princely fortune for this region. In a conversation I had with an old resident of Erzeroom I expressed much curiosity to know the origin of the wealth of the Mussulmans of the interior: that of the Turks in the capital is clearly from Government sources, but a wealthy Turk of Constantinople would never dream of settling in the provinces. The Bosphorus is his Paradise on earth; he has there the pleasures of the country with the convenience of the city. He may live entirely as a Turk in a Mussulman quarter, and when fancy dictates may stroll over to Pera to see the wonders of Frank invention. It still remained to me a mystery how there could be any wealthy man in the interior, since the rooting out of the Deribeys, for the Mussulmans have neither the industry nor ingenuity of the Christian, and would, with all their advantages, infallibly be beaten in rivalry with him. Perhaps the family history of Ziah Bey may serve as an example how Mussulman wealth is often obtained in Turkey.

The grandfather of this gentleman was a bullying, swag-

gering Janissary, one of the true lords of the country, whose ample turban overshadowed a truculent face which seemed to bid defiance to every living being, and whose mouth was adorned with a pair of monstrous moustachios, such as only a Janissary could produce or bring to perfection. By means of a character compounded of swagger and cunning he became the terror of the surrounding country, and was employed by the governors on all occasions where any districts or villages waxed fat and insubordinate, and required depletory measures. Did a Kurdish chief carry his depredations too far, neglecting to send his present to the pasha?—the Janissary was employed to root him out; and seldom failed to bring in his head and a good share of plunder. Did a Christian village possess some girl or boy of uncommon beauty, and the Pasha wished to possess himself of the prize to send as a present to Constantinople to his patron minister, or to keep in his own harem?—the Janissary would manage the affair quietly for him. On all such occasions he so distinguished himself that his original name, Osman, Ahmed, or whatever it might have been, was lost in the surname of Jehenum Zade, or the *Son of Hell*, in which he gloried. His protection was sought, and handsomely paid for, by many a trembling Christian, whose wealth might have subjected him to a false criminal charge by some greedy pasha; but once under the avowed protection of Jehenum Zade, none would care to meddle with him, and he might in his turn bully his Christian brethren. After a boisterous career, during which this Child of Hell had amassed much wealth and plunder, he departed to his long home, leaving an only son and heir. This latter began a career similar in

many respects to that of his father, only that he arrived at the same end,—the accumulation of wealth,—by somewhat different means. He was not a fierce blustering Janissary, bristling with arms, but a sleek, white-turbaned, smooth-bearded mollah, given to reading the Koran, frequent ablutions, prayers five times a day, and ostentatious alms-giving. He began by changing his name from Jehenum Zade, which he had inherited from his father, to Jenet Zade, thus renouncing the title of Son of Hell and adopting that of Son of Heaven. The old passion for money was as strong in the son as in the sire. Endowed with strong sense, a clear head, and no small talent for intrigue, he soon became possessed of unbounded influence throughout the country. In the deliberations of the mijlis and of the mehkémé the opinion of Jenet Zade was law; none dared gainsay it. Was there an important trial to take place?—the litigants sought him out to ask his advice, which he gave according to the value of the accompanying present. Did Ahmet owe Abdullah a large sum, and deny the debt?—by sharing the spoil with Jenet Zade he was sure of half his booty. In short, he may be said to have enjoyed the offices of judge and advocate at the same time, with the handsome emoluments accruing from both. Being a mollah, well read in the Koran, of great reputed sanctity, he was very frequently Cadi, and of course could not refuse the presents which poured in upon him from clients anxious for a favourable decision. It ought to have been premised, that the office of cadi is only held for one year by one of the mollahs, or priests, of a certain order, after which it devolves on another in rotation. Should the next one,

as often happens, be a resident of Constantinople, it is never worth while for him to travel, with the whole of his establishment, to a distant part of the empire, a movement which would cost him more than the value of his place. On such occasions, then, he sells the appointment to some mollah of influence on the spot. Thus it was that Jenet Zade was very often the Cadi of Erzeroom.

Amongst other things our friend was a great corn-factor, and he discovered a safe and profitable mode of speculating in grain. He would buy up a large quantity, and then send out emissaries to all the villages for miles around, warning the peasantry to bring no corn to market for the present, as the Government intended to seize it for the troops. The advice of so holy a man was as law; a scarcity was the consequence, and when the governor of the city was induced to offer a very high price for grain, his storehouses were opened, his coffers filled, and his emissaries again despatched to advise the people to bring in their corn. While intent on amassing wealth, he knew too well the dangers of every rich Turkish subject to neglect the usual means of making friends among the high and influential, as well as the common people. When any pasha was to pass through Erzeroom on his way to his seat of government, or any governor on the road to Constantinople, they were entertained with boundless hospitality. A messenger would meet the great man at a konag's distance, to tell him that the house of Jenet Zade was at his disposal, and everything he had belonged to the Pasha. Then, before entering the city, he would see a small troop of horsemen, and behold Jenet Zade, in his clean white muslin turban and spotless robe, come out with his

household to do the *istikbal* in his honour. The Pasha is guided to his house, is seated on his softest cushions, all his attendants and horses are fed and cared for, and finally a handsome Arab horse is pressed upon the departing guest.

The governor of the city, whoever he was, generally ruled through Jenet. Hamdi Pasha one day quoting Jenet Zade to a friend of mine, the latter answered, "Jenet Zade—Jenet Zade!—I hear nothing but his name; cannot your excellency act without consulting him?" The poor Pasha laid his hand on my friend's arm, and in a half whisper said, "Jenet Zade is rich; he sends presents to Constantinople,—horses, slaves, gold. What am I? If I resist him, he can raise the population, can misrepresent me as he chooses, and have me turned out!"

I have not mentioned another source of wealth. This holy man, so powerful in Erzeroom, was often chosen by dying parents to be the guardian of their children; and if these children ever got any of their heritage, they were lucky; at all events they never escaped heavy taxation, for the benefit of their guardian's coffers. A career of unchecked prosperity made Jenet Zade fat and saucy; he considered himself secure from fortune's frowns; and on the nomination of a new pasha he received him more as an inferior than as the governor of a province, and, worse than all, he neglected to give his customary presents. In short he had miscalculated the new pasha's influence, and instead of beginning by ingratiating himself, he made him a deadly enemy. It was not long before two factions were formed in Erzeroom; one composed of old residents and creatures of Jenet Zade, the other of all who acknow-

ledged the Pasha as the Sultan's *alter ego*, and whose aspirations were towards Stamboul.

In this state of things a host of enemies, who were formerly silent, now sprang up, and brought charges against the falling man. All were listened to and encouraged by the Pasha, who made strong representations at the capital against this pestilent fellow. It was in vain that fresh presents of greater magnificence were sent to soften the hearts of those in authority; they were all of no avail, and Jenet Zade was summoned to Constantinople to answer for his crimes. He departed, taking with him several thousand pounds in gold, to pave his way; and by means of this potent alchemy he was at last enabled to obtain permission to make the *hadj* to Mecca. He died on the road, in the odour of sanctity, leaving a son and daughter to inherit their father's wealth and honours.

The present Ziah Bey is a young man of about thirty, who inherits but the shadow of his father's influence. He has already spent two-thirds of his father's wealth in a course of riotous living. The daughter was married to one of the notables of Erzeroom, and now reigns in his harem.

I often had long gossips with a very old resident, who had in his youth been a member of the Levantine Company. How he used to expatiate on bygone glories, and describe to me what a British merchant was in those days; how he *was* a British merchant; kept his stud of horses, his fifty servants, his streets of warehouses, and employed as shoeblacks and errand boys the beggarly Greeks who have now subverted him by lying, cheating, and all kinds of knavery! He would tell me the most

singular anecdotes concerning the rise of certain Greek families, who now influence the money-market, and have branch establishments in half the capitals of Europe and Asia. He would describe to me how impossible it was for a British merchant to live near a Greek; how the latter bribed all the custom-house *employés;* while by filling his counting-houses with relations, who lived on bread and olives, he was able to undersell Mr. John Bull, who liked to have things respectable and comfortable.

The British merchant, or agent in the Ottoman Empire, during the existence of the Levantine Company flourished exceedingly. The valuable products of the East, procured with great toil, and conveyed with greater difficulty by the native merchants from the interior of Asia Minor, from the shores of the Red Sea, from Persia, or from those inhospitable countries which extend beyond its confines into the heart of Central Asia, were of necessity brought to his warehouses to be exchanged for the more useful, if less gorgeous, productions of British industry. Possessed of a monopoly of trade with England, he was thus enabled to amass great riches with a pleasant facility. To this day, in Smyrna, Aleppo, Damascus, and other Eastern cities, members of the old merchant families are found, who dwell on the glories of the good old times, and deplore the extinction of so lucrative a privilege.

But this monopoly, like all others, was only favourable to the acquisition of wealth by a class: it was injurious to the general interests of both home and foreign communities; and when at length the prevalence of sounder commercial views led to its extinction, the instability of the fabric,

which had been erected under its protection, was unmistakeably proved. The Greek merchant, no longer compelled to bring his goods to the unprofitable market of a middleman, readily extended his sphere of operations, and founded houses in every great European port and manufacturing city, to which he remitted his Asiatic merchandise, and whence he in turn imported such manufactures as his accurate judgment of the wants of Eastern life taught him to select. In place of uncertain profits and a limited trade, he was thus enabled to lay the foundation of that commercial system, which is now represented in London alone, by no less than sixty Greek firms of repute. Nor have the Greeks alone benefited. British exports have increased in proportion to the activity and intelligence of the vendors; and whereas the sale of our wares under the old system was almost stationary, under new guidance those fabrics, which are most alluring to Eastern taste, or most suitable to Eastern necessities, have penetrated to new markets, and secured a vast expansion to our trade.

The British merchant alone suffered from the discontinuance of his chartered privileges. Long exempted from wholesome competition, and unused to the far inland trade and its peculiar customs, he found himself on the one hand unable to compete with his rival in the chosen field, while on the other the market he had been taught to look on as his own peculiar domain, was thrown open to the easy access of every competitor. The stream of prosperity deserted his for other channels, and to this day there appears but little likelihood of its reverting to its old course; for the British merchants in the Levant are undistinguished in the commercial world for either wealth

or ability: and if they retain a trace of their former influence, it is rather due to personal character and the weight which attaches to their nationality, than to any mercantile eminence. Little knowledge of human nature is required to discover that the true causes of their decline and present inferiority of position are the very last to which they would voluntarily confess. Neither is it at all surprising that they feel disposed to attribute the successful rivalry of the Greek to penuriousness, fraud, and roguery, or any other bad quality, rather than to superiority in the honest pursuit of the object which themselves have in view.

The Greek merchant is accused of very sharp practice in his Eastern dealings, and it is asserted that this is carried to such a successful extent, that no man can gain a livelihood in the Levant; yet in Trieste and Marseilles, London and Manchester, it is admitted that the Greek firms are conspicuous for uprightness and honesty in their business transactions, and for a remarkable exemption from insolvency and bankruptcy, even in times of great commercial insecurity. Thus it seems that in the East, fraud is the secret of their prosperity, whereas in the West honesty proves itself the beneficial policy. In fact, we are required to believe that the Greek is a species of moral monster, who affords an illustration of the old proverb, or its exceptional proof, according to certain geographical limits. The truth, we strongly suspect, is, that the identical qualities which go to make a Greek successful in his European dealings, make him, in the absence of any adequate rivalry, eminently so in his own country.

The difficulty of organizing a successful competition in

the internal trade of European and Asiatic Turkey is undoubtedly great. A very peculiar and perfect knowledge, not only of the general custom and common law of the trade, but also of the local dealers, is essential. The whole of the internal trade of the East is based on a system of credit of astounding magnitude, which, unsupported by any written code of commercial law, would apparently defy all calculation, and which consequently deters every one, not perfectly versed in its intricacies, from engaging in it.

This commerce is sustained by the great annual bazaars or fairs, held in the different provinces of the empire, to which all the local manufactures and natural productions, stuffs, spices, drugs, &c., of the district are brought by the native dealers to be exchanged for the foreign bale-goods of the caravans. But this barter is not an immediate transfer of one for the other. A year's credit is given by the Greek merchant to the local dealer; the bale of goods is taken by the latter on the understanding that it is to be paid for a year afterwards at the succeeding fair. Very often this payment is deferred, fair after fair, for several years, and fresh articles supplied in the interim. Indeed, so long as inability and not dishonesty postpones the payment, it is the interest of the merchant to extricate his debtor from a temporary difficulty.

CHAPTER XII.

Condition of the army at Kars — Its abandonment by the authorities at Constantinople — Exertions of General Williams — Captain Teesdale — Supply of horses — The hospitals — The Author's medical staff — Case of insubordination.

THE state of the army at Kars was, early in 1855, most wretched, and filled us all with forebodings for the ensuing campaign. The central government appeared to have forgotten its existence altogether, and, absorbed in the great siege of Sevastopol, seemed to ignore altogether the fact of their Asiatic possessions being threatened by a formidable Russian army assembling at Gumri. Our soldiers were upwards of twenty-four months in arrears of pay; for shoes they had substituted a native slipper made of the untanned skins of animals; their uniforms were in tatters, and a large proportion were suffering from scurvy caused by unwholesome nourishment and long and dull confinement in the dark, ill-ventilated huts of Kars. Desertions had become so numerous that it was well known the province of Sivas alone contained 10,000 men who had left their colours, and many of these wrote and sent messages to their comrades recommending them to follow their example. On one occasion a whole battalion mutinied and insulted their officers, who had been plundering the men of their rations. Instead of any military punishment following this offence, the men were

drafted into other regiments, where they spread the infection. The cavalry was by far the worst branch of the army; scarcely 600 horses could be mustered fit for parade; their arms and accoutrements would have disgraced the irregular levies of the most barbarous nation. As a contrast to all this it was well known that the Russians were making the most formidable preparations for the ensuing campaign. It was clear that the whole strength of the allies was being concentrated on Sevastopol; while Mouravieff, one of the most distinguished leaders in the Russian armies, was about to abandon the defensive policy of his predecessor Bebutoff, and strike a blow at the least protected part of the Turkish frontiers. The utter abandonment of the Kars army, the unbridled license of its officers, and the ruin and disgrace consequent upon all this, took place under the auspices of Riza Pasha, the seraskier or minister of war; and he it was who, on the new Mushir taking leave of him and quitting the capital for Kars, in reply to the representations then made of the state of the army, quietly recommended the frontier fortresses to be abandoned, if the Mushir thought they could not be held. The pashas, to whom was entrusted the care of victualling the garrison, preparatory to the expected siege, were making money largely by their transactions. Their practice was to buy up all the corn, rice, &c., of the Persian and native traders, and then to force the army contractor, a Greek, to purchase his stores of them, of course at a considerable profit.

During the whole of the winter, young Captain Teesdale, young in years, but mature in all that related to duty, had resided in Kars, and, aided by his interpreter, Mr. Zohrab,

worked incessantly to secure the well-being of the troops. Captain Teesdale exhibited such a rare combination of firmness and conciliatory tact that he won all hearts; and Kherim Pasha, a grey-bearded, brave old General, never ventured on any act of importance without first consulting him. In March we were cheered by the arrival in Erzeroom of other English officers; and Captain Teesdale was then recalled thither to aid General Williams in fortifying that city, while Colonel Lake and Captain Thompson were despatched to Kars. On the thawing of the snow our labours commenced in earnest. General Williams, with Captain Teesdale, was engaged from early morning until sunset in fortifying all the heights round Erzeroom. He called together the city council, and requested that the bishops and chiefs of the Christians should also attend. When all were assembled, the General addressed them to the effect that now, when the country was menaced by a powerful Russian force, he earnestly trusted that all the Sultan's subjects would vie with each other in the defence of the city. With regard to the Mussulmans, he knew they were men of courage, and ready to fight to the last. "But," he added, turning to the Christians, "we look to you also. The time has come when you may shake off your thraldom, and take your place as free citizens; for the Sultan has granted you privileges, and declared all his subjects equal in the eye of the law. You will fight, then, for us; take your spades and come and dig with us at the batteries; we will welcome you as brothers." On hearing these strange and soul-stirring words, the Archbishop started up and exclaimed, "Oh! English Pasha, we are your sacrifice. We will work, dig,

fight, and die for you; since we are no longer dogs, no longer Ghiaours, but, though Christians, fellow-citizens and free men." The next morning the Turks were astonished at the crowd of Christians assembled with spade and mattock, and still more at the good will with which they worked, and the endurance with which they continued their labours. During this time I often heard Turks remark that Williams Pasha worked as no Pasha ever worked before. They admired him extravagantly, but could not understand him. Was he not a pasha? Was he not therefore rich; and by his rank and wealth entitled to place, decorations, and everything else? Why, then, should he work like a hammal—a common porter? This was incomprehensible.

I have said that General Williams worked incessantly at the fortifications in sun, rain, and snow; but this was his easiest task. There was a military council sitting, upon which devolved the care of supplying the army with provisions. Early in the winter the Government had agreed to tax a certain number of houses throughout Asia Minor, in order to furnish horses for the conveyance of provisions. The General foresaw that every kind of peculation would follow the adoption of this plan, and he earnestly remonstrated with the authorities at Constantinople, but without effect. His prediction, based on a thorough knowledge of the country and people, was fulfilled. The horses came, but the money allowed for barley on the road had been pocketed; and just when these poor animals were urgently needed, they were useless, staggering skeletons. Day after day, and hour after hour, the General urged on the council, then sitting, the

importance of taking the most energetic measures for re-victualling Kars; but the pashas and other officers never allowed this duty to interfere with their pipe and coffee, and when they did rouse themselves to exertion, a day was wasted with each muleteer in driving a hard bargain—a luxury the true Turk can never deny himself. At last the General's indignation impelled him to take the matter into his own hands, and then what a scene followed! No sooner was it known that the English Pasha wanted baggage animals, and that he was *kefil* (guarantee) for the pay, than hundreds of mules and horses were at hand, and the first batch was instantly engaged at the price asked. This naturally attracted a still larger supply; the price consequently fell; so that although the hire of the first hundred animals shocked the ideas of the pashas, they were astonished to find that crowds offered themselves, and that the prices fell in proportion. Hitherto there had been a positive scarcity of animals—a strange phenomenon in a city lying on the high road to Persia, and an emporium for the exports of that kingdom; but I have frequently seen the muleteers come within half a mile of the city and throw down their load, which was then taken up by porters and conveyed into town, while the animals returned to some village on the road to Trebizond, to escape being seized by the cavasses and zapties of the Government, who would first extort money from these men and then take their animals. When General Williams began to engage transport mules and horses, we got a large amount of corn and rice sent to Kars. Mr. Churchill, the General's secretary, worked hard at this department; and never were his practical, business-like talents more

needed, or more effectively exercised. I desire particularly to call attention to the important services rendered by the above-named gentleman in this department, and at this critical period. The month of April had arrived, our supplies were of an amount astounding from its insignificance, the pashas were utterly supine, the storehouses of all kinds empty, and had not General Williams taken into his own hands the whole commissariat, Kars must have fallen from famine in a week; while, with the key to Asia Minor thus in the hands of Mouravieff, and the summer before him, there was not an obstacle which could have prevented the Russians overrunning the whole empire to the Bosphorus. It is difficult to know which shall exceed,—admiration or regret; for while we cannot too much rejoice that that calamity was averted by our General's prompt decision and energy, we must lament that he did not enter Kars armed with plenary powers on this especial question, for then Kars would have been saved. The patience exercised towards the pilfering, imbecile pashas, was not the least of the General's virtues. Driven at last out of all hope in that quarter, he hurriedly took such measures as enabled him to supply to the town provisions in such quantities as sufficed for the whole garrison until the snow fell in October, 1855, and forbade further military operations. The sequel I need not here relate.

All our requirements were duly pointed out to the authorities at Constantinople, but without effect. Perhaps there was nothing to give; neither arms, money, nor clothes. It may be presumed, however, that there was authority left, and that the recommendations of the British

Commissioner for the removal of men who had disgraced themselves by every species of fraud and peculation might have been listened to and acted on. Yet this hope also was an utter failure. The General, however, put the best face on the matter. True, he had most disheartening work; and had he not been cheered from time to time by strong words of encouragement from Lord Clarendon, I know not how even he could have gone through his labours.

In the month of February, 1855, I had been appointed, at the instance of General Williams, Inspector of the Hospitals; and, as a brief account of this department of the army may not be uninteresting, I shall endeavour to describe my duties, and state a few collateral circumstances springing out of those duties. In the first place, my staff consisted of about fifty persons, including physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries. These were divided into three classes: the *hekims*, or physicians; the *jerachs*, or surgeons; and the *ezadjees*, or apothecaries. The physicians (hekims) were of various nations, French, Hungarians, Poles, and Italians; but the greater part were pure Turks, or Osmanlis, who had been educated at the Galata Serai, or medical school of Constantinople. The hekims were considered the most educated part of our force: the best of them, by far, were the Turks; the Europeans were, for the most part, ignorant pretenders—perfect Sangrados—without diplomas, or with very doubtful ones. I now found myself at the head of a body of officers who were, in truth, the only educated part of the army. Some of the Turkish physicians who had been instructed in Constantinople could speak French fairly,

while they had read a few French books, and knew something of the world beyond Turkey, and, better still, were anxious to know more. One young man was a descendant of Chosrew, the Grand Vizier of Bayazid Ilderim, and in virtue of that descent his family enjoyed a trifling pension from Government. He was one of the very best specimens of an educated Turk; free from all fanatical prejudice, and sincerely anxious for the welfare of his country. Under the present system such men can never hope to rise to eminence; they are marked men. Yet let us hope that a better day is dawning for Turkey; there are good men ready for the work of real reform, and only waiting for the signal to commence their labours. Some few of the Turkish hekims were very fair operators, and were well grounded in the principles of their profession. They were, moreover, most modest and anxious for that improvement which increased facilities, and an enlarged intercourse with more advanced nations, cannot fail to bring within their reach. The surgeons, or jerachs, were of quite another class. These were ignorant barbers, who professed to bleed, draw teeth, and dress wounds, but whose surgical knowledge went no further. Nevertheless, among these were many docile and tractable, who, with fitting opportunities, would soon far surpass the old class of Turkish practitioners. The medical department was, in truth, at a very low ebb; less on account of the inefficiency of the staff than because they were, as usual in that land of plots, split up into numerous factions, and intriguing against each other. Moreover, they had been habitually insubordinate to their former chief, and enjoyed little, if any, consideration from the superior military

officers among their own countrymen. The hospital supplies were a marvel and a phenomenon! Here we were, in the heart of Armenia, and when I inspected the drug-depôt I found cosmetics, aromatic vinegar, *eau de luce*, scents, and other dainties and medicines *de luxe*, besides sundry instruments destined for the infirmities of ladies in an interesting condition; but the medicines really necessary for the use of an army in the field were scarcely to be found, and the few that did exist were of the most worthless description. There was croton-oil sufficient to purge the whole population of Armenia, linseed sent from Constantinople, costing in its transport ten times its intrinsic value, seeing that it is one of the commonest products of the country. I found, also, sufficient chloroform for 100,000 operations. All this shameful state of things had been progressing and intensifying since the commencement of the campaign. An individual had been for years past the purveyor of the medical departments, who, without let or hindrance, had furnished the army with the sweepings of the shops of Constantinople; damaged goods, worthless articles, old-fashioned instruments, and other unmarketable commodities, were by him bought up wholesale, at a nominal rate, and delivered to the Government at the highest tariff. The wealth which this man thus accumulated was enormous, and he well knew how to employ it. Numerous were the apothecaries and doctors who had gained their appointments solely through his agency; and that by means of a bribe, generally a month's pay, amounting perhaps, on an average, to about five pounds. I have good reason to believe that his money found its way into high places,

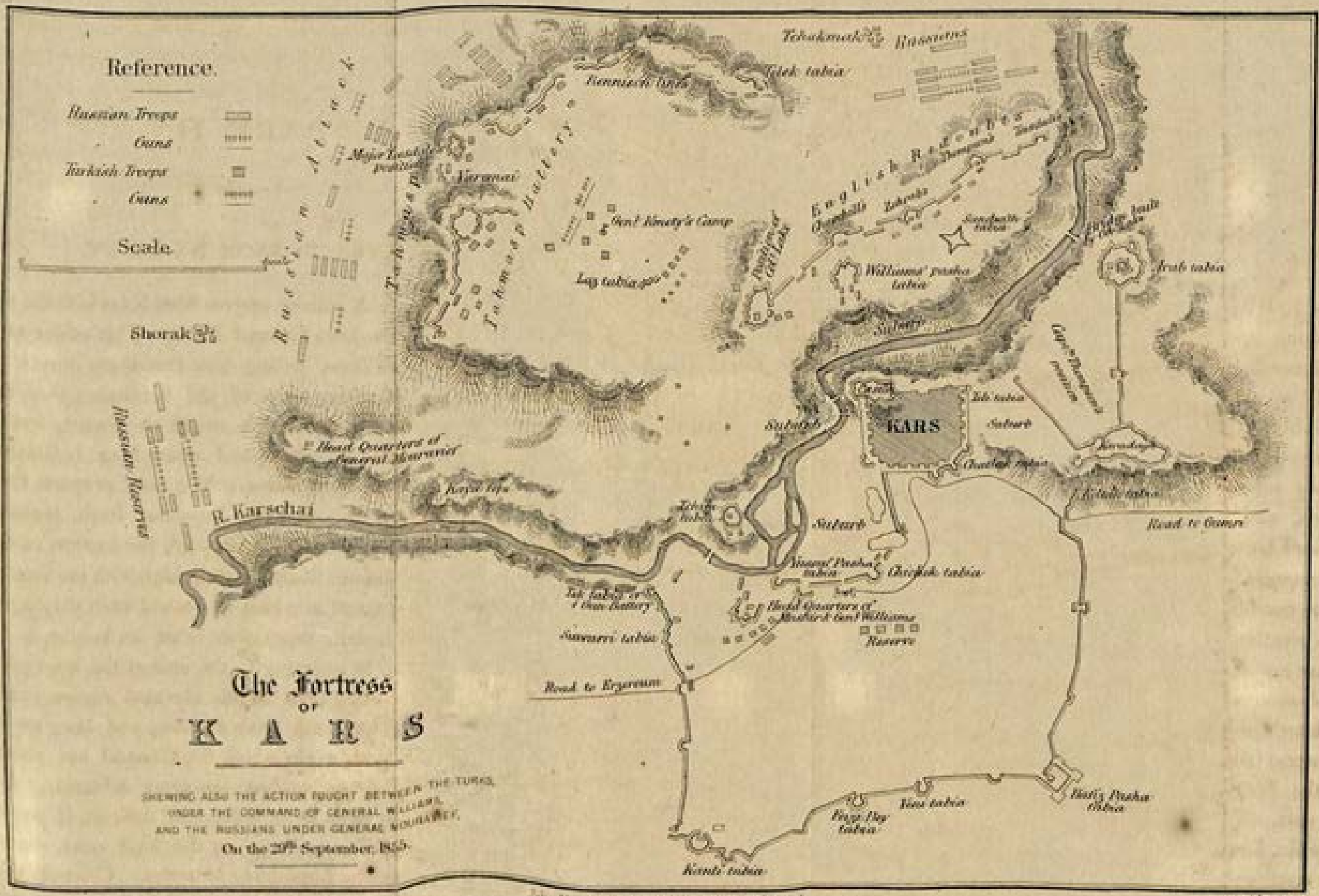
since, in spite of every exposure, he retains his post to this day, and poisons the Sultan's troops with impunity, to fill his own and others' coffers. No ambulances, or any means of conveying the wounded, existed; indeed, a sort of deathlike inactivity pervaded this department, for the commanders-in-chief had invariably turned a deaf ear to the suggestions and representations of its former Inspector-General. My appointment was useful, inasmuch as it brought the matter within the sphere of General Williams's influence, who was the terror of pashas, large and small; whose visit would at any time cause a cold perspiration to start from the great officials, and inspire a singular and galvanic simulation of activity in themselves and their myrmidons. I represented to the General that an ambulance-corps for the field was essential: ambulances were made, horses and mules were purchased. I ordered such and such individuals to different out-stations, and my authority was at once backed by the terrible English Pasha: and although I cannot deny that very serious difficulties did meet me, some of which were insurmountable, yet most of these disappeared under his energy and will. My aim in the management of the medical corps was not to remodel and reconstruct on my own plan, but to build upon old foundations, and to ensure proper discipline and order. I moreover did my utmost to utilize the resources of the country, and render myself independent of Constantinople; since the time required to obtain necessaries from thence was generally extended over months, and the articles received were of the worst description.

I began to form a pharmacopœia for the army; but

while thus engaged, I found a very excellent one, made expressly for the use of the Ottoman forces, but which, under the fostering care of the drug-purveyor, had been neglected and forgotten. Of course I adopted it. The use of water dressings, the greatest modern improvement in surgery, and of charcoal, the best preservative against hospital gangrene, soon took the place of stimulating unguents, hot poultices, and complicated bandages. General Williams was never for a moment inattentive to a request of mine; thus sanatory measures were the order of the day, and I may anticipate so far as to observe that, during the whole siege of Kars, to which I am perhaps too gradually bringing my readers, we never had an epidemic of typhus, nor did that enemy of surgery, hospital gangrene, ever appear; neither in that outpost of civilisation had we ever, until the last three days, a single patient without a bed. To General Williams's iron will and determination in all matters of hygiène in the camp must be attributed in a great measure this happy exemption; while to Salish Bey and Yiit Agha, names unknown beyond the scene of their labours, and to several other earnest, working men, whose noble qualities shone brighter and brighter as the siege advanced, would I here record my gratitude and admiration.

But I am bound to state that turbulence, and the long-established spirit of disobedience, were not expelled without an effort. One affair of insubordination occurred in my department at the very commencement of my labours at Erzeroom, which, as being illustrative of the habits of the people, I will briefly relate. A Polish refugee doctor was desired, in common with others, to proceed to Kars.

His answer was, that, being appointed solely to the hospitals of Erzeroom, he declined going. Being unable to show any paper proving that his appointment was thus limited, and persisting in his insubordination, he was put under arrest. In any army where the first principles of discipline had been recognised, such a case would have been easily disposed of; but so utterly had all order been driven from the Anatolian ranks, that this affair was not concluded until the highest authorities had rebuked official interference, and thus strengthened our General's effort towards that admirable discipline to which he was destined to raise this forlorn region.


Reference.
Russian Troops
Guns
Turkish Troops
Guns
Scale.
Shorak
Tchukmuk
Tchukmuk Redoubt
Tchukmuk Batteries
Major Teesdale's position
Karaman
Lieut Kinsky's Camp
Lag tabia
Russian Redoubt
Russian Batteries
Tchukmuk Redoubt
Tchukmuk Batteries
English Redoubt
Tchukmuk
Redoubt
Redoubt
Redoubt

PART II.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

June 1, 1855.—A courier arrives from Kars with the most alarming reports from Colonel Lake. This officer writes to General Williams, telling him that there cannot be a doubt as to the intentions of the Russians; they have assembled a most formidable army at Gumri, and an immense transport corps, and everything indicates a speedy advance upon Kars. We now prepare for a march, and on the 2nd of June our fresh, high-conditioned horses are caracoling through the eastern suburbs of Erzeroom, and our hearts beating high with the thoughts of the exciting game in which we should each play a part. The weather is hot, vegetation is at its height, and all nature seems to be enjoying to the utmost the brief period of blossom accorded to it in this elevated region. After an hour's ride we reach Deve Boynoo, and here we halt to inspect the earthworks which the General has planned as the first defence against an army advancing from the east. The ground is hilly, and difficult, if not impassable, for artillery, except on the high road, which is now commanded by formidable batteries. Colonel Calandrelli, an Italian engineer of high merit, is hard at work,

superintending a corps of labourers engaged: this day and the following the General devotes to urging on the completion of the entrenchments.

Monday, June 4.—We rise early on a cold but clear bright morning; we descend into the broad, well-watered and flowery plain of Hassan Kalé, and amuse ourselves by shooting sand-grouse on the road. About midday we observe two men galloping towards us, one with a led horse, and presently the long-drawn cry of the postman tells us that news is coming from Kars. We recognize in the first horseman Mahmood Effendi, an active Polish renegade, whom I had seen at Silistria and various parts of the Danube the year before. He brings despatches from the Mushir and Colonel Lake, the purport of which is that the Russians have already made a short march from Gumri, and are quite prepared to advance on Kars in great strength. It is said that Schamyl is dead, and that this has relieved them of the necessity of keeping a large force on the frontier. When Mahmood Effendi had communicated with the General, I called him aside to ascertain the real state of affairs. He gave me the most gloomy view of our prospects, declared that Kars could never stand against the force which would be brought against it, and that no retreat was possible in the face of the enemy's cavalry, which mustered 10,000. I learned from this that there were craven councils in Kars which might even overwhelm the gallant determination of Colonel Lake and Captain Thompson, so I was glad when I saw the General urge on our muleteer to use his best exertions to bring us early to the city. We encamp to-night at Keupri Keui. All the villages in this neighbourhood are wretchedly

small, and only paltry strips of land are cultivated. Here a magnificent bridge of ten arches, I believe of Persian workmanship, crosses the river Araxes. One or two arches are broken, and mended with wood.

Tuesday, June 5.—Another long day's march through an almost deserted country brings us to the village of Vezinkeui, nestled in a deep gorge under a rock, on the top of which is built a strangely-formed castle, now in ruins. Young Teesdale, whose professional zeal no fatigue can daunt, undertook to climb the craggy pinnacle and examine these ruins. On his return he offered no suggestion as to their antiquity or probable origin, but was quite enthusiastic as to their splendid position for a defence, even in these days of artillery.

Wednesday, June 6.—Our road to-day is more interesting, inasmuch as it lies along a valley watered by a stream, whose banks are garnished by shrubs of willow and rhamnus. We meet a convoy of 300 sick men from Kars. We also meet Madame Tashlar, the wife of a German officer, who is flying from the anticipated horrors of a besieged town. About 3 o'clock we pass the important ridge of the Soghanli Dagh, covered with pine forest, from which the surrounding country draws its supplies of timber; and on emerging from this we descend on the plain of Kars, and see that city at about twenty miles' distance. We encamp at the village of Chiplakli, in a rich and fertile meadow, through which flows a stream abounding in a coarse and bony fish.

Thursday, June 7.—We are met on the road by an escort of lancers and our English officers, and welcomed into Kars by the usual military honours due to the

British Commissioner. The camp of Kars was no longer to be recognized by one who had seen it last year, for Colonel Lake had been incessantly at work, and earth-works and mud-forts surround it on every side.

And now commences a new life to most of us, for although the Russians have as yet made no great advance, all doubt as to their intentions is at an end. We are in the presence of a powerful enemy, and we feel uncomfortably that our means of resistance are but too limited. Our regular army amounts to about 15,000 men, who as yet have seen only defeat; their ranks have been fearfully thinned by desertion, by typhus fever, and by scurvy; their clothes, now that the summer has come, may suffice, but the moment the cold nights set in they will be insufficient for warmth. Our cavalry may possibly be used for outpost duty, but who can behold them without a smile at the idea of their ever being brought to charge? Our provisions are insufficient for a siege of any duration; the exact amount is as yet unknown to any of us: some say we have three months' food, some two, while others, more brave and hopeful than the rest, firmly believe that the soldiers have, with due economy, bread enough to last even four months: but all this is conjecture. I consult one of my friends on this subject, and he thinks that there is no fear on the score of provisions, for when the Russians fairly unmask their plans, and the Central Government hears of our being invested, it will have ample time to send an army to our relief before we have consumed three months' provisions. "But," he went on to say, "we have a greater evil to dread,—something more imminent still,—low be it spoken. I dare scarcely whisper

the secret into your ear: we have but three days' ammunition. If Mouravieff advances by approaches, and we fire liberally, in three days we shall be disarmed." "God is great!" was my answer; "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

I returned to my quarters a sadder and a wiser man, and found the General in great irritation,—about a mere trifle truly! A vast depôt of corn had been left at Yenikeui, a long day's march from the city, and provision for some months was here concentrated, very much at the service of the Russians! I have much work to-day at the hospitals, and, waiting on the Mushir, prevail on him to write to Erzeroom for 2000 beds. I had asked for these three months ago, but they were never forthcoming.

June 9.—The Constantinople post arrives, bringing us intelligence of the capture of Kertch, which good news is of course published to the troops. Our scouts come in with intelligence that the enemy is in full march upon Kars. Our garrison certainly appears to be in good spirits. I ride round the batteries with the General, and see the soldiers at their positions. The roads from one fort to another are rocky and dangerous in the extreme, yet ordnance-carriages are rattling up and down them, and bullock-carts painfully toiling to reinforce the magazines. From the highest positions I reconnoitre with my glass, and observe our cavalry outposts on the horizon. Swartzenburg comes in and reports that the enemy are within five leagues; their number cannot be much less than 40,000, and they are accompanied by an immense number of arabas, or country carts. We all dine together, except Thompson, who has taken charge of the Karadagh,

a rocky and precipitous hill, on the eastern extremity of our works, strongly fortified. After dinner Lake and Teesdale, with Zohrab and Rennison as interpreters, go to their posts on the batteries. We adopt the fez to-day, as an allowable precaution against the Russian riflemen. The night closes in pitchy dark, and all is silent save the dogs of the city, which howl dismally as if they scented future battle-fields.

Let me now attempt, though but in humble guise, a description of Colonel Lake's fortifications. Kars, I must repeat, is situated under a precipitous rocky range of hills, in some parts quite impassable for artillery; but there are in most places rocky roads, where an active country horse can clamber up and down. This range of hills runs nearly east and west. The western extremity is an easy ascent, a sort of mamelon, called Tahmasp; the eastern extremity is called Karadagh, very rocky and difficult of access. Tahmasp is about two miles distant from the town; Karadagh about a mile. The range of hills is bisected by a deep gorge, through which flows a river, and over this river are four or five bridges, the most important having been thrown across by Colonel Lake. On the south of Kars a fine level plain stretches away for many miles, ere it is interrupted by a range of easy sloping heights. Colonel Lake's great care had been to fortify the heights which on most sides commanded the city. The year before, however, General Williams had planned and commenced several works, and some few open works existed before his advent. On the most commanding position on the west of Kars the Colonel had constructed a most formidable closed fort on the site of an open work,

which had existed years before under the name of Veli Pasha Tabia. Inside this was a block-house, so protected by earth as to be bomb-proof. This Veli Pasha Tabia, or Fort Lake, was justly looked upon with pride by our engineer. It was armed with four heavy guns (36 pounders), besides as many more of lighter calibre. The extent of country it commanded made it formidable in the extreme; in short, it was the key of the whole northern position, and the Colonel told me that if the Russians ever took this, the capture of Kars was certain.

Breastworks stretched away from this fort eastward to the gorge, a distance of about a mile and a half, and these lines were interrupted by two or three strong and closed redoubts. At the extremity of the gorge was a redoubt, called Teesdale Tabia, which that young officer had planned the year before: but this was open on the east so as to be commanded by a fort on the opposite side of the gorge, called Arab Tabia, and this latter was again commanded by the eastern forts of Karadagh.

I have thus given a hasty sketch of the northern defences of Kars; these were united to the works on the plain by breastworks and redoubts placed on the most commanding positions. A space of ground, much too large for our small force to defend, had to be enclosed on the plain by forts and breastworks; but the area was necessarily too extended; for all the commanding positions within a certain range must be occupied by our defences, or left to the enemy.

Sunday, June 10.—The morning is bright and clear, and we are all up before daylight. A fine old man, a notable of the town, what an American would call "a dis-

tinguished citizen," calls on the General and tells him that he and his fellow-townsmen are most anxious to fight for their homes and families, but the Civil Pasha insults and discourages them. They are armed, and burning with military ardour; all they want is to be recognised, and positions assigned them. "Inshallah!" (please God), exclaims Osman Agha, "Inshallah, we will bring scores of Ghiaours' heads and lay them at your feet, Veeliams Pasha." On which Veeliams Pasha holds up his finger menacingly, tells the old man that dead or wounded enemies were to be respected; that if any heads were cut off, he would leave the place in disgust,—that such practices were unworthy of decent citizens, and only fit for wild savages. But he applauded highly the spirit of patriotism shown by the people, told Osman Agha to assemble all the fighting men before the Mushir's tent, and that he, General Williams, would take care that they were organised, encouraged, and paid. "Wallah," exclaimed Osman Agha, "we want no pay; give the money to the Nizam; we are Karslis, we fight for our religion and our harems, not for pay; give us ammunition and chiefs, and show us what to do, and Inshallah, you will not find a coward amongst us."

Monday, June 11.—We are all in the saddle, about half-past three, A.M., and ride round the works; the troops are certainly full of enthusiasm, and Williams Pasha, or Ingleez Pasha, is already a great favourite. They see him everywhere; he is with the sentries at the menaced point ere the morning has dawned, anon he is tasting the soldiers' soup, or examining the bread, and if anything is wrong here his wrath is terrible. His eyes are everywhere,

and he himself ubiquitous. Each soldier feels that he is something more than a neglected part of a rusty machine: he knows he is cared for and encouraged, and he is confident of being well led; nor must I omit to say, that the Mushir Vassif Pasha, though unused to war's alarms, behaves well, and is only too anxious to follow the advice of General Williams. But the two most gallant leaders amongst the Moslems are Ismael Pasha (General Kmety), and Hussein Pasha, a Circassian, both of whom would do honour to any army.

While seated with the Mushir, begging him to grant some more supplies for the hospitals, a trooper enters the tent out of breath from hard riding; he salutes, and announces that the Ghiaours are advancing, and are already within three hours of Kars. I gallop off to tell the General the news.

In the afternoon another trooper is sent in to announce that the enemy has again retired on his main body.

Tuesday, June 12.—At midnight I accompany Colonel Lake round the sentries. Besides the cavalry pickets there are double lines of sentries, about twelve yards apart, with a sergeant to each twelve men. We have to give the parole every five minutes. On questioning the sentries as to their duties, their answers are often most ludicrous and confused. Colonel Lake undertakes at once the duty of instructing the men and subaltern officers in this important branch of their duties.

Teesdale makes a reconnaissance of the Russian camp. Mouravieff has sent a summons to the town of Ardahan to surrender; he himself has gone in the direction of Childir, with seven battalions, to meet the troops from Aklkellek.

We hear that Riza Pasha is dismissed from his post of Seraskier or Minister of War at Constantinople.

Wednesday, June 13.—We learn that reinforcements have been sent to us under Mehemed Cavakli Pasha: Ardahan is occupied by Russian troops.

Thursday, June 14.—I accompany Colonel Lake, as usual, in his midnight tour of inspection of the sentries; and after this duty is performed we ride forward to visit the outposts. It was still quite dark as we proceeded on our errand, and it scarcely showed signs of morning in the horizon when, after an hour's quiet riding, we reached the place where they were usually posted. We saw no one: we therefore despatched our two orderlies in different directions to reconnoitre in front. These presently report that the outposts are considerably in advance, so we move on. After about half an hour's ride the dawn just broke, and we came up with our cavalry pickets, about three or four hundred regulars, divided into a reserve and an advanced guard. Further in advance were a knot of perhaps sixty Bashi-Bozooks crowning the ridges. We inquire about the position of the Russian camp and ride on to see it, when I suddenly observed a body of cavalry apparently advancing. I pointed them out to the Colonel, who advised that we should retire on our pickets, which we did. I kept my eye on the dark mass, and was persuaded that it was moving, and that it looked as if it would cut off our retreat: our cavalry therefore commenced a steady and orderly retreat at a trot.

After the enemy had disappeared for a time in a valley he suddenly showed himself at no very great distance, when I exclaimed, "Colonel, they are coming on at full

charge." I had scarcely uttered the words when the Bashi-Bozooks in our rear raised a wild yell and a confused Arabic chattering, and charged down on us in pell-mell confusion. The regulars could not resist this, so each man put spurs to his horse, and a manifest disorder was observable in their ranks, when suddenly a whole Russian regiment swept down upon us; they were four times our number, and, discharging their carbines right into the mass before them, drew their sabres and went to work with a will. The yells, the shouts, the crash of pistol-shots, the tramp of horses, and the screams for mercy, formed a most exciting scene. Luckily for us the Russian horses were a good deal blown, and therefore were pulled up after about two miles of pursuit, during which my little Arab horse carried his master gallantly over most rocky and dangerous ground, where many others had fallen, and consigned their riders to certain death. I held him together, and felt that my 18*l.* had been well laid out.

I immediately retraced my steps with the rest of our broken corps, which was now re-forming. Some of the sabre-cuts received on this occasion were terrific. I saw one man's head as nearly as possible severed from the body. The remainder of our Bashi-Bozooks made a show of harassing the enemy's retreat, but I doubt if their pistol-shots took effect, seeing they were fired at 1000 yards' distance!

Friday, June 15.—This day passes uneventfully. Our General writes a strong letter to Mehemed Pasha, the governor of Erzeroom, blaming him for his want of zeal in not sending provisions, and urging him to further

exertions. There are fourteen pashas at Erzeroom, two of whom are receiving 500*l.* a month. The amount of their services to government bears no comparison, I need scarcely say, to their pride, ignorance, and rapacity.

Saturday, June 16.—While at breakfast this morning, for which we had earned an appetite during the night, a note comes in from Feizi Bey, saying that the enemy had struck their tents, and were marching towards us. The alarm is raised in the town, and all the citizens rush out to the batteries. It is the first day of the Bairam, and each man, woman, and child is in the gayest apparel. The gallant Karslis have slung on their scimitars, buckled on their cartridge-pouches, and shouldered their rifles; and in groups by the dozen, with hearts beating high, and glistening eyes, they are scaling the rocky heights above the city. Fine smooth-faced lads of 13 or 14, armed with some big old musket, or with some dead father's sword, are snatching a hurried embrace from a veiled figure—a mother, or sister—and then rush to the post of danger and of glory. The women crowd the house-tops and cry to each passing warrior, "God sharpen your swords! remember us, we are praying for you; go fight the infidels; God speed you!" In a short time each man is at his post; when, looking down from the batteries, we see the dark masses of the enemy steadily advancing over a broad plain of rich meadow-land, covered with brilliant yellow flowers. As they advance, a beautiful living panorama is before us. The enemy throw out their Cossack and Georgian skirmishers of irregular cavalry; these are met by our own Bashi-Bozooks, and a series of tournaments occur in the enamelled grassy space intervening between

the stern masses of advancing troops and our breastworks. Two or three regiments of cavalry, regular and irregular, now advance from the Russian lines, and, after a trot of a mile or two, charge our retreating squadrons of cavalry. The rout of the latter is complete; but the Bashi-Bozooks, under a gallant native chief from Damascus, Ali Bey, fight well while retreating. Suddenly puffs of dense white smoke issue from the Karadagh and Hafiz Pasha batteries, and the screaming balls are seen to plough through the dense Russian masses. The enemy's artillery is now brought up, but their balls glance harmlessly from the dense earthworks. The horsemen of both sides are mingled and rush for the entrance; but the Cossacks fall under the deadly fire of the batteries, while those on whom our guns cannot play are singled out by our riflemen, who line the rocky sides of Karadagh. The attempt to rush into our works has failed: after less than an hour's cannonading the enemy retires, while this repulse raises the spirits of our garrison to the height of enthusiasm. The cunning Russians had chosen for their attack the very day—the first of the Bairam, and the very hour—about 9 A.M., when the Turks deliver themselves up to idleness and rejoicing, and when all duty is neglected. Fortunately their propinquity for the last few days had kept us all in a constant state of vigilance. Our loss has been trifling—perhaps twenty, while that of the enemy must necessarily have been considerably more.

Monday, June 18.—Mehemed Çavakli Pasha has been recalled to Bagdad in consequence of the revolt of the Montefik Arabs.

A movement of the Russian camp is observed; the

reports are various and conflicting. At first it is said that the enemy is retiring to Gumri, and then, that a large corps is going to Akiska: we are all on the *qui vive.* About 10 o'clock the whole Russian army comes in sight, and a magnificent spectacle it is. About 40,000 men are in march towards our position; their cavalry, numbering 10,000, are in advance and on each wing. Vast grey bodies of infantry, whose arms gleam and flash in the rays of a morning sun, form the main body, while a powerful artillery is discovered in the intervals of the masses. In the rear of the army are carts and horses innumerable, covering miles of country, and laden with the necessaries to be consumed by so vast a host.

Our men are all at their posts, and we watch the movements of the enemy with much interest. After a while we observe the Russians gradually move from the Gumri road to march to the West, and we "slue" round our heavy guns to face them. We thus pass the greater part of the day, and towards evening the Muscovites encamp to the south of Kars, about four miles from our southern entrenched position. A heavy rain comes on this evening.

Tuesday, June 19.—We are all up before daylight, expecting an attack. Our whole camp is flooded with the heavy rains of last night. All is quiet, yet prepared.

Wednesday, June 20.—I narrowly escape an inglorious death, having been nearly drowned, with my horse, in a deep city fosse, into which he tumbled in the dark. We have a post in to-day, and some news of a mixed kind. We hear that 600 Lazistan riflemen are at a village close by, and will enter the town to-night. We are also told

that 2000 Abassian Circassians are on the march to our support. Mustafa Pasha, of Batoom, writes to the General, telling him that he has only 3500 men under him; and he is menaced by a vastly superior force of Russians, but that he is doing his utmost to send us native irregulars.

Thursday, June 21.—This morning 600 Lazistan riflemen enter the city, with banners of their own, all tri-coloured, with the star and crescent. They sing a wild chorus as they march. Each man is a model of a mountaineer, and wears a costume altogether peculiar to his country. He is armed with a beautifully-finished native rifle, often worked with arabesque of silver and gold. Besides this he carries a broad long dagger, called a *kama*, and often a brace of long pistols. These men live under the absolute command of their native-born chiefs. The centralizing influence of the Constantinople Government has scarcely reached them as yet; but though notoriously a wild people, and difficult to manage, they obey implicitly the command of their deribeys.

Friday, June 22.—We are deluged with rain. We hear that the Russians have sent for eight siege guns from Gumri; and, knowing the secret of our scanty ammunition, this is anything but welcome news. Ali Bey, the chief of the Laz, becomes discontented, since the Mushir, he asserts, has broken his promise of giving him some rank. General Williams interferes, and makes peace between the parties. Intrigues are discovered. The Civil Governor of Kars has been sending emissaries to all the armed citizens, instructing them not on any account to obey Williams Pasha, as he is a Ghiaour, and they good Mussulmans. The consequence of this is, that some flock to

the standard of a new chief, an unavowed but secret agent of the Pasha's, while the rest stand by Osman Agha, the man whom the General first recommended. On hearing this, the General calls a military council, sends for the Governor, and, before the superior officers, tells him that he knows all, giving his opinion pretty strongly as to *his* (the Pasha's) worth in that garrison, and recommending him to be on his good behaviour for the future. The Pasha is frightened and confused, and, after stammering out a few lies, he disappears.

June 23.—The rain pours in torrents, soaking through the roofs of the houses, and saturating everything. There is no chance of an attack for some time, since artillery cannot be moved through the heavy ground. A flag of truce comes in from the enemy, and Teesdale goes out to meet it. He returns with a number of our letters, opened of course. A post has been captured by the Cossacks. It is very provoking to have no newspapers, but we feel obliged to the Russian General for sending in our letters.

June 24.—The rain continues. The enemy patrols the country, intercepting our supplies. Mehemed Pasha, of Erzeroom, is, we hear, making great efforts to raise irregular forces.

June 26.—Early this morning the alarm-gun fires; the citizens hurry to their posts, the reserves stand under arms in the centre of the camp, and the word passes from mouth to mouth, "The foe! They come! they come!" Two columns are observed advancing towards the camp; one, consisting of two battalions of infantry, five squadrons of cavalry, and one battery, is directed towards Hafiz Pasha tabia, or the south-eastern extremity of our works

on the plain; the other, of one regiment of infantry, one battery, and one regiment of Cossacks and a cloud of irregular cavalry, is directed on Kanli tabia, or the western extremity of our works on the plain. These two columns advance towards our works, driving in our skirmishers from the outposts, and halt almost within gun-shot; they then reconnoitre our position undisturbed, and, having fired a gun to try the range, withdraw to their camp without further demonstration.

June 27.—About 670 Bashi-Bozooks enter our camp during the night—a doubtful advantage, if a blockade is fairly established, since our stores must feed them, as well as the regulars.

June 28.—We all expect an attack to-night, in consequence of some rumours of Russian preparations. Just at dawn we observe that the enemy's tents have been moved, and the army is in full march westward. They halt, at about five hours' distance, on the slope of a hill near the Kars Chai; and, ere the sun sets, we see all their tents pitched in a new position.

June 29.—The day passes quietly. From our heights we observe a large force of the enemy detach itself from the main body, and march westward. There is no hope now for our corn at Yenikeui.

Sunday, July 1.—We hear that all the stores, unaccountably left at Yenikeui, have been burnt by the enemy. The General and Colonel Lake are incessantly working at the entrenchments, and strengthening every position. They now survey the hills on the west of Kars, beyond Veli Pasha tabia, or Fort Lake, which I have described; and they determine to strengthen these by breastworks and redoubts:

the soldiers then set to work with right good will, under the direction of the Miralai Bey, as Colonel Lake is called. General Williams pays no less attention to every detail of the camp; sanitary measures, as well as defensive, occupy his attention; he makes a desperate attempt to clear the city of many useless mouths belonging to women and children, but only very partially succeeds in his object, since he encounters the stern resistance of a whole armed population, who, though willing enough to fight, are in nowise disposed either to part with their families or to accompany them out of the city. We are now wofully in the dark as to the enemy's movements; we have no trustworthy spies whatever; the few peasants who bring us information are more than suspected, while the Armenians of the country are devoted to the enemy's interests.

Tuesday, July 3.—Mahmood Effendi is put in command of 500 Bashi-Bozooks, and sent to make a diversion in the enemy's country. I see his troop before he departs, and expect no good to come of his enterprise, since no precaution is taken to prevent the enemy seeing his movements; and his men are a sad collection of ragged, ill-mounted, and worse-armed vagabonds. The chief receives the strictest orders from the General to attack none but armed men, and to destroy nothing but Government stores. I fancy the General hardly likes the look of the expedition.

July 4.—We march out a few regiments from the camp, and manœuvre a little. I feel convinced that the General is determined to fight with the spade, since any military manœuvres with our troops always end in a muddle. Some skirmishing occurs at the outposts.

July 5.—The force sent towards the Soghanli Dagh

returns this evening, and the whole Russian army is once more concentrated in its old encampment.

July 6.—More skirmishing, and a few operations in the hospital.

July 7.—The only fact worthy of record is the return of the remains of Mahmood Effendi's expedition in small parties of half a dozen or more. They have been dispersed and put to flight by a small detachment of Russian infantry which they met with in a village on the frontier, and never drew rein until they found themselves safe under our guns.

Sunday, July 8.—We have a night alarm. Some of the outpost Bashi-Bozooks fired off their pistols, on which the whole of the cavalry pickets came in at a mad gallop right up to the entrenchments, the Lieutenant-Colonel in command setting the example. General Williams insists on this man being reduced to the ranks. This afternoon the whole camp is thrown into a great state of excitement by the arrival of a Colonel of Russian irregulars with forty Karapapaks, or irregular Mussulman cavalry, all of whom have deserted from the enemy. The Colonel, whose name is Omer, is dressed in the Georgian costume, and wears a handsome pair of epaulettes. The Mushir welcomes him cordially, *et pour encourager les autres*, he gives him the rank of Brigadier-General, and so he becomes Omer Pasha; and is called to this day, I believe, the *Moscov* (Russian) Omer Pasha, to distinguish him from his great namesake.

July 9.—To-day I obtain permission to send some wounded Russians to their camp, and so a flag of truce is displayed. At the same time I take this opportunity of

politely asking for a book of mine which was taken in the last intercepted post; so I write a letter in French to the chief medical officer of the Russian camp, asking him to obtain for me the book in question. He returns a courteous answer, saying that General Mouravieff was engaged in reading the book, but after perusal it would be sent.

July 10.—The Russians make a reconnaissance, a part of their troops advancing towards Kanli tabia, and another part towards Veli Pasha tabia. No real fighting occurs, but a good deal of Bashi-Bozook skirmishing as usual.

July 11.—The enemy moves his camp two miles to the westward.

July 12.—Another demonstration or reconnaissance takes place towards the western forts. Our Bashi-Bozooks fly before them as usual, but like the Parthians of old they inflict wounds and death while retreating. Five Russians are killed. To-day a flag of truce is sent in from the enemy, and with it my book, with the following note:—

"Au Camp près du vil Kanikeui,
le 29 Juin (v. s.), 1855.

"MONSIEUR,

"Son Excellence le Commandant-en-Chef, Lieut. de S. M. l'Empereur au Caucase, ayant parcouru votre livre intitulé 'A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters,' vient de me remettre avec ordre de vous faire parvenir l'ouvrage en question.

"Il m'est agréable, Monsieur, d'avoir contribué à l'accomplissement de vos désirs, et je saisis cette occasion pour vous remercier des soins délicats dont les quatre blessés furent l'objet de votre part.

"Veuillez agréer, Monsieur l'Inspecteur, l'expression de la parfaite considération avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être

"Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

"A. GODZIEJEVSKY."

I give this letter as one of the amenities which soothe the asperities of war.

July 13.—About 8 A.M. the alarm-gun fires, and another demonstration commences. A large force of the enemy marches on to the hills near Tahmasp, the western extremity of the heights which command Kars to the north. They come in force, and apparently with the intention of an attack; for while they are menacing us at this point, another corps of 6000 advance nearly within gunshot of Kanli tabia on the plain; but after keeping us out in a burning sun during the greater part of the day, they retire about 2 P.M.

July 14.—A large force of cavalry passes all round our works, capturing several of our grasscutters. They divide, and different regiments encamp in commanding positions to the north of the town. They are just near enough to tempt us to sally out on them; but, supposing we reached them, we should find our retreat cut off by the Russian army, who would have time to intercept us. Their positions were admirably chosen.

July 15.—We are now fairly blockaded; up to this time we had been able to receive a few reinforcements in the shape of Lazistan riflemen—doubtful allies, since they were undisciplined, difficult to manage, and not to be depended on, while their mouths required filling as well as those of our best men. Besides these wild soldiers we got in our posts over the hills; and the townspeople received driblets of supplies in the shape of fruit, onions, flour, &c., from the surrounding country. We have now a cordon of Cossacks all round us, and a single horseman runs great risk in passing it.

July 17.—A most dismal discovery is made to-day; it is suddenly found that we have no barley; the keeper of the stores, Salih Agha,* announces that the stores are unaccountably empty; he makes a most confused explanation, and a very little inquiry into his papers brings to light enormous peculations and false returns. The General causes the state of our provisions to be rigorously investigated, and the most careful lists to be made of all who are receiving rations; he also orders the men to be put on two-fifths rations of bread, and fed regularly with animal food. For this purpose nearly all the oxen and sheep of Kars are purchased. He causes all the barley and grass within range of our heavy guns, and even further, to be cut and stacked for the consumption of the cavalry and artillery. This inquiry into the state of the rations brings to light the most reckless extravagance, which he checks with a strong hand; and in this labour he is aided, rather than impeded, by the good will of the Mushir, who supports him in everything. It is found that we have still provisions to last until the end of August, and we hope by that time to have aid from the Central Government.

July 18.—The Russian cavalry on the north of the town suddenly and in some disorder retires during the night, leaving behind several arms and accoutrements, which are picked up and brought in by the peasantry. This retreat is quite unaccountable to us. We hear that the troops driven out of Anapa have arrived in Tiflis, but in great disorder, and mostly without arms.

July 27.—A long period of perfect inaction occurs; the

* This scoundrel was cast into prison, where he died in a few weeks.

enemy remains *in statu quo;* occasional skirmishes take place at the outposts, with the loss of a few lives from time to time. An aide-de-camp arrives in the city this morning from Batoom; he brings word that the order for the march of troops from that place for the relief of Kars has been countermanded from Constantinople, and that some English officers had arrived there; from which facts we infer that a diversion will be made from that quarter in our favour, and that a landing of fresh troops is contemplated. Our horses now begin to suffer from want of forage, the cavalry are in deplorable condition; the Bashi-Bozook animals much better, since their masters are first-rate foragers, and, as the horses they ride are their own, they have a direct interest in their welfare. Some regiments of Russian cavalry and some guns march to the north of the town, and encamp in three or four positions on the hills about three miles off.

Sunday, July 29.—We hear of serious discontent amongst the Lazistan irregulars; they say that they did not come here to be starved, but to fight; and they intend to fight their way out of the town if more food is not given them. The truth is, that animal food has now become exceedingly scarce, and what exists is kept for the regular troops. The General, hearing of these murmurs, contrives to purchase a few oxen, which are eaten by the Laz, and this puts them in better humour. The health of the troops is most satisfactory: the deaths of the whole garrison averaging one a-day; and the hospitals are open to both Bashi-Bozooks and regulars, who can scarcely be less than 18,000 men.

July 31.—The Russians move their camp somewhat

nearer; early this morning some Cossacks pounce upon our grasscutters, and carry off the carts and oxen; our cavalry outposts and Bashi-Bozooks follow them to harass their retreat, when, approaching too near the enemy's batteries, a fire is opened on them, killing and wounding several.

August 4.—Some skirmishing of outposts, as usual. Bands of our Laz plunder the village of Chorak, and return to camp laden with their booty; they are met by Thompson and Teesdale, who order their instant arrest, on which they present their rifles and draw their kamas; they are however captured after considerable resistance, and, on the circumstance being reported to the General, he insists on their being publicly flogged, which sentence is carried into execution before a thousand troops and a considerable body of their own people: moreover, their arms are smashed to pieces, and the offenders thrown into prison. We hear of no more Laz insubordination for the rest of the siege. The Cossacks carry off a number of our oxen, which we can ill spare.

August 6.—After having been kept for some days in profound ignorance of Mouravieff's movements, we hear to-day that he is at Erzeroom with a large division of his army. It must be mentioned that Veli Pasha, with 5000 Ottoman troops, had been left at Toprakalé to watch the Russians at Bayazid. When Kars was menaced, an order was hurriedly sent by the Mushir commanding Veli Pasha to join the army of Kars by forced marches. General Williams, hearing of this, and regarding Erzeroom, the great central depôt of military stores, as of some importance, sent off a courier to the Mushir with an energetic protest

against what he considered a false move; so the order was countermanded. When Kars was fairly invested, there were many who regretted the absence of Veli Pasha's division most bitterly, but now these were silenced, and saw the wisdom of the counter-order. A chaoush (or sergeant) sent by Veli Pasha brings a most clear and connected story. The vanguard of Mouravieff's army came up with the Turks at Keuprikeui, where they exchanged some cannon-shot; at nightfall Veli Pasha commenced his march towards Erzeroom, through the plain of Hassan Kaleh, having first sent on his baggage and heavy artillery. The retreat was conducted in good order. When within two hours of the fortified position of Dévé Boynou, where Veli Pasha was to make a stand, the chaoush was sent to Kars. At the dawn of the following day he looked down from the top of a mountain, and saw the Russians on the plain of Hassan Kaleh in full march after the retreating Turks; but he supposed the latter would have ample time to reach their entrenchments.

Aug. 7.—About 6 this morning I hear the report of a large gun, quickly followed by two more, and then a brisk cannonade commences. I leap on my horse and gallop off to Kanli tabia, on the plain where the firing is briskest. I observe several large columns of Russians advancing, but the balls from our guns of position plough through them and cause each column to waver: they then retire to re-form. Presently they come on again, but no sooner do the caps of the soldiers appear above the brow of the ridge, than the big gun of position, already laid, vomits forth its screaming globe of iron; you see confusion ensue in the ranks; a close column forms again, when

bang goes our heavy gun, and the Muscovites once more take shelter under the brow of the hill, and now come the ambulances to gather up the wounded: these, of course, are undisturbed. The enemy tries the range of his lighter guns, and by great elevation throws a shell among us, but no one is hurt; meantime some squadrons of cavalry menace Hafiz Pasha tabia, and Karadagh. After a good deal of firing had gone on, the enemy commences a retreat, and just then Teesdale gallops up (he having been at his distant post of Tahmasp). The firing has ceased, as the enemy are now supposed to be out of shot, but he declares he can reach a squadron of cavalry with the big gun; he dismounts, has the muzzle carefully elevated, lays the piece, and then, jumping suddenly aside, gives the word. The match is applied, our glasses are up to our eyes, and, peering under the volume of smoke, we observe a sudden shock in the ranks of the cavalry, a confused rush, and a precipitate flight! The ball has been pitched right into the centre of them. Thus ends the Kanli tabia affair, which occurred during Mouravieff's absence at Erzeroom,—and a most stupid, inexplicable attack it was. We afterwards learned the Commander-in-Chief was furious when the news of it was conveyed to him. The commander of the expedition was killed.

Aug. 8.—This day passes quietly. We are most anxiously waiting for news from Erzeroom. If that city be taken, then is our doom certain, for the vast amount of siege-guns and ammunition which can be brought against us will soon silence our 36-pounders, and three days of firing will put us *hors de combat.* Then, again, our provisions may possibly hold out for two months longer, but

there appears to be no movement at Constantinople towards our relief, and, ere two months are over, may we not expect great horrors amongst the townspeople? Every one felt these facts weigh heavily on his mind, and all looked to the General, to the "Ingleez Pasha," for encouragement. No sign of despondency clouded that honest face; his "Good morning" salutation was as cheerful as on the morrow of our first little victory. He was thin, certainly—he could not well be thinner: but, no wonder, for he never seemed to sleep. Long ere daylight broke he was with the sentries of Tahmasp, the point nearest the Russian camp, and his glass learned every movement; then he was by the side of the Mushir during the greater part of the day; anon, he was encouraging the Bashi-Bozooks and settling their differences, or anxiously arranging some plan for feeding the townspeople; and, in our little confidential gossips on the state of affairs, he would impress on us the duty of maintaining a bright and hopeful bearing, since all the garrison looked up to us for encouragement. Thompson lived altogether on the Karadagh, and his glass ranged the horizon from early morning until night; nor did he then go to a quiet couch, for, though he turned in certainly, yet, after an hour's light slumber, he would visit each sentry round the whole works, and no part of our position was better, if as well, guarded as that where this Argus had taken up his quarters. Often have I given him a call at midnight with Colonel Lake, whom I very frequently accompanied on his night duties.

Teesdale lived with that gallant Hungarian and first-rate soldier, Kmety, on Tahmasp tabia. These two

had formed a strong attachment, based on mutual admiration; there was the hero of many campaigns, and the young soldier, brimful of courage, hope, and noble aspirations. Teesdale acted as chief of his staff, and, besides his graver duties, he was constantly harassing the Cossacks with parties of riflemen, or menacing and attacking the Russian cavalry with a company of rifles and a couple of guns. The state of blockade to which we were now reduced fretted his ardent spirit not a little; he wanted to attack almost against any odds; and, had each soldier and Turkish officer resembled himself, I verily believe we might have done so.

I find I have been biographising, if I may coin a word. But amid the sketches thus involuntarily falling from my pen, I have omitted Colonel Lake. The truth is, he cannot be found either at Karadagh or Tahmasp; he, like the General, is doing his best to wear out an iron frame; his couch is his saddle, for all day long he is working at the entrenchments, and all night he is visiting the sentries. The Queen has had many a bad bargain during this war, but I doubt whether more admirable officers are to be found in the English army than the four I have mentioned.

Aug. 9.—We observe the funerals of several officers in the Russian camp this morning, the victims of the absurd attack of the 7th. A force of about 2000 is perceived marching towards the Soghanli Dagh.

Aug. 10.—This morning, intelligence arrives of the return of Mouravieff from his Erzeroom expedition. He did not like the looks of the entrenched camp of Dévé Boynou, and so thinks it best to confine his views to Kars for the present.

Aug. 12.—We hear that 2000 men have left the Russian camp for Akiska, in consequence of a disembarcation of Turkish troops at Batoom.

Aug. 14.—A large body of cavalry, with some carts, proceed towards Vezinkeui, on the road to Gumri. Another body of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, encamp nearly opposite to our lines on the plain, while the main body of the Russian army moves to the north of the Erzeroom road. These movements seem to menace a formidable attack; we therefore hold ourselves in readiness.

Aug. 15.—The large cavalry force observed going towards Gumri turns and encamps to the north of the city. Thompson sends 60 Bashi-Bozooks to watch their movements.

Aug. 18.—The long blockade and the short rations begin to tell on our men, desertions become alarmingly frequent, and now the General determines on strong measures; he therefore prevails on the Mushir to issue an edict to the effect that any man caught in the act of deserting his post shall be shot without further delay than is necessary to prove his crime. The health of the troops is still satisfactory.

Aug. 19.—About 11 o'clock this morning, I hear of something going on near Karadagh, so I mount my horse and ride up there. I observe a Russian regiment of cavalry making the tour of our works, followed and watched by a number of our own Bashi-Bozooks, and there ensues a good deal of skirmishing. Presently two other Russian regiments appear, and, crowning the crest of a hill, begin to fire amongst our Bashi-Bozooks with four field-pieces, which however do no execution. A

battery of our artillery, and some riflemen, go out in support, but do not advance far enough to take any part in the engagement. The whole affair ends with little mischief to either party, and merely proves the Russians to be bad artillerymen. To-day a court-martial is held to try a spy, who has been seized with damning evidence upon him. The accused is a Mussulman, who was caught by a sentry as he was entering our camp, and observed to throw down a paper, which being picked up, was found to be a manuscript from a Russian officer, asking the number of our guns, the amount of our provisions, &c.

Aug. 21.—A large Russian convoy comes in, accompanied by a couple of siege guns. On hearing this news, Colonel Lake arms Kanli tabia with four large guns, as it appears probable that will be the point of attack. The spy is found guilty and sentenced.

Aug. 22.—The wretched spy is hung on a gallows in the marketplace, with a piece of paper pinned to his breast, on which is written the nature of his crime. This execution strikes a wholesome terror into the minds of all who love money more than their country. Some other seizures of suspected persons take place; amongst others, a surgeon is brought to trial.

Aug. 23, 24, 25.—A good deal of outpost skirmishing, with some few killed and wounded on either side. The surgeon is triumphantly acquitted after a fair trial, at which I assist; we condemn another Mussulman to death who confesses his guilt, and two Armenians are condemned to a long term of imprisonment, no certain proofs being found upon them; but they cannot clear themselves from the strongest suspicions.

Aug. 26.—This morning Kmety and Teesdale, having for a long while looked with longing eyes on certain fields of barley lying near some strong detachments of Russian cavalry in a broad valley to the north of the city, now organise an expedition of a strong force of riflemen and about four of our heaviest field-guns. This formidable detachment marches straight to the Russian cavalry camp of Ainali, where two regiments of dragoons and some irregulars were stationed; these marched out with their artillery to meet the Turks, and a game of long-bowls ensued, in which the Turks had decidedly the advantage, since they are incomparably better artillerymen than the Russians. A gallant squadron of Cossacks seemed determined to put an end to this game, and so charged down on the flank of this Lilliputian army; but ere they had cleared half the space between the two forces, sundry puffs of smoke issued from the long barley, a spattering of rifles was heard, the conical balls whistled amongst them; death-shrieks followed, and the Cossacks wavered, halted, and suddenly galloped back to the main body. While all this was going on, a vast crowd of reapers with led horses, carts, oxen, and everything that could carry barley, are busily at work in the rear cutting the corn and loading their animals: Hussein Pasha, with two trumpeters, is meanwhile watching the Russian camp from the commanding height of Tahmasp. Presently he observes the whole of the Russian force get under arms,—his trumpeter sounds a note of warning; after a while the whole force issues from the camp, and commences its march; the trumpet then rings out a louder warning, and an aide-de-camp is despatched to Kmety; but that officer is already

slowly retiring, a long line of rifles covering the rear of his little force, while the Russian cavalry make no attempt to molest his retreat. He arrives fairly under the shelter of our guns just as the whole of Mouravieff's army, excepting some detachments of cavalry, had taken up a position opposite Tahmasp, on the slope of a hill. The alarm is sounded throughout the city; the people sally forth with their arms, and post themselves in the batteries; each man looks to his musket, and all are prepared for an attack. We anxiously watch our enemies on the opposite hill, and while so watching them the sun sets, "and utter darkness swallows up the sight."

There are few things more unpleasant than to be in the presence of a powerful enemy in the dark, especially when the discipline of your troops is not altogether to be depended upon. It is true, that during the last two months Colonel Lake had worked incessantly at the fortifications, until they were now treble their original strength; moreover, the whole of the lines, or nearly so, were protected by formidable *trous de loup*, so as to make a night attack next to impossible; nevertheless, we all spent that night in the batteries at the points most menaced, and were glad to see the morning: so doubtless were the Russian soldiers who had bivouacked on the cold ground without tents, for the nights were now cold and frosty, though the days were hot.

Aug. 28.—The Russian army retires to its old encampment, and each detachment occupies its original position.

Aug. 29.—Some skirmishing as usual. A spy is hanged.

Sept. 2.—A flag of truce comes from the Russian camp this morning, and with it sixty Turkish prisoners, who are

delivered over to us. These men are not soldiers, but peasants and citizens, who have from time to time been captured by the Cossacks while cutting corn, or passing out of the city. What could be the meaning of this handsome conduct? "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*" We afterwards learned that many of these men were engaged to tempt our soldiers to desert.

Sept. 3.—We now find it impossible to pretend to keep up a cavalry force any longer; our horses have been for weeks past dying by hundreds; each division has had a number of men told off to bury the carcases, but their labours have scarcely sufficed to keep pestilence out of the camp. Hitherto the Turks have been accustomed to leave the duties of scavenger to the dogs of the city, but these latter are quite insufficient for the work; they are lying about gorged with the most delicate portions of a dead animal which they have but half devoured, while numerous miserable horses are seen in the last agonies of death from starvation, or standing patiently waiting the moment of dissolution. The sensation of hunger seemed in these to be extinct; the poor creatures appeared scarce conscious of their own existence, and a frosty night generally extinguished the feeble spark of life. The General now determines to save at least the remnant of the cavalry: more than a thousand are secretly mustered this evening, a good feed is given to each horse, and they are reviewed on Tahmasp just as the sun goes down. About an hour after dark they defile through the valley of Chorak, and proceed in the direction of Oltee. We anxiously listen for a shot; nor do we wait long: a few pistol-shots tell us they have

reached a Russian outpost; the noise increases, volleys of musketry are heard, distant shouts are borne upon the night breeze, and a dropping fire, which continues for some time. None of our cavalry return; they cut their way out, but with fearful loss, the full extent of which we never knew.

General Williams orders all the horses in desperate condition to be led to a considerable distance from our encampment, and there have their throats cut. The weather is too hot to allow of this horse-flesh being salted or otherwise preserved, and we have no forage. Up to this time the troops have had rations of beef.

Sept. 4.—As I ride out to-night about 11 o'clock with Colonel Lake, we hear some musket-shots, and presently meet an officer urging his horse at a sharp trot through the dark lanes of the city. We stop him and inquire the news. He tells us that forty men have deserted in a body on the north of the city. A chill of discouragement seizes us on hearing this, and we fail not to ride back and report the occurrence to the General.

Sept. 5.—This morning the Mushir announces that a reward of 500 piastres will be given to any man who causes the apprehension of a deserter, and that the English Pasha will himself give 2000 piastres to any one who brings before him any such offender. This afternoon a poor wretch is caught hiding in a cave, previous to making a run, and is brought up, tried by a court-martial, and shot within an hour of his apprehension. This is the first military execution in the army of Kars since the commencement of the war, and our General improves the occasion by a spirited appeal to the troops.

Sept. 6.—Another deserter is caught and shot.

Sept. 7.—We slaughter a large number of horses which were dying of starvation. We have not had a post in for many days, and a general spirit of depression seems to have seized on the garrison. The poor people of the town have begun to suffer severely, but the General, at the very commencement of the siege, had bought up large stores of corn, and these he commences to distribute with a cautious hand; moreover he sends officers into the different quarters of the city to purchase of the abundance of the richer citizens, and this is sold again to the poorer. In all these arrangements M. Zohrab, our interpreter, distinguished himself greatly.

Sept. 8.—"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." A post is brought through our lines by a foot-messenger, and the news he brings is most cheering. We hear that Omer Pasha is about to effect a landing with 40,000 men near Batoom. We should have rejoiced still more had he landed at Trebizond, for some declare that if he attempts to march into Georgia he will find such difficulties as to render Mouravieff's presence there to meet him wholly unnecessary: nevertheless we feel quite certain that such a formidable diversion will assuredly deliver us from this irksome blockade. This inspiriting news is published to the troops, and each man looks brighter in consequence; it is the talk of the bazaar, and every one is asking us if it be true. But this is not the only good news we have to-day. At noon Kadri Bey comes in and announces that he is the bearer of mushdé (good news). "What is it?" we eagerly ask. An immense depôt of corn has been discovered, the

hoardings of the robber Salih Agha, which he had pilfered from the public stores: it has been weighed and measured, and now, by careful management, we may hold out on limited rations until nearly the middle of November, which will give ample time to Omer Pasha to effect his diversion. Surely this is a glorious day for us.

The General plans a new redoubt behind the English lines on the north of our works, to be called "Williams Pasha tabia."

Sept. 9.—All the hills are covered with snow this morning, and there is a cold north-wind blowing, which makes us hope for an early winter. To-day new fortifications are being planned.

Sept. 11.—We hear from a Russian deserter that a corps of about 7000 of the enemy has marched during the night towards Oltee. Our surmises as to this movement are various; the probability is that the enemy expects a convoy which he wishes to intercept.

Sept. 12.—A charge of Russian cavalry sweeps off many of our cattle, and materially lessens the amount of our animal food.

Sept. 13.—Last night a false attack was made on our works in the plain. An enormous convoy comes into the Russian camp from Gumri: this, I must mention, happens about every ten days, besides which there is a constant traffic to and fro, which we are unable to disturb owing to our want of cavalry. Some villagers bring in two deserters whom they have arrested: these, before execution, inculpate a Mussulman family of Kars, who make a trade of assisting the soldiers to desert by supplying them with native costume. The two deserters are

shot this afternoon. The whole of the suspected family are arrested.

Sept. 14.—A Russian deserter comes in to us to-day, and speaks of great sickness existing in the Russian camp, which, from his description, we suppose to be the cholera. He tells us that large quantities of sheepskin coats have been sent for from Gumri, for the Russian soldiers to wear during the cold weather.

Sept. 15.—Two young men, convicted of aiding the soldiers to desert, are hanged in the marketplace.

Sept. 17.—Our foot-messenger comes in this morning, long before daylight, after having gone through the most wonderful adventures and the narrowest escapes from the Cossacks; he brings glorious news. Omer Pasha is already at Batoom, and a vast number of transports and steamers, crowded with troops, have arrived there. He is said to have an army of 40,000 men with him. Mouravieff is believed to have left the camp with 12,000 men, for Akiska. This last report is doubtless a device of the enemy.

Sept. 19.—A villager comes in with intelligence that the Russians have made every preparation for departure, and that their intended march into Georgia is to take place in a very few days.

Sept. 23.—A Georgian Mussulman of the frontier, named Arslan Agha, with six chosen companions, enters the city during the night, and brings us the glorious news of the fall of Sevastopol. This party was stopped by a Russian patrol, but Arslan Agha, who speaks Russian, exclaimed, "Don't you know me? I am the colonel going the rounds;" on which there was a hesitation

among the Cossacks, and Arslan and his men charged through.

At 12 o'clock all our troops are paraded, and the good news is read to them; the citizens sally out with their guns, and keep up a constant fusillade. A grand salute is fired from the castle; but no sooner is the first gun discharged, than a regiment of Russian cavalry, with two batteries of artillery, approach the Hafiz Pasha fort on the plain, halt at about 2000 yards, and fire rapidly; at first this strange sort of attack was inexplicable, until the General said the enemy's intention was clear enough—he wished to disguise the salute from his own troops, and give it the appearance of a cannonade.

We hear that a camp of Turkish cavalry at Penek has been attacked and destroyed, four mountain guns having been taken, and Ali Pasha, the general in command, taken prisoner.

Sept. 25.—The cholera appears among our troops; about seven or eight men having come into hospital affected with that disease, and of these most have died. Further reports come in of the departure of the Russians being imminent; they set fire to the grass of the country in every direction, and at night the whole horizon is in a blaze.

Sept. 27.—An aide-de-camp of Omer Pasha entered the city last night; the Generalissimo has landed at Sookum Kalé with 45,000 of the best Turkish, Egyptian, and Tunisian troops; the transport corps was shortly expected. The aide-de-camp has been twelve days on the road. The cholera increases; forty-two cases of this disease are in hospital. Numerous carts are observed departing from the Russian camp.

Sept. 28.—Sundry preparations for departure are observed in the enemy's camp; lanterns are moving about during the night, and trains of carts passing to and fro. We feel convinced that Mouravieff intends to raise the siege; but Kmety persists in the belief that he will make an attack before he goes. The vigilance of the sentries, and the indefatigable and wakeful activity of the General and his staff, are not relaxed for a moment.

Sept. 29.—About four o'clock this morning one of the advanced sentries on Tahmasp heard a suspicious sound in the distance, something like the rumbling of wheels and the measured tramp of infantry. The report passed from mouth to mouth along the whole line, and the officer on duty reported the fact to General Kmety, whose tent, with that of Teesdale, was in the centre of this position. The latter officer was going his rounds in another part of the camp. Kmety was at once on the spot where first the sounds had been heard, and he listened attentively; but all was silent, and the night was moonless and dark. On inquiry it was found that more than one soldier had heard the sounds in question, and these were positive and confident in their statement: all the troops were forthwith called to arms, and stood patiently listening, and gazing into the gloomy valley before them. Thus for an hour or more did they stand, while a few active riflemen were sent forward to reconnoitre. We had now no outposts; our cavalry had disappeared by famine, or had cut their way out on the night of the 3rd. An hour had thus passed when the sounds which first attracted attention are again heard; they are unmistakeable. Kmety applies his ear to the ground, and recognizes the rumble of artil-

lery wheels; while still the measured tread of infantry is heard advancing nearer and nearer up the valley. Again all is silent; but the listlessness of the tired and sleepy soldier has given place to intense vigilance; the riflemen, a splendid body of about a thousand Zebeks, armed with the carabine-à-tige, look well to their percussion caps, unbutton their cartridge pouches, and finger their triggers. The word is passed in a whisper to the artillerymen—*peshref* (grape)—and each gun is charged with that deadly missive. The advanced posts of riflemen creep into the lines with the ominous words, "*Ghiaour gueliur*," (the infidels are coming). Meantime each eye is strained to peer into the darkness, and messengers fly to other parts of the camp with the warning. A sharp-eyed soldier now points to a dark mass in the valley, faintly visible in the gloom—it is moving—it is a column of men; a gun is pointed in the direction, the match is applied, and a hissing shower of grape flies into the mass; an unearthly scream of agony from mangled human frames follows the thunder of the gun, when both are drowned by a loud hurrah, which arises on all sides; and soon the whole line of breastworks is assailed in front and flank. At that moment a horseman gallops furiously from the rear, and flings himself into the most exposed battery; it is the Yaver Bey—it is Teesdale, who has just returned from his rounds. And now the fight commences. All surprise is at an end; the Russians advance in close column on the breastworks and redoubts, while some Russian batteries, well placed on a commanding eminence opposite, pour shot, shell, and grape into the redoubts. Steadily each column advances, while grape,

round shot, and musketry are pelted into them. They still rush on; their officers, with wondrous self-devotion, charge in front, and single-handed leap into the redoubts only to fall pierced with bayonets. Their columns, rent and torn, retire to re-form. Meantime a fierce attack is made on our left flank and rear of the position; the breastworks are carried; a number of tents are occupied by Russian troops, while their officers, ignorant that the redoubts are closed, flatter themselves that the position is carried. Kmety now, however, hastily gathers together a formidable body of his best troops. Teesdale turns some guns towards the rear, and works them vigorously. Kmety's riflemen pour into these partially victorious Russians a continued and well-directed fire, which holds them in check, and wofully thins their ranks. Meantime the sun has risen, and shows each position of the enemy. A sulphurous cloud envelopes the scenes of fiercest conflict, while reserves in formidable numbers crown the distant slopes. Fresh columns of the enemy charge again and again the front line of breastworks and batteries, from which they were at first driven back: they are received with a deadly and withering fire; and thus the fight continues. But this is not the only struggle going on. The line of breastworks and forts protecting the heights on the north of the town are attacked simultaneously by overpowering numbers, and, being defended only by a very weak force, mainly of Laz irregulars, are carried and occupied by Russian troops, who pile arms and wait for further events; while the Russian artillerymen employ their time in busily shelling the town, which they now command. Meantime General Williams, from

the centre of the camp, is watching events; he despatches some companies of troops from Chim tabia (a battery safe from any immediate attack), and these join with another body from Lake Fort, sent by Colonel Lake. The two combined, with Kherim Pasha at their head, appear suddenly on the flank of a large body of Russians, who were gaining ground in the rear of the Turks on Tahmasp. A loud yell arises of triumph and vengeance. Baba Kherim waves his sword—his troops pour a volley into the enemy; Kmety and his men, hitherto overpowered, raise a responsive cheer: they rush on, crying, *Sungu, sungu!* (the bayonet, the bayonet!) Teesdale pours fresh grape into the staggering masses; the Russians waver! Hussein Pasha, a gallant Circassian, rushes sword in hand on the enemy; they give way; "again, again, again, the havoc did not slack," as the Turkish artillery hurled round shot into these columns of brave and devoted men.

Nor must I omit to mention that a large force of cavalry and artillery were all this time menacing Kanli tabia on the plain, and keeping up a brisk artillery fire, which was, however, not responded to, as the feint was evident. Captain Thompson was stationed on the Karadagh, on the extreme east of the position; luckily he had with him a very heavy gun, so he immediately ordered his men to pile arms, and with a strong rope he set to work to drag this gun into a position which would command the English tabias. Just then an order, already anticipated by him, comes from the General to despatch any troops he could spare across the ravine and river to the rescue of these tabias. On the extreme east of the English tabias

General Williams had despatched Kadri Bey with a regiment of Arabs, who charged the Russians at the same moment in this direction: the enemy thus found themselves attacked on both wings at once, menaced in front by a force of Laz who had climbed the rocks from the town, and wofully disturbed by Captain Thompson's big gun, which soon played vigorously upon them, in addition to the artillery of Fort Lake and Arab tabia. They were presently fairly driven from this position and cruelly maltreated by our heavy guns. Some Russian cavalry made a gallant charge here, but, like the English at Bannockburn, they were hurled pell-mell over each other in the *trous de loup*. Meantime the fight was raging at the original point of attack, the rolling fire of musketry was incessant, and the batteries never ceased for a moment. At one time, and only for once, some little movement of giving way was visible, but no sooner observed than fresh reinforcements, despatched to the spot by General Williams, changed the backward into a forward movement. The loud hurrahs of the Russian hosts were mingled with the yells of the Turks, who fought like tigers, charging repeatedly with the bayonet. White-turbaned citizens were seen plunging into the fight, hewing with their scimitars; athletic and savage Lazistan mountaineers fought with the clubbed rifle, or hurled stones at the advancing foe, while the latter, ever obedient to the dictates of a stern discipline, advanced again and again to the deadly batteries, and were blown from the very mouths of the guns.

As the action continued and each movement of the enemy was tried, the excellence of Colonel Lake's batteries

was fully proved. Wherever the columns of the enemy were directed, they found themselves under a flanking fire of heavy guns. Did they ever gain possession of a battery weaker than the rest? they were again pounded by our artillery from some battery which commanded the weaker point. Meantime any assault on the keys of our position was altogether hopeless; the Colonel himself, under a heavy fire, directed the artillery of the two principal batteries, aided by his interpreter, M. Zohrab, who proved himself a man of pluck.

The battle raged for seven hours and a half, chiefly at Tahmasp, which position was stoutly contested during the whole time, and attacked again and again by the enemy.

About midday the Russian columns were seen running down the hill, their cavalry and artillery steadily protecting their retreat. A confused mass of citizens, horse and foot, followed them with the utmost temerity, firing into their retreating ranks. But where was our cavalry? where were the fierce Turkish horsemen who once overran the east of Europe? Two thousand of these horsemen would now destroy the Russian army: as it is, we are forced to keep to our entrenchments—we have no cavalry and no horse-artillery; and, with deep chagrin, we see the enemy gradually re-form, and march off unmolested.

I rode round the batteries soon after the action, and seldom had the oldest soldier witnessed a more terrible sight. There were literally piles of dead already stripped of their clothes by marauding soldiers, and lying in every posture; while the plaintive cries of men with shattered limbs arose from time to time from amidst these acres of defaced humanity. Every ghastly wound was there,—

deep and broad sabre-cuts, letting out the life of man in a crimson flood, limbs carried off by round shot, and carcases of man and horse torn and shattered by grape. I urged our men to carry off the wounded, but this work proceeded slowly—for the distance to the town was nearly three miles, all or nearly all our horses and mules were dead, and our ambulance corps thereby rendered useless. Suddenly a band of music strikes up; it is the rifle band, and the tune is a wild Zebek melody. At once a dozen of these mountaineers spring up from their repose, join hand-in-hand, and dance amidst the dead, the dying, and the wounded.

After a day of hard fighting, of glorious triumph, and soul-harrowing work, the night closes in upon us long ere we had removed the Russian wounded from the battle-field. God help them! After lying naked in a scorching sun, with shattered limbs and burning thirst, they are now exposed to a frosty night. I verily believe that the sensations of the human body are so blunted after a while, as to be no longer susceptible of suffering.

Sunday, Sept. 30.—This is no day of rest; our soldiers are hard at work with the spade, and before nightfall they have buried many thousand Russians, and removed the wounded. Some pious Mussulmans of Kars declare they saw a sacred band of 10,000 men, all clothed in green, the Prophet's colour, fighting with our troops. These heavenly warriors disappeared when the Russians retreated. Yesterday and to-day the cholera has ceased,—a singular phenomenon, occasioned, I presume, by intense moral emotion.

Oct. 1.—The cholera re-appears, and cuts off many of our wounded. The streets of the town present a most

melancholy aspect from the washing of corpses, which takes place outside the houses. We hear that this disease is making great ravages amongst the population, while it increases amongst the troops. Nevertheless a tone of joy and triumph pervades the whole city, for we are proud of our victory, and feel confident that the Russians will raise the siege as soon as they have carried off their wounded. Some Russian officers are discovered amongst the wounded prisoners, and these, by General Williams's direction, are placed in the best house we can find, and most carefully tended. My original diary here is brief, for my work is overwhelming and most harrowing to the feelings.

Oct. 2.—We endeavour to send out Mahmood Effendi with despatches, but he is chased back to the works by the Cossack outposts. A poor young Georgian cadet, one of our prisoners, dies from the effect of his wounds. We have buried 6300 Russians.

Oct. 3.—Towards evening a few Russian officers are observed reconnoitring Arab tabia and Karadagh; our men are therefore kept under arms for many hours, and we are more than usually vigilant.

Oct. 4.—No movement is observed to-day in the Russian camp beyond the departure of a number of carts, and from time to time a volley fired over the grave of a deceased officer. The cholera appears to be somewhat on the decline. One of our wounded Russian officers is a Pole, who has had half his face carried away by a grape-shot. He regrets beyond measure the loss of a ring on which is engraved the name of Eloise, and declares that the recovery of this trinket, which he values beyond anything in the world, would at once cure him. Mr. Rennison,

our interpreter, hearing of this, produces a ring, which he has bought from a soldier, and which proves to be the identical one so much desired. The poor fellow leaps from his bed, wild with joy, on the recovery of his lost treasure, the gift of some distant well-beloved one. This wounded officer died of paralysis a few days after this event.

Oct. 5.—A great number of carts quit the Russian camp heavily laden. We scan these convoys with our telescopes, hoping that they form the van of a retreating army. It is reported that seven battalions of infantry have left the Russian camp during the night. And now, firmly convinced that the Russians, being defeated, must raise the siege, we are becoming impatient. Every morning we are already before daybreak on some commanding point, with our telescopes in our hands. One of two things we desire,—either a retreat of the Russians, or another attack. I am the only one who deprecates the latter, for the cholera and battle have filled the hospitals. The citizens have nobly come forward, and supplied us with numerous beds; still I dread a sudden increase of wounded.

Oct. 6.—No movement in the Russian camp. Our deaths from cholera last night amounted in twelve hours to forty, exclusive of other deaths. Our troops have no more animal food, so they content themselves with 100 drachms of bread, and a soup consisting of 5 drachms of flour, 5 of biscuit, and 5 of wheat, for each person per diem.*

* Not quite three-quarters of a pound, or about eleven ounces of bread. The soup was *maigre* indeed, containing rather more than an ounce and two-thirds of nutritious matter.

Oct. 7.—During the night the town is visited by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, causing some loss of life. The cholera is committing great ravages among the citizens. Then do we understand that prayer of our Litany, "From lightning and tempest, from plague, pestilence, and famine, from battle and murder, and from sudden death, good Lord deliver us." Many of the irregular Lazistan soldiers creep into deserted houses, and die there, whose bodies are accidentally discovered.

Oct. 8.—The day passes sadly. No symptoms of a movement on the part of the enemy. An ominous quiet prevails. A peasant comes in and tells us that Omer Pasha is close to Akiska. After dark, when most of our wearied soldiers are asleep, the enemy makes a false attack.

Oct. 10.—A Russian convoy is observed going towards the camp from Gumri. We hope the waggons are empty, and about to carry off the luggage of the enemy. To-day we contrive to get out despatches, containing accounts of our glorious victory.

Oct. 13.—No movement whatever in the Russian camp. We hear from a villager that Omer Pasha has taken Kutais without meeting with resistance, and is now on his march to Akiska. We are in somewhat low spirits. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Oct. 14.—The horizon is covered with the smoke of grass set on fire by the Cossacks. Towards evening it is reported that a regiment of Cossacks have marched with their baggage towards Ardahan. Thompson sends word from the Karadagh that the march of troops has been heard after dark in his direction: we are all very alert.

We hear that Omer Pasha has abandoned his intention of marching on Akiska, as the roads are impracticable, and that he goes straight to Tiflis.

Oct. 16.—About midnight I am awakened by the loud howling of the whole canine population, and, on listening, I hear a distant fusillade. We are all in the saddle at once, and out on the plain. The cold is very severe, and our poor soldiers seemed benumbed, and shivered in their rags. This proves to be a false attack.

Oct. 17.—The days drag heavily on, though we have work enough to occupy our whole faculties. The cholera, after having cut off about 1000 of our troops, is now, thank God! disappearing. The townspeople have suffered more than the soldiers. But now a worse enemy menaces us. Our troops suffer fearfully from their diet of bread and water. They are no longer the stout and hardy men who fought for seven hours against overwhelming odds, and drove back a magnificent Russian army. A visible emaciation is observed throughout the ranks, and the newly-opened hospitals are filling daily with men whose only disease is exhaustion from want of nutriment. The high price of bread too in the town induces many poor fellows to sell half their rations; and those who yield to this temptation inevitably sink at their posts and die. We now look closely to the actual amount of our provisions, and Mr. Churchill attends daily at the military council, and by his exact calculations and clever suggestions aids in eking out our diminished stock.

And here let me testify to the unremitting self-devotion of the noble little band of ill-paid and ill-treated Turkish surgeons. I do not mean to say that their education

equalled that of their brethren of the West, but their love for their profession, and their industrious attention to the wounded soldiers, both Turkish and Russian, in the midst of our crowded hospitals, and in the face of frightful difficulties (such as those only can know who have gone through a siege in an Asiatic town), have never been surpassed. These gentlemen at once adopted any improved modes of treatment pointed out to them; and to their ready acquiescence in the hygienic means which I have before mentioned, I ascribe our escape from any visitation of hospital gangrene, or epidemic of typhus. And yet these men were never rewarded by promotion or decoration, while every other grade of officer received some mark of the gratitude of Government. Their usefulness was unquestionable, and the dangers and hardships they passed through far exceeded those endured by the military officers.*

It is an undoubted fact that the medical men of Turkey, few and imperfectly educated as they are, take the lead in the civilization of their country. Amongst them you will find men whose enlightened views and freedom from fanaticism would do honour to any nation; and did their means ever allow them to free themselves from the trammels of a despised and unappreciated calling, they might be of inestimable benefit to their country.

Oct. 21.—Swarms of vultures hover round our lines, preying on the corpses that the hungry dogs, which have forsaken the city, have scratched out of their graves.

* There is a singular resemblance between the English and Turks in their appreciation of military surgeons.

These wild dogs gorge themselves with their foul banquet, while within the city every man, woman, and child is searching for food. The grass is torn up in all the open spaces, and the roots eaten by the soldiers and people. Crowds of women besiege the public offices for bread, which is dealt out to them with a very sparing hand. This night I spend with Thompson on the Karadagh. About 1 A.M. I am awakened by a brisk fusillade, half a mile distant towards the north-east. I shout to my comrade, but he tells me to lie still, as it is only a skirmish between some deserters and the Russian outposts. However, the firing increasing, we rise and go to our sentries. The night is pitchy dark and intensely cold, but each man is at his post. From a valley, about 2000 yards distant, the shouts of men and the sound of an irregular fire are borne towards us by the night breeze. In half an hour the sounds die away. In the morning we hear that about sixty Lazistan irregulars fought their way out, thirty of whom were killed and wounded.

Oct. 22.—Glorious news arrives, and, like a gleam of sunshine, raises our drooping spirits. We hear that Selim Pasha has landed at Trebizond with an army of 20,000 men, and that he is marching straight on to Erzeroom. We now feel confident of being relieved, since the road from Trebizond, although a difficult one, is nevertheless quite practicable for an army. All the artillery and siege-guns now existing in Erzeroom and Kars have been conveyed by that route. During times of peace, too, an army of muleteers, with the whole western commerce of Persia, passes to and fro; and the land in consequence is largely cultivated for corn and barley. Besides this good

tidings, we hear that Omer Pasha has taken Kutaïs, and is marching straight for Tiflis.

Oct. 23.—The misery of the townspeople is increasing visibly. A load of onions was brought last night into the city by an adventurous peasant, and sold at 60 piastres the oke (12*s.* for 2½ lbs.). The most rigorous search is made for hidden stores of corn, and a good deal is found from time to time, buried deep under the houses. This is seized, a certain price paid to the owners; and it is distributed to the poor. The Cossacks frequently come within musket shot of our lines. Desertions are frequent, and many poor fellows attempting to run are shot by drumhead court-martial; but the bulk of the army remains faithful, patient, and longsuffering.

Oct. 24.—A peasant who has found his way into camp from Erzeroom, having been eight days on the road, brings confirmation of the fact of Selim Pasha's advanced guard being at Baiburt.

Oct. 25.—Many admissions into the hospital of men nearly dead from cold operating on a feeble and emaciated body. All the diseases have what is called a low type, requiring stimulus. Unfortunately we have scarce any medicines available. Croton oil and perfumes, &c., sent us by our Constantinople purveyor, are not exactly what we should prescribe for these poor fellows.

Oct. 26.—A post coming into camp is taken by the enemy, and our opened letters are sent us by Mouravieff.

Oct. 27.—Swartzenburg has been watching the enemy, and brings intelligence that a number of carts are attached to each battalion, which fact he considers a sure sign of departure.

Oct. 28.—The wretched remains of our cavalry are inspected; and as the horses can scarcely stand, much less support the weight of their riders, their throats are cut. Horseflesh is now a fashionable luxury.

Oct. 29.—After dinner a report comes in from Tahmasp that some great movement is going on in the Russian camp. Our expectations are raised to the utmost: we prepare for an attack, while we hope to see a departure.

Oct. 30.—The whole Russian army turns out this morning in order of battle, and advances two or three miles; and, after some evolutions, they retire to their encampment.

Oct. 31.—A post comes in this morning from Selim Pasha, who is already at Erzeroom with his advanced guard, awaiting the arrival of his other troops. At Baiburt, he says, his soldiers loudly demanded to be led on to the relief of their comrades by forced marches. He does not give the number of his army, lest his despatch should be read by the Russians; but he tells us his troops are numerous and first-rate. We have now but to wait for a fortnight, and our relief is certain.

Nov. 1.—A large convoy arrives from Gumri, and goes to the Russian camp. Most of the carts appear to be laden with hay.

Nov. 2.—We send fourteen wounded Russians to their camp. Our troops are put on 86 drachms of bread per diem. A large depôt of sugar and coffee has been found, and distributed to the troops, in order to increase the nutriment of their miserable rations. Unfortunately we have no fatty substance of any kind to mix with the soup, and without this the bread seems quite insufficient for

nutrition. All the earth round about our works is grubbed up by the soldiers and population in their search for the roots of grass. Twenty men are brought into hospital, poisoned by eating the roots of the Hyoscyamus Niger. In consequence of the lateness of the season, the poison has lost much of its virulence, so none of these cases are mortal.

Nov. 3.—The alarm-gun fires, and the report of artillery is heard in the direction of Tahmasp. The population rush to their arms. About seven battalions of the enemy, with three battalions and a cavalry regiment, appear before the village of Chorak, followed by about 500 carts. They at once enter the village, and begin to pull down the houses to carry off the wood. Three of our heavy guns are opened upon them from Tahmasp, and some excellent artillery practice follows. The Russians hastily retire from the village, leaving about a score killed and wounded, and abandon their intention of loading the carts with the wood. I observe the troops on Tahmasp look more vigorous than most of the others, since they have providently secured, from time to time, a dead horse, with which they have improved their soup. To-day two Armenians are hanged as spies. One of these had a letter in his possession in which was written, "Wait a little longer; the troops are starving; the pashas are fighting amongst themselves; they will soon capitulate."

Nov. 4.—A foot-messenger comes into camp this morning, and says that Selim Pasha was to leave Erzeroom three days ago, that Veli Pasha with the advanced guard is at Keuprikeui, and the Bashi-Bozooks at Vezin Kalé. An unusual number of soldiers enter the hospital, dying

of starvation. The emaciation is wonderful, yet in most no diarrhœa or other symptom of disease is observable. Their voices are excessively feeble, a clammy cold pervades the surface of the body, and they die without a struggle. Several of these men are recovered by the administration of horse-broth, with the application of warmth to the extremities. Surgeons are posted in every part of the camp, with broth of horse-flesh in the form and under the name of medicine. A search is made for surviving horses, and these are secured to make soup for the hospital. False attacks are made upon our works every night, which, of course, increase the harass of our troops to an extent almost insupportable.

Nov. 7.—Another day of weary expectation. A most rigorous search is made for hidden stores of corn, which from time to time are brought to light. M. Zohrab works incessantly to find and to distribute relief to the crowds of dying women and children; at last he takes to his bed with the typhus fever. Some of the soldiers still starve themselves for the sake of money; a small loaf, the size of a man's fist, sells for a shilling, which sum, be it remarked, is a very large one in Kars.

Nov. 8.—A report comes in from Tahmasp that five cannon-shots have been heard in the direction of Soghanli Dagh.

Nov. 9.—A great number of desertions take place every night, and military executions follow on those who attempt to run. Our hospitals are crowded, mostly by men who sink under the combined influences of hunger and cold. These poor fellows are brought in livid and emaciated, and frequently die within less than an hour of their admission.

We are hemmed in closer than ever by the enemy's patrols, so that we cannot get even a word of news. The men look jaded and dispirited, and cannot be got to make huts. The tents of the Russians have all disappeared, and in their place are warm huts; their horses, too, are hutted. I pass the night with Lake visiting the sentries, and dozing in a tent, where I find it intensely cold.

Nov. 10.—About 100 men die in the hospitals during the twenty-four hours. Still no epidemic of typhus, which is the usual accompaniment of cold and starvation. The men are still brought by scores to the hospital, many of whom are recovered by horse-broth, but many die. Some military executions take place to-day. Every one seems trying to assume a cheerfulness which he can scarcely feel. This evening, half-a-dozen of the enemy's irregular Mussulman cavalry stealthily approach our sentries. After sundry cautious signs, they beckon one of the foremost to approach; he refuses, but calls his officer, who advances, and a parley commences. The strangers attest the unity of the Deity and declare themselves true Mussulmans, after which they announce the speedy approach of succour, and recommend us not to give in, as we shall assuredly be delivered by the approach of a succouring army.

General Williams determines to increase the soldier's rations by 30 drachms of bread a day—a timely boon, since the mortality has become alarming, and still more so the frightful emaciation of our troops. With hollow cheeks, tottering gait, and that peculiar feebleness of voice so characteristic of famine, they yet cling to their duties. I have again and again seen them watching the batteries at midnight, some standing and leaning on their arms,

but most coiled up under the breastwork during cold as intense as an Arctic winter, scarce able to respond to or challenge the visiting officer, and, in answer to a word of encouragement or consolation, the loyal words were ever on their lips, "*Padishah sagh ossoon!*" Long live the Sultan! It would seem that the extremity of human suffering called forth latent sparks of a loyalty and devotion not observed in seasons of prosperity.

Nov. 11.—We are, if possible, more closely invested than ever. Some Russian irregulars in their videttes again approach our lines, and tell us that a Turkish army is marching on Akiska. The cry of distress throughout the city rises louder and louder. Numbers of children die of hunger—corpses are found every morning in various parts of the camp; our troops wander about with a dejected, hungry look. We are told that the Russian commander hourly expects our capitulation, and that Cossacks are constantly sent to peep into our encampment, and see if there is any movement of insurrection amongst the soldiers or townspeople.

Nov. 12.—Colonel Lake, who has been on duty all night, comes into my room early this morning to thaw himself. He brings good news. A despatch has arrived from Selim Pasha himself, addressed to the Mushir, which announces that his advanced guard has defeated a Russian corps d'armée sent from Bayazid to check his advance, and that he is marching straight for Kars. No more details appear; we calculate that he must be near *Vezin Kale*, and is about three days' march from us. This good news puts us into high spirits.

Nov. 13.—A peasant contrives to drive a lame buffalo

laden with a bag of flour into the city, and thereby makes his fortune.

Nov. 14.—The desertions last night were but few. The hospitals are fast overflowing with patients. All the mosques, khans, and large houses are full of invalids. The citizens nobly furnish us with beds, which, however, scarce suffice for our numbers. Women are seen gathering the dust from before the flour-depôts to eat, mixed as it is with flour. I observe people lying at the corners of streets, groaning and crying out that they are dying of hunger.

Nov. 15.—We are all busy to-day, preparing for a sortie in conjunction with Selim Pasha. Each man is furnished with a bag to contain two days' provisions, in addition to his usual ammunition. The poor fellows' eyes glisten with martial ardour, though their legs can scarcely support them. The soldiers in the batteries have stood sentry over three days' provisions, and, although starving, no instance of their touching a single biscuit has ever been known.

Nov. 16.—A report comes in this morning at daybreak that guns have been heard in the direction of Ardahan, and that the Russians are leaving their camp. A thick fog lies between our camp and theirs, increasing the suspense. The people of Kars are called under arms, and scouts are sent out to see what occurs. Meantime a thrill of joy and excitement runs through the population at the idea of the near approach of a succouring army. These hopes are, however, doomed to disappointment: the report is a false one.

A small quantity of snow falls; the rapid mountain-

stream which runs through the town, the Kars Chai, is already almost entirely frozen over. The streets present a soul-harrowing appearance. Old women are moaning and crying out that they are dying of starvation; the children have a gaunt and famished look. Numerous donkeys are lying dead in the streets, others wandering about eating dung, old rags, &c. The wonder is that these animals are not eaten, but the Karslis, more perhaps than any other people, have a horror of any kind of flesh to which they are unaccustomed.

Nov. 18.—Twenty-one men have deserted last night. Hussein Bey tells me that the most profound discontent exists throughout the city, and that the people say they can bear their sufferings no longer. They exclaim, almost in the language of Scripture, "In our watching we have watched for a nation that could not save us." In truth the scenes of distress are heartrending. Mothers bring their children to the military council, and throw them at the feet of the officers, exclaiming, "Take and keep these children, for we have no bread to give them."

Nov. 19.—Each night we send out men, sometimes officers, to Erzeroom, disguised as peasants, carrying notes in cipher rolled up and put into quills, which they carry in their hands and drop if surprised by Cossacks. These despatches are to urge Selim Pasha to an immediate advance, as we cannot hold out much longer.

Desertion goes on at an alarming rate. Our hospitals are daily more difficult to manage, since all our water-carrying horses are dead, and the asses with which we have replaced them are rapidly dying off, for the ground is covered with snow, and they can no longer tear up the

roots of the grass; hence the washing of the linen and other ablutions become most difficult.

Some of the citizens exhume the carcases of horses, which they devour. A report comes in this evening that the advanced guard of Selim Pasha is already at Chiplakli, twenty miles off.

Nov. 20.—A deep discontent pervades the camp: twenty-five men deserted last night from the Karadagh. In future subaltern officers do the sentry duty. We now discuss the probabilities of a retreat across the mountains. We have about 2000 men in hospital, and more than 100 deaths per diem: we have only seven days' provision left. We have no artillery horses or cavalry; moreover our troops, though admirable for patient endurance and courage, are not to be depended on for manœuvres on the plain, besides which most of them are too weak for an hour's march, the ground is covered with snow, and the nights are intensely cold. A retreat would seem hopeless.

Nov. 21.—A heavy fall of snow during the night. No more news to cheer us. We have almost reached the limits of human endurance; our soldiers lie dead and dying in every part of the camp. The citizens look reproachfully at us; "their visage is blacker than a coal, their skin cleaveth to their bones." They exclaim, "Let us go out and fight; why remain here to die?" "They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger, for these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field."

Nov. 22.—About 5 A.M., while yet dark, three or four guns, loaded with shell, are fired into the encampment

near Kanli tabia. The troops there are called to arms; only six or seven manage to drag themselves from their tents: twenty men might easily take any battery, did they but know our real state. At 6 A.M. a messenger comes in with a despatch from Selim Pasha to the Mushir. He was to have left Erzeroom for Kars on the 16th, and would hasten on. Besides this veracious Turkish document there is a little note in cipher from Mr. Brant; it is as follows:—"Selim Pasha won't advance, although Major Stuart is doing his utmost to make him. Omer Pasha has not advanced far from Soukhum Kale. I fear you have no hope but in yourselves; you can depend on no help in this quarter."

Several naked corpses are found in the camp, since the threadbare clothes of the dead soldier are seized by his shivering comrades. The mortality in the hospitals is most disheartening.

Nov. 25.—General Williams and his aide-de-camp Teesdale ride over under a flag of truce to the Russian camp. They are well received by Mouravieff. The General tells his chivalrous enemy that he has no wish to rob him of his laurels; the fortress contains a large train of artillery, with numerous standards, and a variety of arms, but the army has not yet surrendered, nor will it without certain articles of capitulation. "If you grant not these," exclaimed the General, "every gun shall be burst, every standard burnt, every trophy destroyed, and you may then work your will on a famished crowd." "I have no wish," answered Mouravieff, "to wreak an unworthy vengeance on a gallant and long-suffering army, which has covered itself with glory, and only

yields to famine." "Look here," he exclaimed, pointing to a lump of bread and a handful of roots, "what splendid troops must these be who can stand to their arms in this severe climate on food such as this! General Williams, you have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army. Let us arrange a capitulation that will satisfy the demands of war without outraging humanity." I leave my readers to imagine anything more touching than the interview between these gallant leaders, whose eyes were suffused with tears, while their hearts were big with sentiments of high honour and graceful benevolence.

The terms of capitulation, arranged to-day, to be laid before the Turkish officers, were briefly as follows :—

"The officers and soldiers of the regular army were to pile arms in camp, and march out with their music and colours, and surrender themselves prisoners of war to the Russian army."

("And," here exclaimed General Mouravieff to the secretary, "write that, in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords, as a mark of honour and respect.")

"All private property, the castle, mosques, and other public buildings, are to be respected, and the inhabitants protected from pillage or insult.

"The militia, the Bashi-Bozooks, are allowed to depart unarmed to their homes.

"The medical corps, and other non-combatants, are to

be released, and be free to serve again in any other army.

"A certain number of foreign officers, and the subjects of states not at war with Russia, are to be allowed to depart, on condition of not serving again during the continuance of the war."

After a somewhat long interview with General Mouravieff, General Williams returns to the camp. The prospect of capitulation is as yet kept a secret, but the sudden disappearance of General Kmety and Feizi Pasha (General Kollman) gives rise to much whispering in the camp. These officers escaped last night, and are on their way to Erzeroom.* They have our best wishes and prayers.

Nov. 27.—General Williams and his whole staff, with two Turkish officers, ride over to the Russian camp, and dine with General Mouravieff and his staff. The latter general is a stout and rather short man, whose age is about seventy; but seldom have I seen a more vigorous-looking person at his time of life. He has a decidedly Russian cast of countenance, and belongs to a very old Muscovite family. His staff treat him with the utmost respect, never, unless when bidden, presuming to sit in his presence. He speaks with almost equal fluency Russian, French, English, German, and Turkish; possibly he may know other languages besides. I leave the reader to imagine how we enjoyed a good and even luxurious dinner. We were allowed to walk about the Russian camp, and see

* The above-named gallant officers left by full permission, I may say by the advice, of General Williams; since they feared that the Russians would be bound by treaty to deliver them over to the never-dying vengeance of Austria.

what we chose. The men were hutted in a warm and comfortable way, their dwellings being made almost wholly underground, with fireplaces to insure ventilation. All the officers' huts were furnished with glass windows. Anything more admirable than the order, regularity, and well-being of this camp could not be conceived. Each soldier was warmly clad in becoming, well-preserved clothes, and seemed fit for an inspection on parade at St. Petersburg. It was observed that the Russians had built a much finer city than Kars itself, and it was proposed to call it Yeni Kars, or New Kars. All the horses of the regular cavalry were housed in spacious stables, half underground; but the Cossack horses, with hair like that of a Newfoundland dog, were exposed night and day to the inclement weather. Vast stacks of hay were seen in the neighbourhood of each cavalry camp.

One great fault, however, was visible. All round the precincts of each cantonment the filth is not to be described; the wonder was how this glaring defect could exist in a camp otherwise so well ordered.

There could scarcely have been less than 30,000 men here assembled. While gazing at and admiring the military spectacle, the completeness of which was strange to my eyes, I could not help exclaiming (*sotto voce*, of course), "And is this the army we hurled back from our breastworks? Are these the battalions that our ragged and hungry handful of men held in check for seven hours, and drove back to their camp? And now we deliver ourselves up to the vanquished! we lay down our arms to our conquered enemy, starved by the dishonest jobbery of rascally pashas, and the wicked apathy and unworthy

intrigues of modern Byzantine officials! O tempora, O mores!"

The Russian officers treat us with the most delicate attentions, and show the most chivalrous bearing to their prisoners of war. They compliment each of us in turn on the gallantry, the endurance, and the humanity, which they are good enough to say has characterised our part of the struggle: while we, in all sincerity, attest the unflinching courage which led them up to our breastworks under a cross fire of artillery and volleys of musketry. One of these recognises Teesdale as having, under a deadly fire of grape and rifle balls, leaped over our breastworks, and rescued from some marauding soldiers a wounded Russian officer. This little episode was not hitherto known to us, and I almost fear to shock the modesty of that gallant officer in thus recording it.

Nov. 28.—Early this morning the sounds of musketry are heard in all parts of the camp. The soldiers are emptying their muskets and piling arms. The people and the army have now learned that they are to capitulate; the word *teslim* (capitulation) is in every mouth, and what a scene is this! The poor staggering soldiers obey their orders mechanically, but some there are who dash their muskets to pieces against the rocks, exclaiming, "Thus perish our pashas, and the curse of God be with them! may their mothers be outraged!" Some of the officers break their swords, and, caring not who hears them, heap curses on the Sultan and the whole government of the empire—awful words, which I had never heard even whispered before. The citizens gather together in groups, exclaiming, "God is great! and has it come to this? How

is Islam fallen! *Vai, vai!* (alas, alas!) and do my eyes behold it? Would to God we had never been born! would to God we had died in battle! for then, had we been translated to heaven, then had we been purified and acceptable. The Ghiaours are coming, and our arms drop from our hands! God is God, and Mahomed is his prophet. How has the All-Merciful forsaken his children, and delivered us up to be a prey to the spoiler!"

Thus are the sounds of grief and indignation heard from each turbaned warrior, "while woman's softer soul in woe dissolves aloud." Let us draw a veil over this distressing scene; scarce was there a dry eye that witnessed it, while greybearded soldiers sobbed aloud.

In the midst of these lamentations General Williams rode through the camp. At once the citizens crowded round him, kissing his stirrup and praying for blessings on his head. "*Néréyé, néréyé*" (Where, where are you going, Pasha? they asked). "I am a prisoner," he answered. "Let us go with you; we will follow you," was the universal cry.

"*Veeliams Pasha chock adam dur*" (Williams Pasha is no end of a man), was the sententious remark of a greybeard, and he was voted quite right.

Nov. 30.—I am given unconditional liberty by General Mouravieff, to whose chivalrous generosity I here record my gratitude; I start from Kars on a dark snowy morning, mounted on a living skeleton, with my baggage and servants mounted on the remains of our artillery horses, which have narrowly escaped being devoured. I first direct my steps to the Russian camp, where I have my last interview with General Williams, whose virtues

both as a soldier and a citizen need no eulogy from me. Lake, Thompson, and Teesdale are prisoners of war, and as cheerful and gay as if they were about to start for London instead of Gumri. Mr. Churchill is a volunteer prisoner, not wishing to leave the General. I bid all these farewell, and start for Constantinople, reserving to myself the right of choosing my route. Two irregular Mussulman horsemen, called Karapapaks, are ordered to escort me out of the lines, and I am furnished with a Russian passport. About a dozen old servants of the General and others, with a Turkish civil official (Khurshid Effendi), put themselves under my protection, and thereby render me a greater and more important person; and as our route lay through a tract of country under the jurisdiction of neither Turk nor Russian, infested, moreover, by numbers of disbanded Bashi-Bozooks, I was glad to have more than my own servants to accompany me. Our journey to-day is not a long one; but the snow falls during the greater part of it. After a four hours' ride we halt at the little village of Gurmeli, on the plain not very far from Chiplakli, but to the north-east of the latter village. Here I make myself comfortable. There is no barley to be had, and indeed scarce anything; but I had providently brought some with me, besides food for myself and servants; so I am pretty well off, and thankful in having made this my first step towards home. Presently the noise of horses is heard outside; the door is opened, and Shukri Effendi, one of my medical staff, appears. This is an exceedingly diminutive specimen of a medical man, who has been an army-surgeon nearly all his life, and who is fonder of fighting than of hospital attendance; so I

used to employ him as a sort of aide-de-camp to gallop off to any skirmish, and report the want of ambulances or other requisites. His heart was almost too big for his body; in short, he was a most pugnacious bantam. He rushes in to me, and, attempting to kiss my feet, tells me he has obtained permission to depart, and is determined to follow me to Erzeroom, or anywhere else.

Dec. 1.—Early this morning we leave Gurmeli, and still under the guidance and protection of the two Karapapaks, we push forward through the snow, pursuing a northern direction. One road would have taken us to the Soghanli Dagh, but I feared that route on account of a tract of difficult country, which I judged would now be deep in snow, and liable to those storms called *tépés*, which surprise and bury whole caravans on these inhospitable steppes. I was determined therefore to go by way of Penek and Oltee. Arrived at the former village, I should still have the option of pursuing my way to Erzeroom *viâ* Oltee, or of endeavouring to force my way through the difficult and dangerous country of Lazistan, which I much wished to do; first, because it was an unexplored province, whose mysteries strongly excited my curiosity; second, because I hoped to gain some useful military information regarding the country, its resources, and its roads. As we advance, the road becomes deeper in snow, and my wretched horses stagger under the weight of their loads. I am constrained, much against my inclinations, to sacrifice some books, my bed, and other parts of my baggage. We push on lighter and quicker, and presently alight at a village, where we find some refreshment. Here the two Karapapaks strongly

advise me to remain for the night, but I determine to proceed, so I remount my horse and continue my route. I had scarcely left this village, when, feeling my elbow touched, I turn round and encounter a ragged peasant, whose face wore a most mysterious air. He looked anxiously at the two Karapapaks, and then whispered the word *posta* (a post), at the same time showing me a curious bundle tied up in brown rags. "Slip it into my saddle-bag," I exclaimed, "and come along;" so we trudged on through the snow. We presently came to another village, and here my Karapapaks renewed their solicitations to rest, to which however I turned a deaf ear and rode on. Scarcely had I proceeded 200 yards on my way, when I hear an altercation, and, turning round, observe the two Karapapaks have taken the matter into their own hands, and are unloading the horses. At the sight of this indignity I struck spurs into my horse, and charged one of them at full speed, while the little Shukri Effendi, with his sabre in the air, came down upon the other; luckily his horse, worse than mine, felt none of the martial ardour of his master, and failed to bring him fairly on his adversary. Some display of weapons succeeded, and threats and curses of deep import, on which the Karapapaks were cowed, and were content to follow sulkily in the rear of my party. Before I had ridden half an hour further, I saw them far in the rear engaged in a consultation. "Bey Effendi," whispers Shukri Effendi, "just say the word, and I will clear the earth of that vermin; just let me put a ball into each of them. Wallah, they are not fit to live; they serve the Ghiaour, and call themselves Mussulmans." "Be quiet, you young Rustem," I answer; "let the pezivenks alone:" and so we

ride on. Presently our Karapapaks are lost sight of, on which Shukri, still thirsting for their blood, says, "O Bey Effendim! see now, those sons of unbelieving dogs have left us; we shall meet them again with a dozen more in a few hours; they have left us to plot and to murder us: just give the order, O Bey! and I can still overtake them, and put a stop to their mischief." Heedless of Shukri's entreaties I pursue my journey, and about an hour before nightfall reach the Kurdish village of Kerjik, where I unload my horses, spread my carpet, and prepare for a night's rest; ten or twelve followers seeking their quarters in various parts of the village. My faithful servant, Ismael—who has been with me through the whole siege, having joined me in Erzeroom—busies himself in frying eggs, and hunting for barley. Ismael is a sort of Bashi-Bozook, who was always persuading his master to purchase gay arms, which he appropriated for his own especial use. When he rode out with me on a journey, he was invariably armed with a huge Persian sabre, a Colt's revolver, a huge flint-and-steel pistol, a double-barrelled gun, and a broad silver-mounted dagger. I always felt safe under his protection; but on one occasion, on the 29th of September, we suddenly found ourselves under a heavy fire of round shot and shell. Ismael ducked his head, then laid himself down on his saddle, calling out all the while to his beloved master to save himself and run. At last a shell, bursting close by and knocking over a man or two, his voice was silent. I turned round to see if he was hurt, when I saw him galloping my best horse down a rocky hill at full speed in such a way as to make me tremble for both.

Ismael is now most active in procuring me everything

I want, partly by threats and partly by promises. The house I am now in is the residence of the chief of the village, which is inhabited by Kurds. A hole in the roof serves the double purpose of letting out the smoke of a fire kindled in the middle of the room, and admitting light besides, not to speak of ventilation. My host is a fine old man, with two wives and a few babies, who are railed off in a corner of the apartment, while another corner is inhabited by some calves and a foal. When I had made myself comfortable, I open the packet which the peasant had given me a few hours before, and I am soon devouring the contents of the *Times* and of *Galignani*, while I amuse my host by the wonderful pictures in the *Illustrated London News*, which, however, he does not clearly comprehend. Numerous letters addressed to my former comrades tumble out of the packet, together with despatches, all of which I stow away in my baggage. The peasant-postman tells me that he had been caught by the Russians, accused of being a letter-carrier, and beaten and imprisoned in consequence, but he had secreted the letters for ten days, hoping to have an opportunity of creeping into Kars.

After partaking of the rough-and-ready cheer which Ismael had procured for me, I lay myself down to sleep by the fire-side. The Kurdish chief, with his magnificent turban, was smoking his pipe at the other side of the fire, while Ismael, supposing his master to be asleep, ventured to light his own pipe, and commence a gossip with our host, all of which I overheard and give here *verbatim*:—

Chief.—"Ismael, look at me, and tell me who is the Bey; is he Ingleez or Franceez (English or French)?"

Ismael.—"Adam (man), don't you know who the Bey

is and what his feats are in Kars? Man, you are ignorant; he is the great English Bey; he was with Veeliams Pasha all the while, and I was with him."

Chief.—"With Veeliams Pasha, the great Inglcez, who made our pashas eat dirt, and who fed the Karslis with fine flour? Mashallah! but he was chock adam (much of a man)."

Ismael.—"That is true, and so is my master. Mashallah! you should see him fight the Ghiaours."

Chief.—"Tell me, then, what is your master's rank? what *rootbé* has he?"

Ismael.—"My master is a *Ferik* (lieutenant-general) under the Sultan, perhaps he is a Mushir (field-marshal) under his own Padishah. *Allah bilir!* (God knows!) Besides this, he is *nishanli* (decorated) by the Padishah."

The noise of a smothered giggle proceeding from my part of the room disturbs this conversation, so I hear no more of it.

Before I left this village I had a good deal of talk with the old chief, whom I found very intelligent. He tells me that several disbanded soldiers have already passed his house and received hospitality; one of these showed him an address to the inhabitants, written in Turkish, and emanating from the Russian camp. It spoke of the friendship of the Emperor for the Sultan, and the intrigues of the English and French, and referred the misfortunes of Kars to the mischievous influence of the English there. I was sorry I could not obtain a copy of this document. The chief, in speaking of the surprise of the Turkish cavalry at Penek some months ago by a Russian force, tells me that he himself made a forced march across the mountains, nearly killing his horse, to give information

of the approach of the Russians, but the Pasha in command insulted him, and would not listen to his tale; very shortly afterwards the Russians were down upon them, and routed the whole force.

Dec. 2.—We leave Kerjik this morning about 8 A.M., and direct our course towards a lofty mountain, whose summit was invisible, being lost in snow and mist. The name of this mountain is Allah Akbar (God is great). The old postman is our guide, and, as he professes to know each rock and stone throughout the country, I consider myself lucky in having secured him. As we advance the track becomes invisible and the snow deeper; my horses begin to flounder, so I congratulate myself that I yesterday sacrificed part of my baggage. Our ascent, however, becomes more and more difficult, and we are detained from time to time in dragging our horses out of holes and drifts into which they fall. All this is most fatiguing, but there is no help for it. Our guide marches steadily forwards, looking on the right and left for landmarks. As we press onwards the wind arises, blowing the snow in all directions and almost blinding us; so we begin to fear for our safety. At length, to our great delight, we come upon a Kurdish yailik, or summer pasture-ground, where the remains of huts are visible, and, which, of course, serves as a landmark for our guide. After this our road becomes a steeper ascent, and we are embarrassed in some terrible snow-drifts, killing work for both man and horse; the wind, too, becomes stronger and fiercer, and the snow in consequence more blinding. I begin to fear the guide is embarrassed, so I ask him if he knows the way. "Inshallah! Please God, I can find it," is the answer: we

again push on. Presently I am convinced he is lost, so I sternly bid him to tell me the truth and confess if he has lost the road. He now owns that he is quite lost, but, "Inshallah! Please God!" he will find the road. I now give the order at once to turn back while yet we may find our tracks: we forthwith face about, after having been nearly two hours in the snow. Our horses are sadly fatigued, but the *descent* is now comparatively easy, in spite of a fierce wind blowing the snow in our faces. We had perhaps accomplished about half the descent, when my servant reports the loss of one of my loads, but no attempt at recovering it is now possible, so I continue my journey downward. We pass the yailik on our way back, and presently through the snowstorm the forms of three horsemen appear. "Marhaba! (good morning!) neréyé neréyé?" (where, where are you going?) they asked. My questioners were two fine-looking Kurds, followed by a woman and a young girl, together mounted on one stout horse, and enveloped in warm cloaks. I tell them that I am an English Bey who has lost his road, and I promise to reward them handsomely if they can help me. "Gidekh bakakh!* let us go to see!" exclaims Mollah Hussein, the first speaker; "I know the road well. Come along; Inshallah! I will set you right:" once more we turn, and again face the terrible mountain. We have of course to encounter the killing snow-drifts, but I observe that the Kurd takes quite another road, thus proving that we should assuredly have been lost had we followed our first guide. We at last

* I beg to inform the Turkish scholar that this is the form of "*gidelim bakalum*," as used in this region.

reach the highest plateau of the mountain; our horses are staggering; each man has been rolling over and over in gullies, and dragging his horse through drifts during the last three hours; we none of us have much strength left, but we all feel it is truly a battle for life. We then come to the worst drift of all: it is a valley in which the snow has accumulated. A perfect hurricane arises, blinding man and horse, and teaching us too well the meaning of the word *tépé*,—a word which freezes travellers with horror; since every winter hundreds of people are lost in these *tépés*, or snowstorms.

I am scarce able to fight my way through this horrible gulf, and have still more difficulty in saving my horse, which lies helpless on his back, having ceased for a time even to struggle. My left hand and left cheek are dead, apparently; and I sink down gasping and exhausted in the snow by the side of my faithful steed, who has given up the game as lost. A little reflection, and a little recovered breath, however, teach me that life is worth one more effort. At last I rise, and myself and horse are fairly landed on the opposite bank, which, being swept by a fierce wind, is almost bare of snow; and here I lie down again. In five minutes, however, I scramble into my saddle, and turn to look at my followers. My own servant Ismael has escaped, and is standing by my side. He reports that all my baggage is lost, and that one of my horses is perfectly helpless. Some of the other people are still struggling in the snow, but Khurshid Effendi is fairly buried in the drift, and has lost all power of saving himself; he raises his arms like a drowning man, and cries feebly "*aman, aman*" (mercy, mercy). Mehemed, a muleteer, asks per-

mission to try and recover one of the loads, but I tell him to look first to Khurshid Effendi. A stout soldier now rushes forward, and by immense efforts drags the poor man out of the snow, more dead than alive. I direct some men to tie him on the packsaddle of a horse, which had been saved at the expense of its load. Khurshid's own horse has strayed down the mountain, and is irrecoverable.

We now reassemble ourselves and turn to face the most frightful hurricane. We ride on over the crest of a trackless mountain, blinded by snow, and half-frozen by cold. After some time our stout Kurd, Mollah Hussein, suddenly pulls up, tells me he is lost, and asks me if he should turn, and try to find the road back again. This I know to be a matter of much greater difficulty than it would have been an hour ago. Some of the people cry out, "Go on," others, "Turn back;" but I soon silence this clamour, and tell Mollah Hussein to reflect well for five minutes, and then act for the best, as he is the only man who knows anything of the country. On this the Mollah pushes on, and we follow, hoping to escape, yet fearing that our destruction is still far from improbable. The cold is terrible, and my servant Ismael very drowsy, which disagreeable symptom I never felt. After an hour's ride we at length find landmarks; the Kurd exclaims, "*Elhamdu-li-'llah!* (Praise be to God!), the road is clear;" and the words are echoed through the group, and most fervently responded to by myself. We presently reach a half-deserted village, where we light a fire and attend to poor Khurshid Effendi, whose recovery is doubtful. We now count our party, and the question arises, "Where is Hassan?" but he is nowhere to be found.

"*Vai, vai!*" exclaims Mollah Hussein, "he has found a cold grave; it is *kismet* (fate), there is no help for it." Hassan was a groom of General Williams. We soon leave this village, and, continuing our descent, we reach a valley, where the snow has become rain, and the road clear. Tired and jaded we arrive at Durasskur, a Kurdish village, where we find good quarters. My Mussulman followers sacrifice a sheep in thanksgiving for their preservation; while I feel deeply grateful to a merciful God that I am thus saved from a horrible death. Mollah Hussein comes to offer his congratulations and grins delightedly, when I put into his hand some gold pieces, which he has richly earned. I now tell him to organize an expedition for the recovery of my baggage, offering large rewards for any papers; so he departs to prepare for to-morrow's labours.

Dec. 3.—I wait half the day for Mollah Hussein, who has returned with some stout peasants to the Allah Akbar mountain to search for my baggage. The weather is so fine as to favour his researches. About one o'clock in the afternoon he returns, the sole fruit of his search being a pair of empty saddle-bags and the manuscript of the first part of this book, which the Kurdish freebooters had treated with the utmost contempt, as it was found thrown on the snow a few yards from the saddle-bags. Hoping Mr. Murray would pay it more respect, I put it up in one of the bags and set forward on my journey in true "light marching order," not without a regret, however, for sundry little necessaries. Luckily my Kars diary was in one of the holsters on my riding-horse, and on the whole I thought myself lucky in spite of my misfortunes.

Our march to-day is partly through a valley running

apparently north-east, but I had no compass to determine. We then cross a pine-clad hill lightly covered with snow, and here another of my horses gives in, so I shoot him in mercy. In about four hours we reach Kossor, the inhabitants of which are, I believe, Lazi, or of Georgian origin: they speak, however, only Turkish, and wear a sort of mixed Georgian and Turkish costume.

Dec. 4.—We begin our journey by traversing a very rocky country covered with pine and fir-trees, besides sundry patches of beech, oak, and maple. Partridges abound, and, as I had saved my gun, I secure a good dinner. These birds are of the red-legged variety. We pass through a rocky gully, which might be defended against a host by a band of a hundred resolute men, who, in detaching and throwing down rocks from the cliffs above, would thereby be armed with something worse than artillery. Through this difficult pass, bounded on either side by abrupt walls of rock, we pursued our way until we emerged into the broad plain of Penek. Here it was that a Turkish force of cavalry and artillery had been surprised and utterly routed by a detachment of Russian cavalry, which had defiled through the same road that we had traversed: this affair had happened about three months previously.

At Penek we take another guide; indeed, we have to take a fresh one from one village to the next. I can, even then, scarcely obtain them without paying beforehand; and having done so, I have to watch the rascals narrowly, threatening from time to time to shoot them if they attempt to escape, which, however, they still frequently contrive to do.

About four miles from Penek (which, I must not omit

to mention, is a large straggling village, but, not possessing a bazaar, it is not to be dignified with the name of a town) we come to a road or track which crosses a shallow river and turns to our left. This is the road to Oltee: here I must decide which road to take; we therefore all pull up and hold a consultation,—if such it could be termed, where the whole of my followers were bent on persuading me to go to Oltee and Erzeroom. Shukri Effendi, who would follow me to the death, has a wife and family at Erzeroom, so he must go. The gallant Ismael rushes forward to kiss my feet, and entreat me not to rush on certain destruction by plunging into so frightful a country as Lazistan, where every road swarms with assassins thirsting for my blood. Of course I see clearly that one and all of my nine or ten followers have some ties in Erzeroom and its neighbourhood, a fact amply accounting for their loving anxiety in my behalf. Nevertheless I think it expedient to burst these tender ties, and, after paying all pecuniary claims, off I ride with my guide and a soldier picked up at the last village, and who afterwards abandons me. I soon pass over the plain of Penek, about eight miles long and three broad, and enter a rocky and picturesque valley, through which flows a brawling trout-stream, and the sides of which are clothed with sundry fir-trees intermingled with beech and oak. After about three hours' journey, during which we pass two or three Kurdish villages, we come to the foot of a mountain and meet some horsemen leading their horses,—a very ominous sign, so I make up my mind to a fatiguing ascent.

We had not ridden far when I was obliged to dismount

to lead my horse, and never shall I forget the weary way that followed. My poor animal, weak and lame, was apparently more fatigued than myself, or he had perhaps less incentive to exertion: I had alternately to drive him on and drag him after me, up a steep zig-zag path fit only for a goat. During the ascent we were compelled to rest about twelve times. At length we reached the crest of the mountain, which was covered with snow, and here we rested for half an hour in a miserable hut, and ate a little Indian-corn bread. Our road now was a rapid descent. A broad and lovely valley lay before us, presenting craggy rocks, brawling streams, cataracts, forests, and villages, while the view was bounded by distant snow-clad mountains. Half an hour's descent took us out of the snow, and a distant village was pointed out to me by my guide as being Carnevass, the residence of Mehemed Ali Bey, an hereditary chief, one of the very last of the Deribeys, or feudal chieftains, whom the centralizing policy of the Ottoman Porte had not as yet disturbed. An hour's ride brought me to the brow of a hill, when suddenly the mansion of the Bey burst on my astonished eyes. Throughout my wanderings I had seen chiefs of various kinds, and had often been entertained in their houses and castles, which were at best but rude and barbarous edifices, either extensive huts or ruined and dismantled fortresses; but now I saw before me a magnificent mansion, built in the style of an old Constantinople konag, worthy of being the residence of a Grand Vizier. The walls were composed of wood and brick, and the whole roof was covered with square tiles.

On seeing this strange phenomenon in so wild a region,

I paused and began to consider how I should present myself. My dress was in a terrible state of dilapidation, and I had no baggage: this, in the East as elsewhere, is considered a disreputable state in which to present yourself. However, there was no remedy, except passing on to the next village, or finding a lodging in one of the cottages near; and as I wished much to see the interior of the mansion before me, I boldly presented myself at the gate. I found in the court-yard a crowd of armed retainers, all dressed in the costume of Lazistan; and on my demand to see the Bey, I was shown into the presence of the great man without further ceremony. I was most agreeably surprised on entering the room at finding three Lazistan chiefs, namely, Sheriff Bey, Selim Bey, and Ali Bey, who had been in Kars during the whole of the siege, and who now sprang up to welcome me. They introduced me to Mehemed Ali Bey, their elder brother, the head of the family and chief of the district, and I was at once at home among old comrades. The three first-named chiefs had been included in the article of capitulation which provided for the release of the Bashi-Bozooks, and these men were the leaders of the Lazistan irregulars.

I was now comfortably housed, and treated with a rude but hearty hospitality. As my clothes had seen much service already, and I had no wardrobe to draw upon, I was only too glad to avail myself of the chief's offer of clean linen, and a full suit of Lazistan costume. I soon found myself strutting about in gold-laced shalwars and embroidered jacket, with a magnificent *kama*, or broad two-edged dagger, ornamented with silver, suspended from my girdle. As an acknowledgment for these presents,

I gave the Chief some first-rate English pistols and a telescope, which had luckily been carried by my servant during our adventure in the snow.

My host spoke with his brothers from time to time in a language I did not comprehend, but which I found was Georgian. He told me that he was of a Georgian family, and had neither Turkish nor Laz blood in his veins; moreover, he was the grandson of Selim Pasha, the turbulent Governor of Kars, whose history I have already given. We passed a most pleasant evening together, talking of the events of the war, while he bewailed the fall of Kars, attributing that sad event to the mismanagement and peculation of the pashas employed to supply the army. He and all his brothers were enthusiastic admirers of Williams Pasha; indeed throughout the country I met but one sentiment on that head. Williams Pasha was a Rustem, an Ilderim, a Lion in the fight, a very Solomon in Council. Our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of an excellent dinner, which we ate in true Turkish fashion with our fingers, one dish following another in rapid succession, until a pilaff concluded the feast, on which we rose, and a servant brought us each an ewer of water, pouring it on our hands as we washed.

Presently piles of cotton counterpanes and mattresses were dragged into the room by three or four servants, and a bed made on the floor for each of us. No wine appeared at table, my host being a strict Mussulman.

Dec. 5.—I remain at Carnevass to-day, and as both my horses are ruined, I am obliged to purchase two others. I amuse myself by taking a walk with Mehemed Ali Bey, whose conversation I find interesting. He tells me that

he and his brothers could raise 20,000 men, who would follow and fight for them at any time; but he has not money to feed and pay them; moreover, he hints that the jealousy of the Porte would be thereby roused. This abundance of men in a thinly populated country is easily accounted for by the habits of the people; for the men leave nearly every species of work to be performed by the women, while they ramble over the mountains with their rifle, or as a change drive a horse laden with fruit to the steppes of Armenia. A fair proportion of the valley in which the mansion of my host stands is cultivated, and grows tobacco, Indian corn, grapes, apples, pears, &c.; while I observe amongst the shrubs laurel, box, and other perennials only found in a warm climate. The temperature is truly a change from that of the snowy heights from which I had descended. A brawling mountain-stream flowed at the bottom of the valley; vast forests covered the sides of the mountains, which abounded in deer of more than one variety; while the silver streaks of headlong cataracts were seen tumbling from craggy precipices, and mingling their waters with that of the stream a thousand feet below. I gazed with delight on this grand scenery, and asked the Bey if he did not prefer it to the *yalis* and palaces of Constantinople. "I have never been there," was his answer, "and never intend to go. I don't understand the style of life there, the climbing up and pulling down. I prefer to live amongst my own people, as my forefathers have done, and I am no worse subject of the Sultan if I never go near him." "Are not these woods more free from peril than the envious court?" was the sentiment in his mind, and I quite agreed with him. I

had a fair opportunity of remarking the physical conformation of the Laz, amongst whom I now found myself, and I was struck with their singularly fine features. Some of the boys would have furnished models for ideal beauty, while the young men were often equally handsome. Black eyes and long black hair were universally met with. The stature of the men averaged 5 feet 9 inches; their frames gave you the idea of great strength and agility combined, but their legs were always rather bowed. Strange to say, I scarce ever saw a woman's face during the whole of my journey through Lazistan. They cover themselves up, and religiously avoid the eye of a stranger, having adopted this part of Mahomedanism, while they abjure polygamy.

I inspected the grand house of Mehemed Ali, and was shown into his *salaamlik*, or room of state. This apartment equalled in size the largest drawing-room in Belgravia; there were no chairs or tables, but a broad divan covered with red velvet ran all round the room. The walls and roof were gorgeously decorated with gold and arabesque, and a sort of blue enamel. In short, I am quite at a loss to describe, or even give a faint idea of, the glories of this room. It was a perfect specimen of old Turkish house-decoration, examples of which were once common enough in Constantinople; but the frequent fires, and the still more fatal rage for European fashions, have there left scarce a remnant for the curious traveller to admire.

I was particular in my inquiries concerning the *Fauna* of Lazistan, and the brothers of my host, especially Sheriff Bey, were eloquent in their description of the sport of the mountains. They spoke of a magnificent stag

which inhabits these lofty heights, of a monstrous size and most difficult to find, but which they run down during the winter season by chasing him on snow-shoes. I once found a gigantic pair of horns belonging to a stag of this kind, near Van. The space between the extremity of each antler measured about six feet. They were sent to the British Museum, where they were pronounced to be a variety of the red deer, but much larger than any known species. I have since made many efforts to obtain a specimen of the animal, but without success. Besides this *Cervus ignotus*, there are wild goats on the craggy part of the mountains, and fallow and roe deer on the slopes. Bears and wild boars, too, abound, besides wolves, lynxes, and some other predatory animals. The red-legged partridge is abundant on all the surrounding hills, and his pleasant call is heard every morning and evening. Besides this species, the great oor keklek—a partridge about the size of a small turkey—inhabits the borders of the snowy heights. This bird is found throughout the mountains of Armenia.

My host was most curious to learn the manners and customs of England, and betrayed the ignorance of a child on the subject. One question he asked me was a most awkward one to answer—namely, "Do you eat hogs'-flesh in England?" With all these unsophisticated Mussulman people, who have never come in contact with Europeans, the eating of pork is considered something too monstrous and disgusting to be believed, and many of them wish to give a Frank an opportunity of clearing himself from the libel which they suppose has been spread abroad by our enemies. I had no resource but

to tell the truth, so I answered, "We do; and your pashas at Constantinople do so likewise, occasionally;" which is the simple fact, a few of the more enlightened ones having no objection to *jambon*. I am certain I lost caste by my avowal; but the horror they expressed on hearing that Mussulmans were guilty of this enormity is not to be described.

Sheriff Bey complained sadly of the new firman against slavery. It was a large yearly sum out of his pocket; and he could not at all see the justice of the Western Powers interfering with the innocent amusements of his border lads, whom he described as being first-rate kidnappers. I fear the Western Powers will have lost more than they have gained in the affections of all the Mussulman races of the Caucasus by their interference with this odious traffic, which immediately before was on the increase rather than otherwise.

On the evening of this day we had a wedding solemnized in the room where we all were sitting. It was a very dull and uninteresting ceremony. The gentlemen performed their part of it in a room by themselves, and the ladies in the harem. The bride and bridegroom were to meet afterwards.

Dec. 6.—I start from Carnevass this morning, and commence the ascent of a very steep mountain, Mehemed Ali having furnished me with one of his own people as a guide. We pass a good many patches of cultivated ground; and wherever we halt, the peasants vie with each other in showing us hospitality. The houses are built on piles driven into the earth to a great depth. The lower story forms a warm hut for man and horse; the upper a

cool kiosk, with balcony, for summer residence. After four hours' very heavy work of uninterrupted ascent, we arrive at Haidos, a small village where we remain the night.

Dec. 7.—I begin my journey by daylight, and still ascending I reach snow. After gaining a high ridge, I observe, to my horror, a vast undulating plateau of snow which we have to traverse. Fortunately the air is clear and perfectly calm; so we push on, still as we advance getting deeper into the snow. The road, at first clearly traceable by footsteps, becomes at last quite invisible. We push on, however, and presently find the path marked by large stones 5 feet high, and about 100 yards apart. After a while a thick fog comes on, through which we can scarce discern two of these landmarks at once. The struggle over this pathless waste of snow becomes most fatiguing, since we are obliged to dismount and drag our horses through. At last, after four hours' painful advance, we reach the highest point of the mountain; and just at that moment a tépé comes on, enveloping us in a thick volume of snow, and rendering our position only somewhat less dangerous than that on Allah Akbar mountain. We pass the remains of horses and cattle recently devoured by wolves, after they had fallen exhausted in the snow. After reaching the highest and bleakest ridge of Tikmé Dagh, as this mountain is called, we commence a steep descent, and see before us the most magnificent panorama the mind can conceive. The distant horizon is bounded by stupendous glaciers and icy mountains, while the space between is a succession of craggy hills, pine-forests, and wooded valleys.

Another hour of descent, through soft, sloppy snow, brings us to the village of Gulijé, where we rest and eat. We then mount our horses once more, and travel over a pleasant country quite free from snow. Our road lay along the slope of a mountain, with forest and crags above us, forest, rocks, and cataracts below. On our right we observe the valley and road leading to Ardahan, a town occupied by the Russians. Two villages stand at the opening of this valley, named Hevva and Yelashin. After a day's work of about seven hours, quite enough for such roads and at such a season, we reach Ossot, a large scattered village built of wooden piles, with a mosque in the centre.

Dec. 8.—I rise early this morning, and, travelling through a stupendously mountainous country along the brink of precipices, and on roads scarce wide enough for my horse, I come in sight of Ardeneutch, a town situated on the slope of a hill; walled round and commanded by a ruined castle. On my arrival I ride through a rather flourishing bazaar: the town, I believe, contains 2000 inhabitants. I make my way to the house of the Mudir, who receives me politely and assists me to sell my horses, which are again knocked up, and to hire fresh ones. The Mudir and all the officials about him are dressed in the old Turkish costume; the people of the town wear the Lazi dress. The wares exposed in the bazaars have nothing remarkable about them: they consist mainly of Manchester prints, native leather, arms, and Russian cutlery. I stay as short a time as possible here, and having, partly by force, procured a guide (for these peasants never will believe they are to be paid; and

if paid beforehand they often escape), I pursue my route towards the river Joruk; but night overtaking me, I am too glad to find quarters in a miserable khan crowded with Lazi mountaineers, whose wild but handsome countenances, singular costume, and silver-mounted arms, form a romantic picture as they squat round the fire of the dark low hut.

Dec. 9.—I rise at break of day, and after half an hour's ride commence the laborious ascent of a mountain. I scarcely ever mount my horse to-day, as my road lies along the brink of profoundly deep precipices, and my head is not steady enough to endure them when on horseback.

After five or six hours' travel we reach Artvin, a large town containing about 1500 houses, scattered in patches over the slope of a mountain. The roads and streets are most precipitous. A large Armenian Catholic church rises in the centre of the Christian quarter, which contains about 500 houses. On my arrival I proceed at once to the Mudir, whom I find in his salaamlik, or receiving-room, with sundry other notables of the town. A man in a sort of Frank costume introduces himself as the Milet Bashi, or recognised chief of the Armenian community; and after sundry polite speeches and compliments interchanged between the Mudir and myself, and after the usual cup of coffee and pipe, I arise and depart with the Milet Bashi to his house, where he invites me to spend the night.

Once in the Christian quarter I receive a kind of ovation. The attentions of my hosts are almost embarrassing; the best French wines and the most delicate morsels

that Armenian cookery can furnish are produced for my entertainment; crowds of men and women peep in at the door to see the strange sight of an English Bey, albeit, dressed as I was in the costume of the country, there was nothing very striking in my appearance, except the fact that I, a Christian, wore arms, a phenomenon altogether strange to these simple people, and calculated to cause a burst of enthusiasm. When I was comfortably lodged, the elders of the community exhibited symptoms of a wish to communicate something, but were deterred by the presence of my Mussulman servant: I therefore sent him out of the way, and invited them to speak freely. They then began to complain of the Mudir, who, they said, was guilty of the most extortionate practices. He laid upon French or English manufactures almost a prohibitive duty, levied for his own privy purse. Whenever a Christian died, he forbade the interment of the body until an inventory of the deceased's goods had been taken, of which he claimed a share. Numerous other instances were adduced to show me that this Mudir was one of the legion of avaricious obstructives but too common in the Turkish Empire.

As if to add to these grievances, a demand had just arrived from Omer Pasha for 150 Christians to be sent from Artvin to assist in digging trenches, cutting trees, and to make themselves useful in other ways to the Turkish army. It so happened that the whole of the Armenian community of Artvin were small merchants and traders; even their domestics were relatives and apprentices, but they had no labourers amongst them; so that they assembled and petitioned the Mudir to accept a sum of money

in lieu of labourers, but their request had been met with a rude refusal. They now asked my advice, on which I told them that as they were exempt from the painful duty of giving their sons to the army, while their Mussulman fellow-subjects were forced to do so, it was clearly bounden on them to do their best for the common cause; but I added, that I thought it would be quite reasonable if they gave money to hire labourers, who would doubtless be of a stronger and more efficient description than themselves, unused as they were to wield the spade and axe. However, a deputation of the elders of the place were about to wait on the French Consul of Batoom to obtain his assistance on this question.

Artvin is situated at the first navigable point of the river Joruk, and from it some few exports are floated down in flat-bottomed boats to Batoom. The goods thus exported consist mainly of a coarse kind of wool, of Indian corn, hides, and other raw products, which doubtless might, by encouragement, be vastly increased and others added to them; for the land, though excessively mountainous, is very fertile, and admirably adapted for the cultivation of the mulberry, vine, and other products of a warm climate. The whole country is abundantly watered, and the people, though idle at home and unused to commerce, are yet in the habit of emigrating to Erzeroom, Constantinople, and other large cities, to work as gardeners, boatmen, and basket-makers, whereby they earn a little money, which is carefully saved to spend in their native province.

The Christians of Artvin number about 500 families, and form a little quarter of their own. They are all

Armenian Catholics, the most enlightened and Europeanized of any church in the East, with the exception of the small and still struggling community of Protestants. I found amongst them a precocious boy of twelve, who spoke French fluently, having been educated in Paris. Amongst the priests, too, there were more than one who spoke Italian. These Christians were the only part of the population unarmed. The Mudir and all the government employés above the grade of zaptié, or policeman, are dressed in the old Constantinopolitan fashion, with large turbans and long cloaks; the rest of the population wear the Lazistan costume. While at Artvin I met two Kars soldiers who were formerly stationed at Kanli tabia. They had struggled on, and had got thus far on the road, utterly uncared for by the authorities, of whom indeed they were afraid, lest they should be again seized. I had passed many on the road who had dropped down worn out with fatigue and disease; and these two poor fellows seemed already at the end of their strength, although their intended destination was Constantinople. When I entered the café where they were reposing they did not at first recognise me, in consequence of my change of costume. When, however, they understood that I was one of the English boys from Kars, they at once attached themselves to my person and accompanied me to Constantinople. Their gratitude, fidelity, and sobriety rendered them useful companions to me during the remainder of my journey.

Monday, Dec. 10.—This morning I engage a boat to float me down to Batoom for 200 piastres (about 30*s.*); and so, after breakfasting with my kind host the Milet Bashi, I take leave of him; but I am not let off quite so

easily. From the first I had strongly suspected that some equivalent for this hospitality was expected, nor was I deceived. My host had a number of favours to ask: amongst others, that I would procure for him, from the Pasha of Batoom, a *bouyorolti*, or permit, for the entrance of certain prohibited goods into the country, by which the Milet Bashi hoped to make much profit. Had I been a Consul, I could have furthered his ends and shared in the profits. As it was, however, I disliked the idea of asking a favour from a Turkish Pasha; so the Milet Bashi's suit was abortive. Just before I rose to leave, however, he begged of me to wait a moment longer. He then disappeared, and returned bringing into the room a singular-looking being. He presented to me a pale, miserable man, dressed in a ragged native costume, who, on approaching, attempted to kiss my feet, and in trembling accents implored my protection. My host proceeded to explain that the poor man I saw before me was a Pole who, two or three years ago, deserted from the Russian army, and made his way across the frontier. He was seized and at once detained as a slave by Reschid Bey, a frontier chief, whom he had served ever since as a hewer of wood and drawer of water. The poor man soon found his new condition even worse than his old one, and so meditated escape. Months passed over, however; and, surrounded as he was by a fanatical population devoted to their chiefs, he durst not make the attempt. Meantime Reschid Bey suggested to him the propriety of becoming a Mussulman, an apostasy from which the poor man recoiled with horror. Lately, however, his master became peremptory; and he had an offer equivalent to the Koran

or the sword, on which he determined to escape, cost what it might. He had lately gained his liberty, after surmounting the most frightful difficulties, and had taken refuge in the Christian quarter of Artvin, where my host had hid him for many days, waiting for an opportunity to assist him to achieve his half-accomplished task, and gain the protection of an European consulate. My arrival at Artvin was deemed an excellent opportunity for thus accomplishing his purpose, and he begged of me to take the poor slave under my protection.. Of course I could not hesitate to accept the trust: the Pole then, taking in his hand a few purchases of mine, followed very close at my heels as my servant. My two soldiers were three miles off, preparing the boat for my reception. As we walked through the bazaars and streets, I turned from time to time to look at my slave, and never in my life did I see such abject fear depicted on human countenance, while he glanced his eye timidly at each knot of armed men we passed, dreading to be recognised. When we had accomplished about a third of our distance, I heard a noise behind me, and, turning round, saw two or three armed men disappearing round a corner. They had spoken with the Pole, and told him they knew him, and would have him. The poor man entreated me to make haste: I believe he wished me to run.

After about an hour's descent of the mountain by a tedious zigzag path, we at length reached the place of embarkation, and here a new series of delays and vexations commenced. The boatman was busy loading the skiff with all kinds of merchandise; and although I had taken it all to myself, he was waiting for more passengers. The

squabble which all this naturally created, gave rise to at least an hour's delay; and I was only too glad to compromise and accept about half the goods and passengers originally intended to bear me company. While I was seated on a stone, impatiently waiting for the completion of the arrangements, I observed about half a dozen zaptiés, or armed police, approaching. They came straight to the place where I was seated, halted, and stood before me, while one of these zaptiés stepped forward and thus addressed me:—

"O Bey! the Mudir of this city sends *chock salaam* (much peace) to you, and his especial compliments. He wishes you a safe and prosperous journey, and has sent us here to compliment you; but before you go, he desires you will deliver up a thief and *chapkun* (scoundrel) whom he hears you have hastily engaged as your servant, and who but a short time ago plundered his master and abandoned him."

Myself.—"And who was his master?"

Zaptié.—"Reschid Bey, of B——."

Myself.—"And how is the poor fellow to have justice if I deliver him up? Where are his witnesses to prove his innocence, supposing him not to be a thief? Is Reschid Bey to have it all his own way?"

Zaptié.—"O Bey! the Mehkémé is now sitting; you cannot interfere with a court of justice, assembled to try a robber. The Mudir will preside and see that justice is awarded, and that the accused person is convicted or released, according to evidence. By your leave, O Bey, I will now arrest my prisoner."

On this the poor Pole threw himself on my protection,

swearing by the Cross, by the Gospel, by our common faith, that he was innocent as a child of the charge. "O Bey," he exclaimed, "for the love of Christ, of the Virgin, save me from the hands of these men! How can I, a poor Christian, hope to obtain justice amongst these Mussulmans? I have stolen nothing but a crust of bread to eat on the road, and I have worked three years for that." Now all this time I was revolving in my mind the best course to pursue: possibly the man was a thief; moreover, how could I, an employé of a foreign state, make use of my position to interfere with the court of justice in a foreign country? I might commit myself very gravely. However, the sight of the poor Pole's agony and his moving supplications were enough to determine my course. I thought it better that I should incur a severe reprimand than that he should be condemned to hopeless slavery, torture, or death—one or all of which were certain to accrue from the Mehkémé; so I asked the police officer—

"Pray in what capacity did this man serve Reschid Bey? Was he his groom, his scullion, or what?"

Zaptié.—"He was his slave, O Bey."

"His slave!" I exclaimed, starting up in well-feigned indignation; "his slave! How dare you breathe that name to me? Go ask the Mudir how he dares to countenance slavery, and to protect slave-owners, in direct defiance of the Sultan's decrees! Knows he not the Sultan's firman? Who is he, the Mudir of Artvin, to set himself up against the great Padishah, his lord and master?" ("Ustafer Ullah!—God forbid!"—was murmured amongst the bystanders.) "Slave, indeed! and

does the Mudir talk of slaves when the Grand Vizier dares not name the word? Go, tell him that I am responsible for this man, that I take him thus openly before you all to the Pasha of Batoom, and the French Consul there; let no man touch him but through me, and I am an Englishman!"

"Come, jump into that boat," I said to the Pole; he was already in. I followed. The boatmen plied their oars, and with a salaam and a stupified, disappointed look, the six men shouldered their rifles and bent their way back to the town, where doubtless they would have to "eat dirt" largely.

We now float down the river Joruk; the current is tremendously rapid, and I cannot but admire the wonderful skill of the boatmen, who, from time to time, by their manœuvres, save us from what appears to be inevitable destruction, since we are carried into frightful whirlpools, eddies, and currents, and are on the point over and over again of being hurled against rocks. In short the Joruk has more the appearance of a cataract than a river.

We thus are borne along down the stream, in a narrow channel between stupendous rocks and mountains, clothed with forests, which close us in, and from which beautiful cataracts, like streaks of silver, descend into the stream below:

"And at their feet the crocus-brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotus and lilies; and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine
This way and that, in many a wild festoon,
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower, through and through."*

* Tennyson.

A great variety of climbing plants festoon the rugged surface of the rocks, and when occasionally a village appears, with houses built like eagles' nests, I observe that all round are fields of Indian corn on the steep slopes of the mountain, cultivated by men hanging on to ropes attached to the trees above. After being about three hours afloat, in company with another boat laden with goods, we reach the village of Boortchra, where we remain for the night.

Dec. 11.—The morning opens with a heavy rain, and the *caiqueji*, or boatman, hides himself, as he wishes to remain here for the day, and fears that the impatience of a restless Englishman would be difficult to resist. I send people to look after him, and betray symptoms of anger and annoyance at this provoking delay. I am told that the navigation of the river, at all times difficult and dangerous, is rendered doubly so during rain, as the oars or rudder are liable to slip from the hands of the men at some critical moment, when we should be inevitably dashed to pieces on the rocks. I imagine there may be *some* truth in these representations. After three or four hours of exquisite impatience, t e caiqueji at length appears with a peace-offering in the shape of a breakfast of bread, soup, and grapes on a tray. On my indignant demand why he does not proceed, he answers "Yavash, yavash" (gently, gently); which provokes me not a little, and gives rise to a rougher altercation than he had anticipated. The caiqueji, now a good deal frightened, makes preparations for departure, but the rascal puts the loads of both boats into one, so that when we do proceed it is at the risk of our lives, and as we float down the river we

are more than once in imminent danger of being capsized in the currents and whirlpools.

On hearing that our voyage to Batoom will depend on the weather, and that if it is in the least degree stormy we shall be detained, I determine to stop at the first post station, and try to get on by means of post-horses. After we had been about two hours afloat we reach Kapandibin: in my impatience I jump out of the boat, and proceed at once to the Mudir, or Governor, to demand his assistance in procuring post-horses. As I wore a forage-cap, though the rest of my dress was native, I was at once recognised as a foreigner. After I had walked through a few dirty streets I was at last shown the residence of the Mudir, and at once presented myself. I found the great man seated smoking, and round him were standing numerous attendants armed with rifles, pistols, and kamas. The great man raised his head at my approach, and, putting on a look of ineffable insolence, said, "Well, and what do *you* want?" I saw at once, from this style of reception, that all assistance from him was likely to be hopeless, even if I were lucky enough to escape insult or bad treatment; I knew, moreover, that anything like an appeal to the man's better feelings would be a mistake, so I determined to carry the war at once into the enemy's country, in other words, to assume as much as I could; so, drawing myself up before him, I looked him sternly in the face and said:—

"Why don't you rise—are these your manners to *me?*"

"Am I not a Mussulman?" was the astonished answer.

"Mussulman!" I exclaimed; "is that your answer? Do you know who I am, and that I shall report your conduct at Constantinople? Is this my reception? Don't you know I am *meeri?*" (employed by Government).

"Oh! indeed; I really was not aware — pray be seated," said the Mudir, rising, and offering me his seat; "what can I do for you?" At this moment a stout fellow, covered with arms, whispered to me:— "Oh! Bey, pray forgive him: he knew not you were a great man; besides, he is quite a savage, and understands not good manners!"

"And now," I said sternly, "I want horses; can you obtain them for me?"

Mudir.—"A hundred, if you want them, or anything else, O Bey; only say the word."

I now found the Mudir only too anxious to serve me, especially after my poor soldiers had whispered something into the ear of his attendants relative, doubtless, to my exalted rank and dignity. As horses could not readily be procured at this town, I had an empty boat with fresh rowers given me, by which I proceeded rapidly to another point of the river, where, being furnished with an order from the Mudir, I soon obtained horses.

Once more I found myself in the saddle, and galloping on a good green road over a flat alluvial plain. Presently we come to a jungle, where we have to work our way through deep and tenacious mud; then, emerging from this, the masts of ships appear above the jungle-trees, and I arrive in Batoom just as the sun sets, and am saluted by the dismal howl of jackals from the swamp on the outskirts

of the town. I proceed direct to the residence of the French Consul, M. Meyer, and astonish him not a little by my appearance; but once having ascertained who and what I was, his kind hospitality was unbounded, and I soon revelled in the luxuries of a splendid supper and a soft clean bed.

CONCLUSION.

Effect of the loss of Kars — Could Kars have been relieved? — Conduct of Omer Pasha — Mouravieff's opinion of it — Selim Pasha — General Williams.

HERE, then, we arrive, after hurried and discursive steps, at the end of this campaign in Anatolia.

While I express my unfeigned sense of the defects of a narrative hastily compiled from rough and very brief notes, I would also state that, except I had been urged from quarters entitled to my respect, to lay these facts and comments before the public, it is more than probable they would never have been published. But on my arrival in England I could not fail to perceive the intense interest and impatience with which authentic and explanatory intelligence of the sad fate of the beleaguered city was desired.

It would have been far more satisfactory to myself if these events coud have been recorded by the abler pen of my chief or of the other British officers who are now in captivity. This could not be; and therefore, utterly defective as I felt must be my work, I obeyed what I conceived to be a call of duty; and have done what I could to satisfy the just impatience of an expectant public.

That the loss of Kars is a blot on a year otherwise successful for the arms of the Allies cannot be denied: an injury has been thereby inflicted on the prestige of

England, which we must all regret. Sevastopol was doubtless a grand triumph, calculated to produce a vast political effect throughout Europe and the West; but Asiatics scarce knew of its existence, whereas scores of wandering dervishes and fakirs from the regions of Central Asia, Persia, and Northern India have visited Kars, and are thoroughly aware of its importance. These men take the place of newspapers in the East, and their reports must exercise a damaging influence on the reputation of England.

I am constantly asked the question—Could Kars have been relieved by Omer Pasha? My answer is, that to the best of my belief it could. Had Omer Pasha landed at Trebizond, instead of making Soukum Kalé the base of his operations, he might have marched to Erzeroom through a friendly country, where the people and cattle of each village would have been at his service, and over a road which, being habitually traversed at all seasons by hosts of mules and muleteers, affords barley, corn, and other necessaries for a marching army. The road is certainly difficult; but when Omer Pasha, after a monstrous delay, landed at Soukum Kalé, it was the best of all seasons for a march to Erzeroom. The road, ascending higher and higher, becomes healthier at every step. The weather was dry and fine, the villagers had got in their harvest, and their oxen, carts, and corn were available without difficulty. Supposing the General wished to make a forced march unencumbered by a heavy train of artillery, Erzeroom was teeming with artillery, ammunition, and military stores, sent all too late for the army of Kars. There were thousands of ox-carts and baggage-

horses awaiting him at an idle and abundant season, when the crops had been harvested, and men and oxen were resting from their labours.

In Erzeroom there are spacious khans, mosques, and other buildings admirably adapted for barracks and hospitals—in short everything desirable as a base of operations; and the road from thence to Kars lies across a succession of broad, dry, and healthy plains, through a corn-growing country, with streams of pure water at each step. It is more than probable that Omer Pasha, knowing the capacity of his subordinate officers, was in nowise anxious to meet a large and well-appointed Russian army in the field. The result would have been, to say the least, doubtful, supposing Mouravieff had offered battle. The Turkish soldiers, as we have seen, can fight splendidly, but, like all other troops, they must be well handled; nor, whatever may be the talents of the Generalissimo, can I conceive it possible, officered as they are, that they would meet a Russian army on anything like equal terms. Still it is giving Mouravieff credit for too much temerity to suppose he would have offered battle with a beaten army to a fresh body of well-appointed troops, and with a fortress in his rear containing men who, after one glorious success, were burning with martial ardour and crying to be again led on; nor, in the event of any aid appearing, would they have cried in vain. The same General and the same officers who had led them to victory on the 29th, were no less eager than themselves to march with them to victory or death.

The sudden move of Omer Pasha to Soukum Kalé was unaccountable. He seemed to have purposely put all the

rivers and ravines of the country between himself and his enemy—a clever movement for a retreating army, but inexplicable under his circumstances. Mouravieff smiled as he remarked to us that Omer Pasha had gone to Soukum Kalé to relieve us.

Georgia must be at all times most difficult for an invading army, and these difficulties favour its defenders. During the hot and dry season of the year the coast and the valleys are infested with a deadly fever; when the rains fall the roads are cut up by swollen mountain torrents, and streams through the dry beds of which one day an army could have marched, will sweep away man and horse the next. Add to these difficulties a hostile population, skilful in defending passes all but impossible, yet through which an army must of necessity defile, and you have Mouravieff's reasons for his pertinacity in keeping up the blockade of Kars, and leaving Omer Pasha to his devices.

Another question much agitated is this—Could Selim Pasha have advanced to our relief from Erzeroom? I am told he could, and that Major Stuart and the other British officers in that city did their utmost to impel him to march out, or at least to allow his troops to march with them. Nevertheless, I am inclined to believe, that what would have been a daring, and probably successful exploit with British troops, was all but hopeless with men who may be said to have been without officers, excepting a few gallant Englishmen, who were ignorant of their language, and who would have found them wholly unaccustomed to manœuvres in the field. Selim Pasha had not more, I believe, than 8000 troops; his cavalry,

with which Major Cameron, Captain Peel, and Mr. Evans offered to cut their way through the beleaguering force, were of the most inefficient description, and there was a corps of first-rate Russian troops on his right flank at Bayazid. Nevertheless, had it not been for the mendacious despatches of this Turkish General, we might have cut our way out of Kars through the enemy, after having destroyed our guns and standards, and while yet the strength of our men allowed them to perform the feat. Selim Pasha might have awaited us in some good position. This plan was, I know, a favourite idea of General Williams, which he abandoned reluctantly when the desperate condition of his famished troops pointed out its impracticability. The constant despatches of Selim Pasha encouraged us to continue in our position to the utmost limits of human endurance; and added to our other miseries by practising upon us a heartless and ignoble deception.

The British Government did assuredly choose the very best man for the peculiar and trying duties that devolved upon General Williams. Under him each British officer felt it a pride and a pleasure to serve, while his peculiar knowledge and large experience of the Turkish character enabled him to detect and frustrate intrigues, to check peculation, and to stimulate Asiatic apathy; his many noble qualities endeared him to the soldiery, and made the people his enthusiastic partisans. No one can deny that he was truly "the right man in the right place."

A GLOSSARY OF TURKISH WORDS

Occurring in this Work, which may not be intelligible to the general reader, or are not explained in the text.

Baba—Father, a term of endearment and respect.

Baksheesh—a present in money.

Bouroyolti—a Government power authorizing the holder to demand change of horses, and conferring several other privileges.

Cadi—the Mussulman judge.

Capouji Bashi—the head porter of a large household.

Cavasses—policemen.

Cavass Bashi—the head of the police.

Chiboukji—pipe-bearer to Pasha.

Deribey—literally, a lord of the valley; an old-fashioned, and now almost extinct, feudal chief.

Ghiaour—an infidel, one who does not believe in Mahomet.

Hadj—a pilgrimage.

Hammals—porters.

Hazna—treasury.

Haratch—a tax upon all Christians.

Istikbal—the ceremony of welcoming into a city a person of distinction.

Kef—the lazy, dreamy state of repose so precious to the Eastern.

Kissas—retaliation.

Kama—a broad dagger.

Konag—a large house or mansion.

Marafet—skill, science.

Menzil Khan—a post house.

Mudir—the Governor of a small town and district.

Mijlis—a Municipal or Military Council.

Mollah—the high functionary, or kind of priest, learned in the Koran.

Mashallah—an exclamation, literally "work of God."

Narguileh—a kind of hookah.

Rayah—a Christian subject of the Sultan.

Rustem—an Eastern hero.

Sheitanlik—magic, devilry.

Sheikh-ul-Islam—the highest functionary of the Mussulman religion and law, except the Sultan.

Sowar—a measure of twelve bushels.

Toprak—literally "earth," any locality.

Turkomans—a nomad tribe of Seljukian Turks.

Ulema—the Mussulman priesthood, so far as they can be said to have any priesthood; for they have no class answering to the usual meaning of that term.

Vartabed—an Armenian priest.

Yali—a marine villa on the banks of the Bosphorus.

Yoghoort—a preparation of fermented milk, a staple diet of the Turkish peasant.

THE END.

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